Aug.11,1962

THE NEW YORKER

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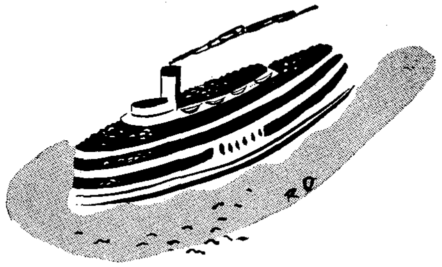
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

A Man for All Seasons—The seasonable man in Robert Bolt's superior work is, of course, Sir Thomas More, now played by Emlyn Williams. He is ably supported by Thomas Gomez, William Redfield, David J. Stewart, and, in the highest degree, George Rose. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams philosophizing about life, death, loneliness, God, sex, and other large problems in a play that demonstrates the Master's skill but is fairly shapeless. The scene is a ramshackle Mexican hotel, and the cast includes Margaret Leighton, Shelley Winters, and Patrick O'Neal. They are all quite fine, especially Miss Leighton, who really glows as a spinster tied to a durable grandfather. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Take Her, She's Mine—A comedy about the worries of a West Coast father who sends his daughter to an Eastern school and then becomes alarmed at the thought that wolves from Harvard, M.I.T., Dartmouth, and Yale will devour her. Art Carney and Elizabeth Ashley are likable as the father and daughter, but the play contains more TV suds than legitimate substance. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. JU 2-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

A Thousand Clowns—A garrulous but funny charade about a man in revolt against Madison Avenue conformity, in which Jason Robards, Jr., Sandy Dennis, Barry Gordon, A. Larry Haines, William Daniels, and Gene Saks appear to good purpose. The play was written by Herb Gardner and has been directed in jovial style by Fred Coe. (Eugene O Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**COME BLOW YOUR HORN:** Father wants his sons to get busy in the artificial-fruit game, and they don't think much of the idea. Now with Tom Poston, Martin Huston, and Lou Jacobi. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. CI 5-1310. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MARY, MARY:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Barbara Bel Geddes, Barry Nelson (George Grizzard fills in for him on Mondays), and Edward Mulhare are in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **A SHOT IN THE DARK:** A blend of French farce and courtroom melodrama in which Julie Harris plays a passionate maid accused of putting a bullet into the Spanish chauffeur who has been her most recent flame. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—Plautus, that jolly old Roman, never had himself so well adapted as in this interpretation of his works by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The antic doings are done to a crisp, refreshing turn by Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, John Carradine, Raymond Walburn, and assorted cuties billed as Vibrato and the like. The music isn't anything to reflect upon, but the lyrics are good enough, and the direction by George Abbott is always galvanic. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

I Can Get It for You Wholesale—A funny and exciting show that mirrors the cutthroat excitement of life in the garment district. Jerome Weidman has done his own adaptation of his novel about the rapid ascent of a pushy young crook; Harold Rome has written breezy and melodic songs to go with it; and a couple of newcomers (Elliott Gould and Barbra Streisand) and a trio of veterans (Harold Lang, Bambi Linn, and Lillian Roth) play the principal Seventh Avenue types. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

No Strings—The music of Richard Rodgers, the choreography and direction of Joe Layton, the scenery of David Hays, and the presence and voice of Diahann Carroll, as a model for Paris *Vogue*, combine to make this show a thing of beauty. Only the weakness of the book, which deals in part with the who-cares literary frustrations of an expatriate American novelist (Richard Kiley), prevents it from being a joy forever. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAMELOT:** Hands across the Table Round. With William Squire, Janet Pavek, and Robert Goulet. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:35.)... **CARNIVAL:** A musical that deals with life among a clutch of tent-show performers in southern Europe. The cast includes Susan Watson, James Mitchell, Jerry Orbach, and Kaye Ballard. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** Robert Morse plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MILK AND HONEY:** A tour of Israel, with eight American widows in search of husbands. Mimi Benzell is one widow, Molly Picon is another, and Robert Weede is a visiting businessman. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY:** Are there signs of fallibility? Scheduled to close Saturday, Sept. 1. Michael Allinson and Margot Moser now head the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **THE SOUND OF MUSIC:** A sentimental confection, by Rodgers and Hammerstein, in which Jeannie Carson becomes the stepmother of seven wide-eyed children of the Trapp family. Donald Scott is their papa. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.)

American Savoyards—A four-week season of Gilbert and Sullivan. Thursday evening, Aug. 9: "H.M.S. Pinafore."... ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 10: "Iolanthe."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Aug. 11: "The Mikado."... ¶ Saturday evening, Aug. 11: "H.M.S. Pinafore."... ¶ Sunday matinée, Aug. 12: "Iolanthe."... ¶ Sunday evening, Aug. 12: "The Mikado."... ¶ Tuesday evening, Aug. 14: "H.M.S. Pinafore."... ¶ Wednesday evening, Aug. 15: "Iolanthe."... ¶ Thursday evening, Aug. 16: "The Mikado."... ¶ Friday evening, Aug. 17: "H.M.S. Pinafore."... ¶ Saturday matinée, Aug. 18: "Iolanthe."... ¶ Saturday evening, Aug. 18: "The Mikado." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Thursday, Aug. 9, at 7:30; evenings thereafter at 8:40. Matinées at 4.)

Anything Goes—A snappy revival of Cole Porter's hit musical of the 1934-35 season. The book, an affable bit of foolishness, is the work of P. G. Wodehouse, Guy Bolton, Russel Crouse, and Howard Lindsay. The score is, of course, one of Mr. Porter's best, so the addition of several songs from his other shows may make you wonder if those responsible haven't taken the title a bit too literally. (Orpheum Theatre, Second Ave. at 8th St. OR 4-8140. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

The Blacks—Jean Genêt ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

Brecht on Brecht—Barbara Baxley, David Hurst, Viveca Lindfors, Alfred Ryder, George Voskovec, and Michael Wager in excerpts from the writings—public and private—of Bertolt Brecht. Mr. Brecht's words are, for the most part, quite brilliant, and the actors' performances are entirely worthy of them. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker

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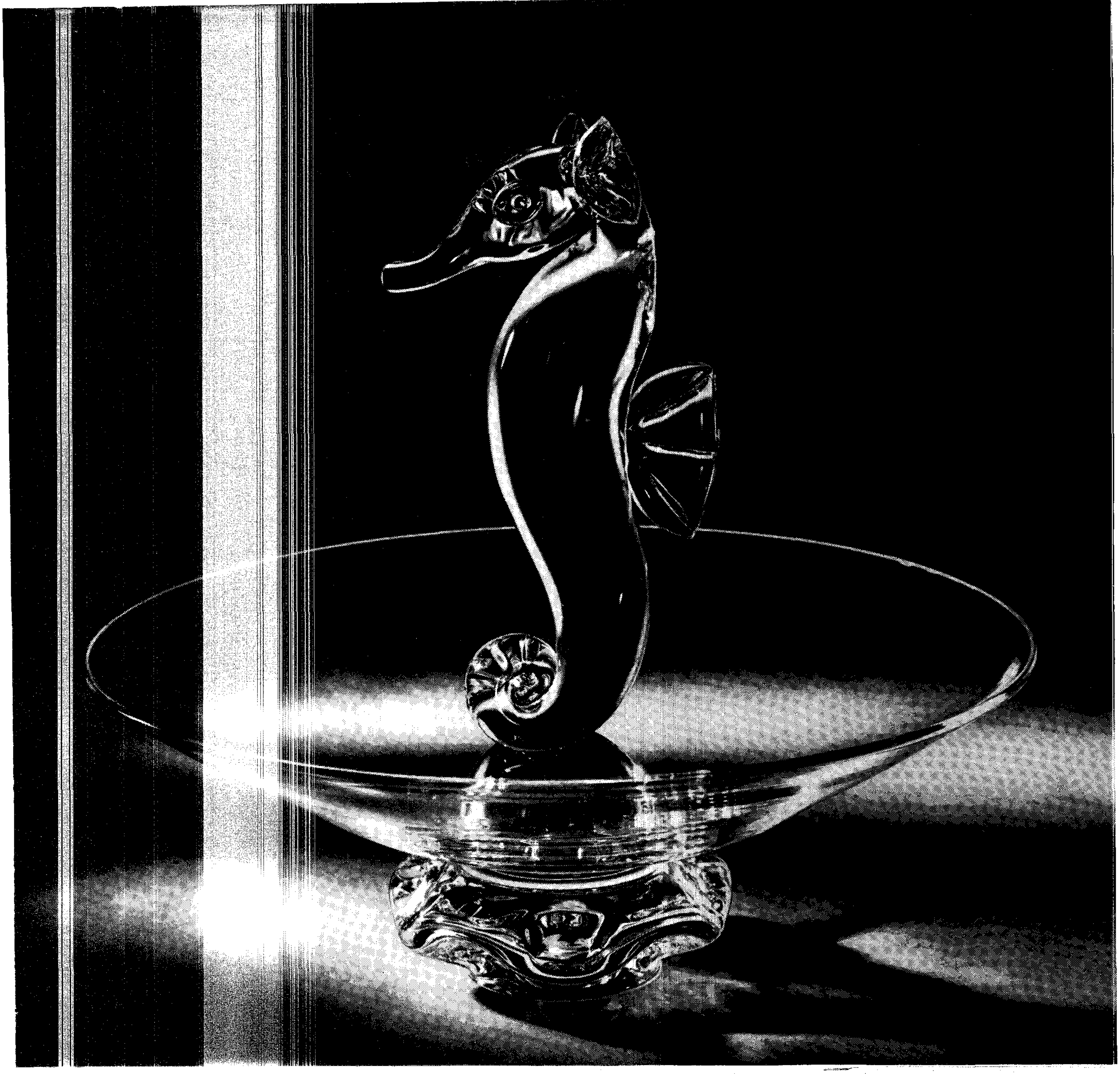

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

The Hostage—Geoff Garland, as a Cockney soldier held captive in a Dublin lodging house, is particularly good in this revival of Brendan Behan's wild, poignant comedy. (One Sheridan Square, between Sixth and Seventh Aves. YU 9-1334. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30.)

Little Mary Sunshine—This benign spoof of the defunct art of operetta doesn't score heavily as parody, but it is very comic just the same. (Players Theatre, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 2.)

Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mama's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A new playwright named Arthur Kopit has made a Surrealist comic strip out of the violent story of a hateful, possessive mother and her miserable son. The staging, by Jerome Robbins, is all that any playwright, new or old, could wish for, and the performances, by Jo Van Fleet, Austin Pendleton, Sandor Szabo, and especially Barbara Harris, are highly satisfactory. (Phoenix Theatre, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

Plays for Bleecker Street—Thornton Wilder's triptych of new one-acters, directed by José Quintero. In "Childhood," a near triumph of sleight of hand for both playwright and players, a father assumes a role in his children's fantasy. "Infancy" is a serious farce, in which two grown men appear as raging infants in perambulators, and, not surprisingly, a Father Francis is the leading character of a rather frail work called "Someone from Assisi." (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 9:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man and **The Barroom Monks**—A selection of scenes, well chosen and satisfactorily performed, from Joyce's novel, with Robert Brown as the young Dedalus. In "The Barroom Monks," which is the curtain-raiser, Clayton Corzatte gives a fine performance as a young medical student who tries to rescue a priest almost hopelessly lost in alcoholism. The setting is a saloon, and the author is Joseph Carroll. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is funny in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy for all but the most insensitive palates. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 8:30 and midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Note—Four characters in search of an author are meanwhile writing their own skits, often as they go along, throughout the casually entertaining potpourri at the Premise, an orderly little coffee-and-pastry shop at 154 Bleecker St. LF 3-5020. The schedule: Mondays through Thursdays at 8:30 and 10:30; Fridays at 8, 10, and midnight; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.

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MISCELLANY

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of "King Lear," with Frank Silvera, Donald Harron, and Michael Higgins. The final production of the season. Opens Monday, Aug. 13, and will run through Saturday, Sept. 1. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8.)

Jones Beach Marine Theatre—"Paradise Island," a Hawaiian musical fantasy by Carmen Lombardo and John Jacob Loeb. Arthur Treacher and William Gaxton, who never say die, head a cast of more than two hundred. Presented by Guy Lombardo, who also appears with his Royal Canadians. (Nightly at 8:30; through Sunday, Sept. 2. For tickets, call CA 1-1000.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A by no means secret society for the preservation of society. The music to go with it comes from the orchestra of Freddie Jagels, who thoroughly understands the medium, and Freddy Alonso's rumba band. Anyone who wishes to sit out the next dance should repair to the Champagne Room, where the loudest noise is Gleb Yellin's piano. Closed Sundays.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—The Café Pierre, from cocktails through supper, is a bustling spa in which Stanley Worth's band offers invitations to the dance every night but Monday, when another band takes over. Renato Rossini's guitar, which alternates between heartbreak and heart's balm, indulges in splendid meditation every night but Monday.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—Hildegarde, a skilled worker in the art of petitpoint lace, is in the Persian Room, modelling hostess gowns, songs, and homilies. Whenever she takes her ease, Milt Shaw and Mark Monte keep the place humming with their jolly little dance bands. Hildegarde is visible at dinner during the week, at dinner and supper on Fridays and Saturdays. Everyone stays home on the Sabbath.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—Gunnar Hansen's dance band is giving the giant Grill its first hearing in many years of Manhattan, not Midwestern, dance tempos. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Sixth or even seventh heaven, far from the city's roar. The small orchestras of Chauncey Gray and Jean Berleaza play impartially for diners, spectators, trotters, and waltzers. Closed Sundays.

Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The only murmuring in the rosewood forest known as the Savoy Room comes from the concise and well-informed piano of Ray Hartley, who begins at cocktails and ends at supper, every night but Sunday.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

goldie's new york, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Reunion hall for old friends and young ones, to whom any hour of the night is the top of the evening. The men-at-arms perform as follows: Bob Printz at the piano from five-thirty to eight, Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders thereafter as soloists on the uprights until suppertime, when they converge as hubble-bubble, roil-and-double pianists. Closed Fridays through Sundays.... **drake room**, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A suite of practically ambassadorial rank, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte recitations between cocktails and one in the morning. No music Sundays.... **in boboli**, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The consumers' research that goes on here is concerned with Italianate cuisine and Italianate opera. From Thursday through Sunday, there's activity by Aldo Bruschi's piano, oboe, concertina, voice, and trio, to which (after ten) there's skirmishing on the dance floor. Every evening, too, Mr. Bruschi is impresario and basso profundo of a toy but eager opera company that believes implicitly in Puccini. Closed Mondays.... **bon soir**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Some of the amusement is summer-tryout, but Woody Allen's heart-to-heart talks with himself are wild, woolly, and witty. The background is, as always, the rapscallion music of Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames. Closed Mondays.... **château henri iv**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The court architect was Hans Christian Andersen. Norbert Faconi, whose faint violin can win many a fair lady, wanders from table to table in a manner that proves him to be a skillful cruise director. No sound on Sundays.... **king henri iv**, 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): A house of many mansions, each one depicting a stage of the royal moves toward the Saracen foe. Through it all drift a violinist and a pianist, as bemused as the establishment's decorator. No music Sundays.... **el chico**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **roma di notte**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Home, sweet home for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet strolling minstrels. Closed Sundays.... **ritz bar**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): A captain's-table sort of operation. Victor del Monte's unobtrusive piano discourses from five until one every evening but Sunday.... **malmaison**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): To the manner born, and all that. In the bar next to the restaurant, Jules Kuti communes with his piano from five to eleven. Closed Sundays.... **la zambra**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): Spain is passion's plaything—or that's what the resident Spanish guitar, piano, voices, and feet keep trying, with considerable success, to tell us. Closed Sundays.... **liborio**, 150 W. 47th St. (JU 2-6188): In

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*SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN THE WEST

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

the plaza of this quiet Central American village, a pride of Spaniards presents, a couple of times an evening, a small music festival full of local color and local thunderstorms. In between, piano or guitar rustles in one corner. Dancing on Sundays from two to seven, and on Thursdays and Fridays after eight. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ PICARDIE,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): A midtown tavern, set forth with a certain amount of opulence in an alcove of the Hotel Delmonico. Marty Berns' baby grand gives a good account of itself between six and one every night but Sunday. . . . **LEFT BANK,** 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): Glee is the principal ingredient of Cal Bostic's prescription for voice and piano. He and Andy Hamon, whose songs are mostly plaintive, arrive at ten. Closed Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): The Garden of Eden, and not an apple or a serpent within miles. There are millions of supple young ladies, some of whom—the glorious Wallendas—fly through the air with the greatest of ease. There are mere mortals, too, such as Jack Durant, whose wit may not be to every taste, and whose taste may not ditto/ditto, either. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Barbra Streisand, a girl with vehement (and often persuasive) ideas about the way songs should be sung, is the storm center. Not altogether engulfed in her private whirlwind are Georgie Kaye, a compulsive talker whose mad scenes have nothing to do with "Lucia di Lammermoor," and the Phoenix Singers, a triad of mighty folkmongers who began life with the Belafonte Singers. Peter Daniels' threesome does the in-between music. Closed Sundays. . . . **DOWNSTAIRS AT THE UPSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): Onstage now is a reconstruction, directed by Ben Bagley, of the long-lived revue called "Seven Come Eleven." Cy Young, who heads the entirely new cast, does well by the several funny ideas that come his way. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): A new shivaree, Latin-American in thought, endeavor, and personnel, is putting its several best feet and voices forward in the rear room. Pupi Campo's band gets every ounce of energy out of the customers whenever it's their turn for rebuttal. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, beginning around ten, the guitar of Pedro Cortes and the flamenco songs of José Moreno carry you back instantly to old Madrid. The tea dancing on Sunday afternoons is by fury possessed. . . . **LIVING ROOM,** 915 Second Ave., at 49th St. (EL 5-2262): Matt Dennis, a balladeer as airy and amusing as anyone could possibly be, removes his twelve-octave voice, his own tiptop compositions, and his hot-hands piano and trio from the premises on Sunday, Aug. 12.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Tony Parenti's quintet, which has Sammy Price on piano, is recalling a happy, if noisy, yesteryear. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): The trio of Bill Evans, a young man well enough educated to give his piano a most interesting series of complexes, is balanced by the band of Shelly Manne, a veteran and extremely steady-going drummer boy. They all sign off on Sunday, Aug. 12; on Tuesday, Aug. 14, those limpid songbirds known as Lambert, Hendricks & Bavan will resume their lectures on the wonderful Land of Oo-bla-dee. Afternoon sessions are held every Sunday from four-thirty to seven. Closed Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Marian McPartland, who belongs to the Old Guard of the Progressive Party, is inside the circular bar with her fun-loving trio (Dave Bailey and Ben Tucker are her linebackers). Howard Reynolds does the proper sort of intermission piano. No action Mondays. . . . **METROPOLE,** Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): A couple of real pressure groups—Red Nichols and his Five Pennies, and Charlie Shavers' band—are working this corner now. On Friday, Aug. 10, Woody Herman's crew, which also doesn't believe that silence is golden, will be taking over. Sundays, visiting bands have the use of what's left of the place. . . . ¶ Saturdays, the Twist burns unchecked in the second-floor attic. . . . **HALF NOTE,** 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): This frontier log cabin is alma mater to Zoot Sims and Al Cohn, whose quintet is roosting here for the thousandth time. Closed Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): The dream world in which Kai Winding's septet and Ramsey Lewis's trio live is outfitted with all sorts of modern appliances. Mondays, when these regulars are sent to the showers, are guest nights. On Thursday, Aug. 16, Dizzy Gillespie's quintet will displace both contingents. . . . **FIVE SPOT,** 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-9650): Charlie Mingus, a plow that has broken more than one plain (and quite a few bowstrings) in an effort to explore the unknown, is again displaying himself, his followers, and his ideas. A junior-varsity team works out in their stead on Tuesdays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE,** 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Two thoroughly prevailing winds, one wholly of the future (Thelonious Monk's quartet) and one compounded of past and present (Coleman Hawkins' foursome), blow alternately warm and cool, thereby creating a most livable climate. On Tuesday, Aug. 14, the Hawkins group will be succeeded by the quintet of Eric Dolphy, at last the proud possessor of a band of his own. Fridays and Saturdays, extra help is always laid on. Aug. 10-11, the help will be Horace Silver's lost-in-the-clouds quintet; Aug. 17-18, the help will be Art Blakey's exclamatory Jazz Messengers. Jam sessions Mondays. . . . **THE EMBERS,** 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The trios of Ahmad Jamal, a famous confectionery chef, and of Arvell Shaw are doing their best to engage the attention of the conventioneers. Closed Sundays. . . . **KENNY'S STEAK PUB,** 565 Lexington Ave., at 50th St. (EL 5-0666): Anyone who believes that Herman Chittison is a myth should search the bar, where—surrounded by ten thousand carriage lamps—the old maestro is seated (between eight and the early morning) at a very small piano, dealing out music in his light but firm Spencerian hand. No sound on Sundays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST,** 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): It's now a workers' paradise, at least for the summer, since the cast is required to perform only on Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays. On Aug. 9-11 and again on Aug. 16-18, there'll be contributions by the quartet of Gerry Mulligan, a perpetual driving force; by Joe Williams, who cries the blues in no uncertain terms; and by Herbie Mann's pulsing fife-and-drum corps. . . . **ROOM AT THE BOTTOM,** 23 W. 8th St. (GR 5-5388): Wilbur de Paris, whose traditional airs kept Jimmy Ryan's going until it literally came tumbling down around his ears, has migrated south, along with Sidney de Paris, Garvin Bushell, Doc Cheatham, et al. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

MARC CHAGALL—A hundred etchings for La Fontaine's "Fables," hand-colored by the artist; through Sept. 7. (Hacker, 54 W. 57th St.)

BALCOMB GREENE—Figure paintings and seascapes; through Friday, Aug. 17. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **A.C.A.,** 63 E. 57th St.: A summer show of new paintings by the gallery group, including Anton Refregier, Moses Soyer, and William Gropper; through Aug. 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.). . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.: The figure is the theme of an exhibit of prints, and Rico Lebrun, Chaim Gross, and Raphael Soyer

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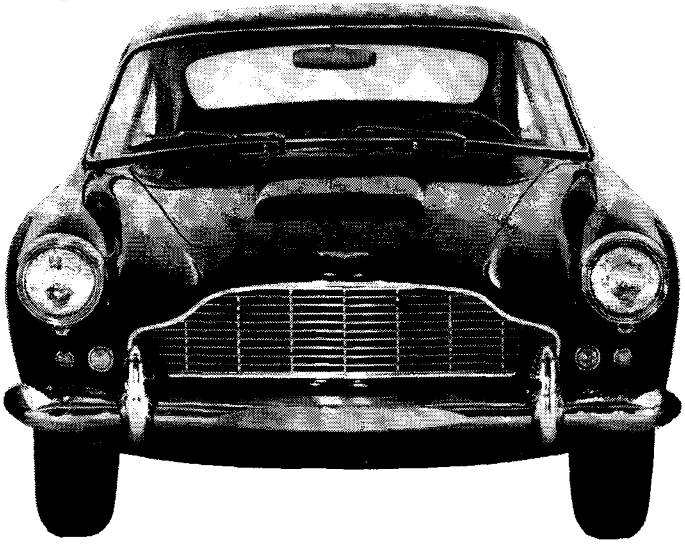

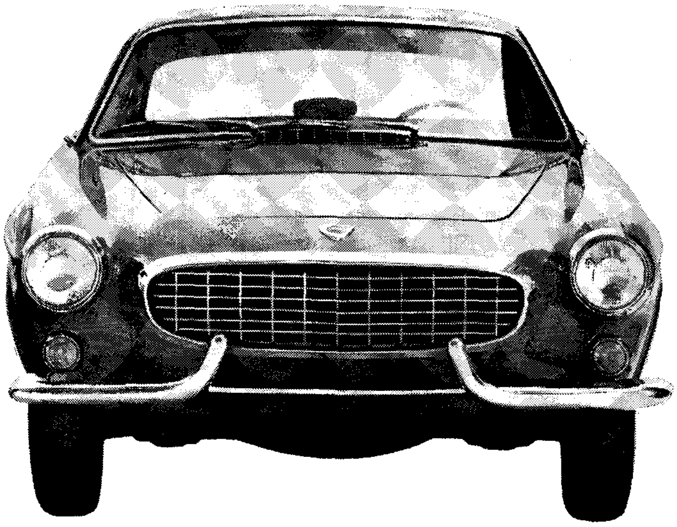

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

are three of the artists represented in it; through Sept. 22. . . . **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Among the twentieth-century artists showing paintings, water colors, and sculptures are William Kienbusch, John Koch, and Leonard DeLonga; through Aug. 31. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 17 E. 57th St.: A season's retrospective of works in a variety of mediums, by William Thon, Robert Vickrey, Raymond Puccinelli, and other gallery artists; through Aug. 31. . . . **WISE**, 50 W. 57th St.: Edward Dugmore, S. W. Hayter, Michael Lekakis, and other gallery artists in a painting-and-sculpture show; through Aug. 24.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At the **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: A display of portraits (Jefferson by Rembrandt Peale, John James Audubon by John Syme, and so on) and other paintings and sculptures having to do with American history; through Aug. 31. . . . **LEWISON**, 50 E. 76th St.: Paintings by American and French artists, among them Preston Dickinson, André Lhote, and Maximilien Luce, plus bronze sculptures by Maurice Glickman; through Friday, Aug. 10. . . . **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: A mixed-mediums show comprising pieces by Saul Baizerman, Jean Dubuffet, Edvard Munch, and others; through Sept. 29.

Europeans; Group Show—Still-lifes from the past three hundred years, by Jacques Linard, Pissarro, van Gogh, and the like; through Aug. 31. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The ninth annual loan exhibition of paintings from private New York collections, consisting chiefly of French Impressionist and Post-Impressionist pictures, by Degas, Monet, Renoir, and others. It is supplemented by a group of French sculptures by Rodin, Maillol, and others, lent by Mrs. Stephen C. Clark. Through Sept. 3. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Picasso survey, spanning six decades, in honor of his eightieth birthday. Included are paintings, sculptures, collages, drawings, prints, and illustrated books from the Museum's collection, together with a dozen canvases promised as future gifts. Through Sept. 18. . . . ¶ "Recent Painting U.S.A.: The Figure," composed of seventy-four pictures (by the same number of artists, among them Elmer Bischoff, Nathan Oliveira, and René Bouché) that were selected from almost ten thousand entries submitted for the show; through Aug. 26. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Modern paintings and sculptures (by such artists as Braque, Gris, and Giacometti) from the collection of Governor Nelson A. Rockefeller; through Aug. 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A summer selection of paintings from the Museum's permanent collection, offering, in chronological order, oils by Seurat, Rousseau, Chagall, Feininger, Sam Francis, and so on; through Sept. 30. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Young Americans 1962," the ninth competitive exhibition of ceramics, jewelry, textiles, wood, glass, enamels, and plastics by artist-craftsmen under thirty (two hundred and eighty of them in all); through Sept. 2. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Sculpture from the Pacific," including an elaborate shell ornament (Solomon Islands), a canoe prow (New Ireland), a sculptured figure of a goddess (Hawaii), and other items created by the Melanesians, Micronesians, and Polynesians before they came into much contact with the West; through Sept. 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—A work apiece in various mediums by forty artists under forty, three of whom are Marcia Marcus, Robert Rauschenberg, and Richard Stankiewicz; through Sept. 16. . . . ¶ Twentieth-century sculptures, oils, water colors, and drawings from the Museum's permanent collection, with items by, among others, Charles Burchfield, Lyonel Feininger, and David Smith; through Sept. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

Stadium Concerts—Final performances of the season by the Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, Aug. 9: Josef Krips conducting a performance of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, with Pierrette Alarie, soprano; Shirley Verrett-Carter, mezzo-soprano; Rudolf Petrak, tenor; Norman Farrow, bass; and the Schola Cantorum of New York. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11: Salvatore Dell'Isola directing a Rodgers and Hammerstein program, with Bonnie Murray, soprano; Claramae Turner, contralto; William Tabbert, tenor; Jack Russell, baritone; and a chorus. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Judson Hall box office, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Evenings at 8:30. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

Central Park Mall Concerts—Richard Franko Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 17.). . . ¶ Julius Grossman conducting the Municipal Concerts Orchestra, with Mary Evelyn Bruce, soprano. The second in a series of four weekly concerts. (Saturday, Aug. 11, at 8:30.)

Carl Schurz Park Concerts—George Seuffert conducting a band in the fourth in a series of five free concerts. (Thursday, Aug. 9, at 8:30. In the event of rain, the concert will be given in the Robert F. Wagner Junior High School, 222 E. 76th St.)

Chamber Music in Washington Square—Arthur Weisberg conducting a chamber orchestra, with Tamara Geva, narrator. The second in a series of four free weekly concerts. (Monday, Aug. 13, at 9. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and West Broadway.)

Jazz Concerts—Thursday, Aug. 9: The Max Roach chorus and orchestra, with Abbey Lincoln. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 16: Olatunji and his company of African singers, dancers, and drummers. (Museum of Modern Art Garden, 11 W. 53rd St. CI 5-8900. Evenings at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Berkshire Festival—Friday, Aug. 10, at 8: Eugene Ormandy conducting the Boston Symphony in a Beethoven-Bartók program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11, at 8: Pierre Monteux conducting, with Leon Fleisher, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 12, at 2:30: Charles Munch conducting; no soloists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 15, at 8: A chamber-music program by the Nova Arte Trio, with Gary Graffman, piano, and Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 17, at 8: Charles Munch conducting the Boston Symphony (Leon Kirchner will conduct one of his own works), with Joseph de Pasquale, viola. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 18, at 8: Eugene Ormandy conducting a Prokofieff-Tchaikovsky program, with Eugene Istomin, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 19, at 2:30: Charles Munch conducting (Lukas Foss will conduct one of his own works), with Adele Addison, soprano, and Gary Graffman, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 26.)

Berkshire Music Barn—Jazz and folk concerts—Thursday, Aug. 9, at 8:30: George Shearing's quintet. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 11, at 3:30: Olatunji and his company of African singers, dancers, and drummers. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 12, at 8:30: Duke Ellington's band. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 18, at 3:30, and Sunday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: Dave Brubeck's quartet. (Lenox, Mass.)

Music Mountain—The Berkshire Quartet, with Natasha Magg, piano. (Falls Village, Conn. Sunday, Aug. 12, at 4.)

Silvermine Guild Chamber-Music Concerts—The Silvermine String Quartet, with Charles

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Russo, clarinet. (New Canaan, Conn. Sunday, Aug. 12, at 8.)

Note—JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL: Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, Aug. 11: Sonia Arova, Hernán Baldrich, and Carmen de Lavallade and her company. . . . ¶ Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 14-18: The Boston Ballet, with Edward Villella, and Pauline Koner. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40. Matinées Fridays and Saturdays at 3:30.) . . . **AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL:** Saturday, Aug. 11, at 8:30: Pearl Lang and her company and Daniel Nagrin. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 16, at 8:30: José Limón and his company. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 17, at 8:30, and Saturday, Aug. 18, at 3: Martha Graham and her company. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 18, at 8:30, and Sunday, Aug. 19, at 3: José Limón and his company. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 19, at 8:30: Martha Graham and her company. (Palmer Auditorium, Connecticut College, New London, Conn.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **YANKEE STADIUM:** Yankees vs. Baltimore, Thursday, Aug. 9, at 8. . . . ¶ Yankees vs. Detroit, Friday, Aug. 10, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 11, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Aug. 12, at 2. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Mets vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Aug. 14, at 2, and Wednesday, Aug. 15, at 1:30 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Mets vs. St. Louis, Friday, Aug. 17, at 8, and Saturday, Aug. 18, at 2.

Golf—Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Sunningdale Country Club, Scarsdale. Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 9-12.)

Horse Show—Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Saturday, Aug. 11.)

Polo—At Blind Brook Polo Club, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **SARATOGA:** Weekdays at 2; through Saturday, Aug. 25. The Alabama, Saturday, Aug. 11; the Saratoga Special, Monday, Aug. 13; and the Travers, Saturday, Aug. 18. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, Oct. 2. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track at North Philadelphia.)

Soccer—International Soccer League: Final game of the American Challenge Cup series. (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Sunday, Aug. 12, at 4.)

Tennis—Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I. Through Sunday, Aug. 12.) . . . ¶ Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino Lawn Tennis Club, Newport, R.I. Monday through Sunday, Aug. 13-19.)

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Sept. 29. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 13.

Yachting—America's Cup final trials. (Newport, R.I. Starting Wednesday, Aug. 15.)

OTHER EVENTS

United Nations—Visitors may attend periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

Perseid Meteor Showers—The annual display of meteors, for the benefit of nocturnal-sky watchers and shooting-star wishers. The best nights for watching are Friday through Monday, Aug. 10-13, after midnight, when, if the weather is at all coöperative, forty to sixty meteors an hour may be visible.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Advise and Consent—A not very powerful melodrama of intrigue in the United States Senate, distinguished by the superb acting of a very large cast, including Walter Pidgeon, Charles Laughton, Henry Fonda, Burgess Meredith, and Gene Tierney. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through Aug. 12.... ¶ R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, EL 5-3577; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; starting Aug. 15.)

All Fall Down—If "Getting to Know You" is the age-old theme song of parents and children, the evidence offered by this picture is that most of the discoveries on both sides are pretty unpleasant. Still, there are comic moments, and marvellous acting by Angela Lansbury, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, Brandon deWilde, and Warren Beatty. Yes, Warren Beatty. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Aug. 14.)

The Five Day Lover—*L'Amour* takes lots of time and energy, but if you are young and in Paris, how could you possibly be better employed? A very funny and sometimes infinitesimally sad picture, starring Jean-Pierre Cassel, Jean Seberg, Micheline Presle, and François Périer. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 10-13.... ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 12-13, last showing at 3:55.)

Hatari!—A skittery ostrich, three baby elephants, and a couple of charging rhinos are the principals in this long but sporadically exciting movie about wild game in Tanganyika. They are supported (if captivity can be considered support) by a number of tourists from California, among them John Wayne, Elsa Martinelli, and Red Buttons. (DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th, CO 5-8431.)

Judgment at Nuremberg—A vivid debate on the unmentioned topic "Resolved, that I am my brother's keeper." Four Nazi judges are made to face their infamy and a punishment that will not last in a series of wounding confrontations that feature, among others, Spencer Tracy, Burt Lancaster, Richard Widmark, Maximilian Schell, Judy Garland, Montgomery Clift, and Marlene Dietrich. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Nightly at 8:15. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:15. Reserved seats only.)

Jules and Jim—In France, just before and after the First World War, a captivating woman takes more lovers than she should, with consequences that are sometimes hilarious and sometimes not. An odd, novel comedy, directed by François Truffaut and starring Jeanne Moreau, Henri Serre, and Oskar Werner. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Aug. 15, tentative.)

Last Year at Marienbad—A lovely dream, full of gorgeously caparisoned men and women moving as if drugged through the baroque corridors and gardens of what may be a hotel, or possibly a lunatic asylum. Directed by Alain Resnais, from a script by Alain Robbe-Grillet. (Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th, PL 7-2131.)

Lolita—A comedy about a middle-aged professor and a sexy adolescent. Thanks to Stanley Kubrick's direction and the acting of James Mason, Peter Sellers, Shelley Winters, and Sue Lyon, a highly successful rendering of the Nabokov novel. (State, B'way at 45th, JU 2-5070; and Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th, MU 5-7652.)

A Matter of WHO—A detective farce, in which the killer is smallpox and the sleuth is the comical Terry-Thomas, cast as an intrepid inspector for the World Health Organization. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Money, Money, Money—Jean Gabin is plump and white-haired and as good as ever in this entertaining French comedy about a retired crook who is persuaded to take over a large counterfeiting operation. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

The Notorious Landlady—Jack Lemmon and Fred Astaire play a couple of career diplomats—one fresh, the other seasoned—at our London embassy in this funny thriller about an American woman who might have murdered her husband. Lionel Jeffries, as an unorthodox Scotland Yard man, adds considerably to the merriment, and Kim Novak is the lady under suspicion. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Shoot the Piano Player—An anthology of jokes that range in style all the way from slapstick to irony and that somehow combine to tell the life story of a pianist at a bar in Paris. François Truffaut wrote and directed this successful and original French movie. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339.)

A Taste of Honey—The sad, delightful Shelagh Delaney play, uncannily improved by the English director Tony Richardson. Faultless performances by Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, Robert Stephens, Paul Danquah, and Murray Melvin. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

That Touch of Mink—Age cannot wither Cary Grant and Doris Day, who fall in love as if for the first time and who look extremely well groomed even (in Mr. Grant's case) in a Turkish towel. An excellent comedy. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, CI 6-4600.)

Through a Glass Darkly—The latest Ingmar Bergman, and possibly the most beautiful in its setting and the most heartbreaking in its theme. Four members of an unhappy family go downhill together, though the road seems to turn up a fraction of an inch toward the end. With the dazzling Bergman repertory group. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Aug. 14.... ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; and Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Aug. 15, tentative.)

West Side Story—Bigger but not better than the Broadway original, this gaudy study of J.D.s in torment is splendidly danced and photographed, but for anyone over twenty it is apt to prove more wearying than exciting. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

REVIVALS

A Nous la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 11.)

At the Circus (1939)—Disappointing, since it's a Marx Brothers affair, and for the loyal only. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 9.)

L'Avventura (1961)—An Italian film that records a joyless affair between a young man and woman searching for a girl who has disappeared from a volcanic island. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 12.)

A Day at the Races (1937)—The Marx Brothers again, this time at—well, at the races. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Aug. 9.)

Detective Story (1951)—Melodrama in a precinct station, taken from the play by Sidney Kingsley. With Kirk Douglas and Eleanor Parker. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting Aug. 15.)

W. C. Fields Shorts (1933)—The great man in "The Pharmacist," "The Fatal Glass of Beer," and "The Barbershop." (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 11.)

The 400 Blows (1959)—A French film, directed by François Truffaut, that reviews the short, unhappy career of a twelve-year-old boy. With Jean-Pierre Léaud. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 11.)

The Ghost Goes West (1935)—Robert Donat in René Clair's English film about a Scottish castle moved to America. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 9.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1960)—A French picture that describes the doomed love of a Frenchwoman for a Japanese. Directed by Alain Resnais, and with Emmanuelle Riva and Eiji Okada in the leading roles. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8037; through Aug. 11.)

The Magician (1959)—Ingmar Bergman's study of the effect that a troupe of magicians has on the household of a Swedish merchant. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 14-15.)

Martin Luther (1953)—Niall Mac Ginnis plays the monk from Wittenberg. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 14.)

The Matchmaker (1958)—Shirley Booth, Anthony Perkins, and Shirley MacLaine in an adaptation of Thornton Wilder's play about marital maneuverings in Yonkers in the eighteen-eighties. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 9.)

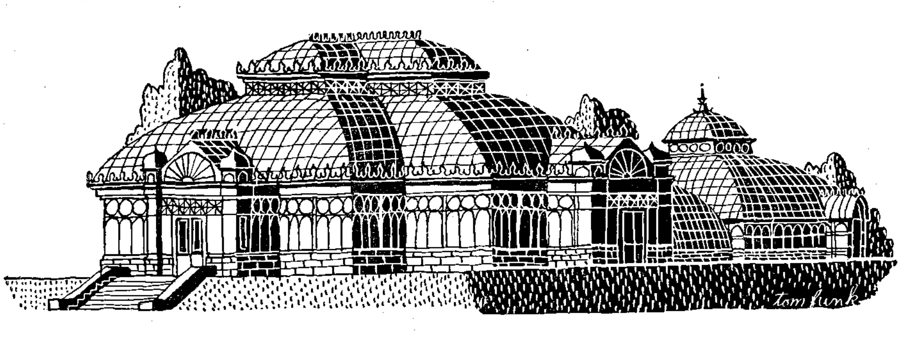
Sapphire (1959)—A British mystery film in which a pair of detectives solves the murder of a girl half white and half Negro. Nigel Patrick, Yvonne Mitchell, and Michael Craig. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Aug. 10-11.)

The Seventh Seal (1958)—A Swedish film, directed by Ingmar Bergman, about life in Sweden in the fourteenth century, when the plague was raging. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 10-11.)

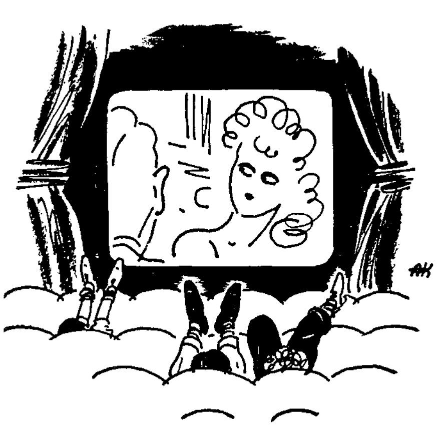
Shoe-Shine (1947)—Street children of Rome. An Italian film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Aug. 9.)

Wild Strawberries (1959)—Victor Sjöström plays an eminent physician in the Swedish film directed by Ingmar Bergman. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; Aug. 12-13.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Two programs in a series called "The Cinema of Howard Hawks"—Through Aug. 11, showings at 3 (extra performance Thursday evening at 8): "Red River" (1948), with Montgomery Clift and John Wayne.... ¶ Aug. 12-15, showings at 3 and 5:30: "I Was a Male War Bride" (1949), with Cary Grant and Ann Sheridan. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after 1.)



THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Follow That Dream," Elvis Presley, Arthur O'Connell.

Cinerama (formerly Capitol), B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm," Laurence Harvey, Claire Bloom. (Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
HATARI!

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Sky Above—The Mud Below," a French documentary film on New Guinea, with an English narration.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
THAT TOUCH OF MINK.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"The Concrete Jungle," Stanley Baker.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
JUDGMENT AT NUREMBERG.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
Through Aug. 15 (tentative): "Adventures of a Young Man," Richard Beymer, Paul Newman.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
WEST SIDE STORY.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
LOLITA.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"Boys' Night Out," Kim Novak, James Garner.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"The Spiral Road," Rock Hudson, Burl Ives.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Aug. 15 (tentative): **JULES AND JIM** (in French).

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through Aug 14 (tentative): "The Interns," Michael Callan, Cliff Robertson; and "The Underwater City," William Lundigan, Julie Adams.
From Aug. 15 (tentative): "El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Aug. 14: **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (in Swedish).
From Aug. 15: **DETECTIVE STORY**, revival; and "Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation," James Stewart, Maureen O'Hara.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
LOLITA.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"Adventures of a Young Man," Richard Beymer, Paul Newman.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Aug. 12: **ADVISE AND CONSENT.**
From Aug. 13: "Waltz of the Toreadors," Peter Sellers, Margaret Leighton.

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Aug. 11: "The Interns," Michael Callan, Cliff Robertson; and "The Underwater City," William Lundigan, Julie Adams.
Aug. 12-14: "My Geisha," Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand; and "Siege of Syracuse," Rossano Brazzi, Tina Louise.
From Aug. 15: **ADVISE AND CONSENT.**

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Best of Enemies," David Niven, Michael Wilding.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"A Coming-Out Party," James Robertson Justice, Leslie Phillips.

Cinema I (PL 3-6022) and **Cinema II** (PL 3-0774), 3rd Ave. at 60th.
"Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider, Anita Ekberg.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE NOTORIOUS LANDLADY.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through Aug. 15: "Mr. Hobbs Takes a Vacation," James Stewart, Maureen O'Hara.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Aug. 14: "Trapeze," revival, Burt Lancaster, Tony Curtis; and "The Vikings," revival, Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis.
From Aug. 15: To be announced.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Follow That Dream," Elvis Presley, Arthur O'Connell.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Aug. 14: "The Interns," Michael Callan, Cliff Robertson; and "The Underwater City," William Lundigan, Julie Adams.
From Aug. 15: "El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Aug. 14: "My Geisha," Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand; and "Siege of Syracuse," Rossano Brazzi, Tina Louise.
From Aug. 15: **ADVISE AND CONSENT**; and "Carry on Constable," Sidney James, Eric Barker.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Aug. 9: **A DAY AT THE RACES**, revival; and **AT THE CIRCUS**, revival.
Aug. 10-13: **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (in French); and "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand.
Aug. 14-15: "Psycho," revival, Anthony Perkins, Vera Miles; and "Leda" (in French), revival, Madeleine Robinson, Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Aug. 11: **HIROSHIMA, MON AMOUR** and **THE 400 BLOWS** (both in French and both revivals).
Aug. 12-14: "Mr Hobbs Takes a Vacation," James Stewart, Maureen O'Hara; and "Madison Avenue," Dana Andrews, Eleanor Parker.
From Aug. 15: "Victim," Dirk Bogarde, Sylvia Syms; and "The Bridge" (in German), revival.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Aug. 9: "A Lesson in Love" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Dreams" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson, Eva Dahlbeck.
Aug. 10-11: **THE SEVENTH SEAL** (in Swedish), revival; and "Smiles of a Summer Night" (in Swedish), revival, Ulla Jacobsson, Eva Dahlbeck.
Aug. 12-13: **WILD STRAWBERRIES** (in Swedish), revival; and "Brink of Life" (in Swedish), revival, Eva Dahlbeck, Ingrid Thulin.
Aug. 14-15: **THE MAGICIAN** (in Swedish), revival; and "The Virgin Spring" (in Swedish), revival, Max von Sydow, Gunnel Lindblom.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
SHOOT THE PIANO PLAYER (in French).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Through Aug. 14: "My Geisha," Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand; and "Siege of Syracuse," Rossano Brazzi, Tina Louise.
From Aug. 15: **ADVISE AND CONSENT**; and "Carry on Constable," Sidney James, Eric Barker.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Aug. 15 (tentative): **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (in Swedish).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
A MATTER OF WHO.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
Through Aug. 12: "From the Terrace," revival, Paul Newman, Joanne Woodward; and "Peyton Place," revival, Lana Turner, Hope Lange.
From Aug. 13, at 8:30: "The Small Hours," Michael Ryan, Lorraine Avins. (Opening night will be a benefit for the Museum of Modern Art's Film Preservation Fund. For information about tickets, call CI 5-8900.)

Trans-Lux Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"War Hunt," John Saxon, Robert Redford.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
MONEY, MONEY, MONEY (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD (in French).

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
A TASTE OF HONEY.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
"My Geisha," Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand; and "Siege of Syracuse," Rossano Brazzi, Tina Louise.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Aug. 9: **THE MATCHMAKER**, revival; and "The Hoodlum Priest," revival, Don Murray.
Aug. 10-11: **SAPPHIRE**, revival; and "And God Created Woman" (in French), revival, Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.
Aug. 12-13 (last showing at 2:10): **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (in French); and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.
Aug. 13, at 7 and 9:30: "Way Down East" (silent), Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess.
Aug. 14-15: "The Cousins" (in French), revival, Jean-Claude Brialy, Gérard Blain; and "Rules of the Game" (in French), revival.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Aug. 14: **ALL FALL DOWN**; and "Five Finger Exercise," Rosalind Russell, Maximilian Schell.
From Aug. 15: "Bird Man of Alcatraz," Burt Lancaster, Karl Malden.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Aug. 9: **SHOE-SHINE** (in Italian), revival; and **THE GHOST GOES WEST**, revival.
Aug. 10: "My Uncle" (in French), revival, Jacques Tati; and "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker.
Aug. 11: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ** (in French), revival; and **W. C. FIELDS SHORTS**, revivals.
Aug. 12: **L'AVVENTURA** (in Italian), revival; and "End of Innocence" (in Spanish), revival, Elsa Daniel.
Aug. 13: "The Last Angry Man," revival, Paul Muni, David Wayne; and "The Scapegoat," revival, Alec Guinness, Bette Davis.
Aug. 14: **MARTIN LUTHER**, revival; and "Life Begins Tomorrow" (in French), revival, an episodic film, with Jean Pierre Aumont, Jean-Paul Sartre, and André Gide.
Aug. 15: A program of eight short films on art—"Van Gogh," "A Visit to Picasso," "Grandma Moses," and others.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Aug. 14 (tentative): "The Interns," Michael Callan, Cliff Robertson; and "The Underwater City," William Lundigan, Julie Adams.
From Aug. 15 (tentative): "El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Aug. 15 (tentative): **THROUGH A GLASS DARKLY** (in Swedish).

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
"My Geisha," Shirley MacLaine, Yves Montand; and "Siege of Syracuse," Rossano Brazzi, Tina Louise.

Nemo, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through Aug. 14 (tentative): "The Interns," Michael Callan, Cliff Robertson; and "The Underwater City," William Lundigan, Julie Adams.
From Aug. 15 (tentative): "El Cid," Charlton Heston, Sophia Loren.

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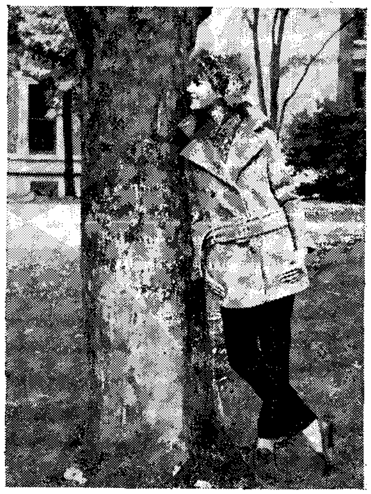

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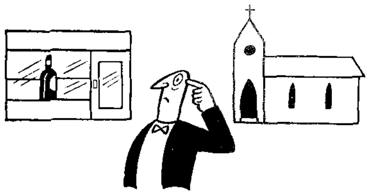
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

SIX persons in Boston—three males, three females—were recently asked what they would do if notified that the world was going to end in four days. Why four days instead of the more conventionally apocalyptic three we leave as a mystery forever embedded in the mind of the Boston *Herald* reporter who asked the question. It is not the question that startles us but the answers. Two of the women said they would go to Bermuda. One woman answered that she would move up the date of her wedding, which is at present scheduled for December 24th. One man, a law-school student, thought he would take his wife on as long a trip as they could manage in so cruelly curtailed a period. "I'd see America first," he said. So, if these six were a fair cross-section, in the last agony of the United States the highways will be clogged with determined sightseers, the telephone wires jammed with the details of hastily rearranged weddings, and the reservations to Bermuda booked solid.

The bars may or may not be full. Another man, an electrician, ventured to guess that he'd "either tie one on or spend four days in church." The law student judiciously estimated, "I don't think drinking would help much." Only one of the six, a Waltham homemaker, unqualifiedly plumped for pleasure. "I'd go out and have a ball. I'd be of the eat-drink-and-be-merry school. I'd go back to Bermuda." The amount of business the churches would do is also uncertain. An insurance agent said, "I guess the best thing to do would be to try to make peace with my Creator." But then he added, "I don't think that would take four days." The second Bermuda-minded woman ("It only takes about two hours to get to Bermuda from here," she pointed out) supposed she would "spend some time in church and try to be natural." Being natural was the insurance agent's keynote. "I think my family and I would stay together and spend the time quietly. Really just go along the way that we always do."

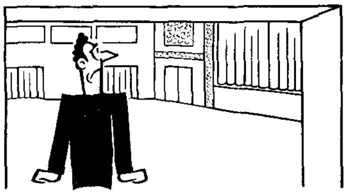


All in all, it was a rather reassuring picture these six conjured up, of a hundred and eighty million doomed souls reaching for their car keys, giving the airport a ring, rather shyly veering between the saloon and the cathedral, intent on keeping natural, and—though no one said this—presumably maintaining that indispensable American virtue a sense of humor. We tried to picture what we would do, wondered if four days would see the next issue safely to press, and tended to agree with the Brighton schoolteacher who said, "Frankly, if the world was going to end in four days, I'd like to have it be a surprise."

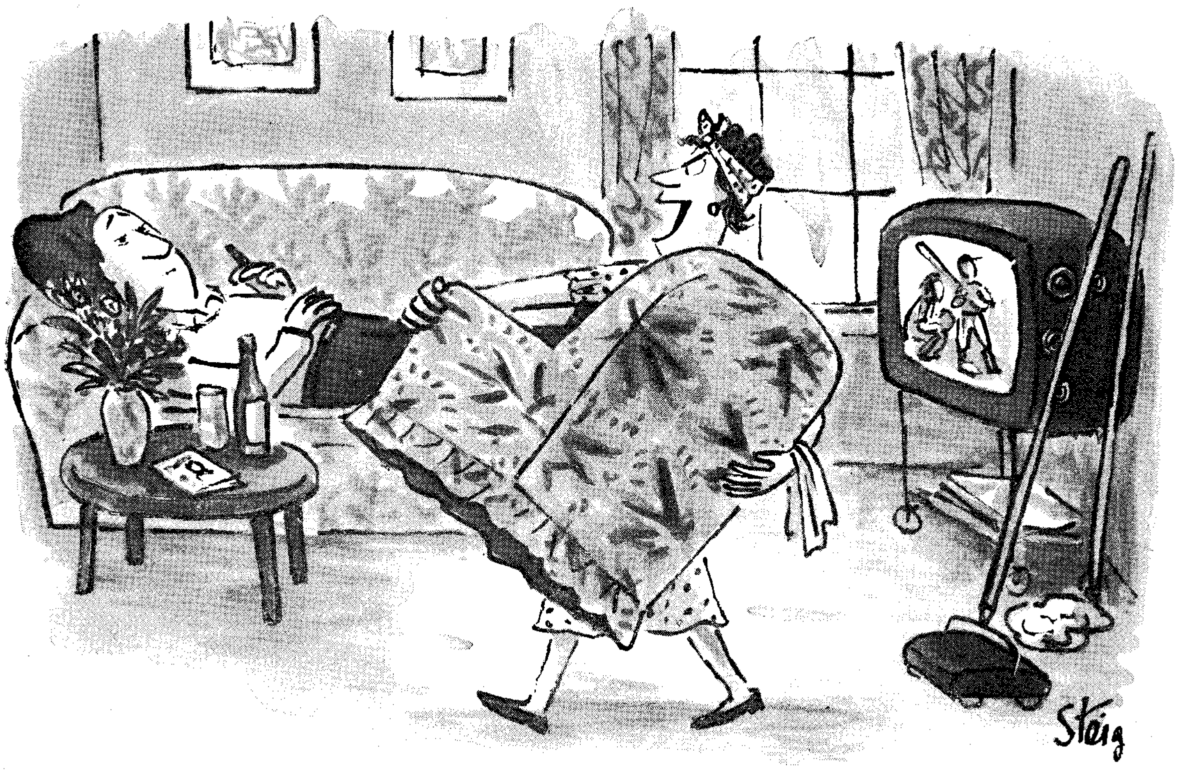
Ballroom and Garden

IS there anything like a youthful rival to set off a firecracker under the throne, or banquette, of a reigning belle? Consider the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf-Astoria, a débutante of the 1931 season, which will no longer be the biggest room of its sort once the Americana and the New York Hilton, now a-building, get cracking. Is it pure coincidence that it is now being done over, to the tune of five hundred thousand dollars, to reflect a decorative scheme that is (to quote a press release that has come our way) "a synthesis in modern terms of the splendor and elegance of the Golden, or 18th, Century, with its lavish use of crystal, gilt, and handsome watered silks and velvets"? It held a face-lifting party the other afternoon, which we attended with pleasure. "The 'Quintessence of Elegance' is the phrase that best describes the complete and impressive renovation program that has been masterminded by award-winning designer Oliver Smith," our invitation read, and we were happy to find ourself seated at a table next to the mastermind himself, a tall, quintessentially elegant theatrical designer whose latest assignment is the first hotel-interior venture in a long and glittering career notably marked by "My Fair Lady" and "Camelot."

"Frank Wangeman, executive vice-president and general manager of the Waldorf, called me up to discuss the ballroom a year or so ago," Mr. Smith said. "I thought about it a long time. Whenever I came to the ballroom, I became very depressed. It used to be a dirty buff, you recall. Some people like dirty buff, but I happen to hate it. I happen to like color. Well, I made a complete model for the Waldorf people to look at, and then I went off on a trip around the world. I got the word in India, so I came home. I've tried to convey the atmosphere of an intimate little concert-hall theatre of the eighteenth century. Some of these new ballrooms look like a suburban railroad station, you know. A ballroom is a room that you really spend very little time in, and it's a room to be happy in, so you want *up* colors—bright colors."



We examined the up Italian blues of the principal wall areas and the crimson of the surrounding galleries—which, we were told, would be echoed in the intense reds and blues of the carpet in the ballroom proper—and, as we were joined by Mr. Jerome Zerbe, the Boswell of the international set, we fixed our eyes on a large corner mural,



"Who's winning?"

abounding in color, which will be followed by three others.

"Superimposed over the old grillwork," Mr. Smith said. "It's theatre technique. We didn't replaster. The mood is Fragonard and the small court theatre at Versailles."

"Versailles!" said Mr. Zerbe. "I think I'll take a house at Versailles next year, just for the season."

We turned our attention to Mr. Abe Feder, the lighting expert of the United Nations Building, "My Fair Lady," "Camelot," the April in Paris Ball, and, now, the Waldorf ballroom, who was sitting opposite us.

"I wanted a multiple sparkle," Mr. Feder said. "We're putting in twenty-three crystal chandeliers—really a cluster of crystal baskets—and we've installed a stage switchboard with close to a thousand circuits. The room is a multipurpose hall for everything from a General Motors show to a communion breakfast, and the key to its flexibility is the lighting. The board controls every fixture and outlet in the entire ballroom; you can dim or brighten everything with a flick of the hand. We built it in six weeks and hooked it up in four; the room had to be shut down only for a month. I think the old lady has really got rejuvenated."

WHILE the Grand Ballroom of the Waldorf has been changing its spots, the Capitol Theatre—a Broadway landmark ever since the late Messmore Kendall built it, in 1919—has been converted into Loew's Cinerama, which opened early this week with "The Wonderful World of the Brothers Grimm;" a Babyrama, equipped with cribs, games, toys, and a professional baby-sitting nurse; and an indoor Japanese garden, which audiences must traverse before gaining their seats. "It will be the only indoor Japanese garden anywhere in the world, according to Mr. I. Kawasaki, its creator, who is also an architect and working on the remodelling of the theatre," the M-G-M people had written us, so over we went, a few days before the opening, for a prearranged lobby encounter with Mr. Kawasaki.

"How about the Japanese Garden in the old Ritz?" we asked.

"Not indoors," he said. "It was at the bottom of an airshaft. Ours is under a ceiling, which I have made very, very dark blue to give it imaginary height. It utilizes the space formerly occupied by the last eight rows of seats, which we took out, along with a great many others, because of an undesirable sight line. All told, to get visibility for the curved Cinerama screen, we had to reduce the seating capacity from 3,662 to 1,552. We had twenty-eight by a hundred and fourteen feet of space left over at the back of the auditorium, and Mr. Nicolas Reisini, who is president and chairman of the board of Cinerama, suggested to me—I'm handling this theatre alteration for the architectural firm of John J. McNamara—that we turn it into a Japanese garden. He's made several trips to Japan, and he said he'd leave it to me to get a more or less authentic Japanese garden. I've had a more or less free hand ever since."

Mr. Kawasaki led us to the garden, which contains a large pool with a curved brown bridge arching over it, a small pool with a waterfall, and a variety of rocks and miniature trees and shrubs. "Japanese gardens are sedate," he said. "They stress form and arrangement, rather than color. You will note that the chief color here, apart from green, is the bittersweet—I think that's what M-G-M calls it—underside of the bridge, reflected in the water. This matches the seats, walls, carpet, and ceiling of the auditorium."

We scrutinized some sedate temple cedar, pine, Japanese maple, yew, and camellias, and Mr. Kawasaki said that eight twelve-inch red carp would be put in the larger pool. "As close to bittersweet in color as a carp can get," he said. "Five dollars a pair. I hope the mortality will be low. I've tried to get weathered stone from Pleasantville to go with some granite from a quarry in Yonkers. The paths really *ought* to be stepping stones, but since they serve as aisles, and must be smooth, I've used very thin flagstone and a gravel mixture. The wear and tear on the plants will be considerable, because of the air-conditioning, the stale air when the air-conditioning is turned off, the heat during the wintertime from the heating system, and the lack of sunlight. But they *must* be kept fresh. We have a special budget for them."

We followed Mr. Kawasaki to the bittersweet auditorium and asked what he had done pre-Cinerama.

"I used to be with the architectural firm of Isadore Rosenfield, specialists in hospital architecture," he replied. "I worked on the North Shore Hospital, on Long Island, and the United Mine Workers of America Hospital, in West Virginia. The McNamara firm, which

I joined three years ago, specializes in theatres; last year we finished a fifteen-story student center at Stevens Institute. For a change of pace, I like it so far, but in hospitals you're working for humanity, and in the theatre—well, it's just showmanship. I fuss around with a garden of my own, in Westchester, but it's not Japanese; it's just Westchester."

◆

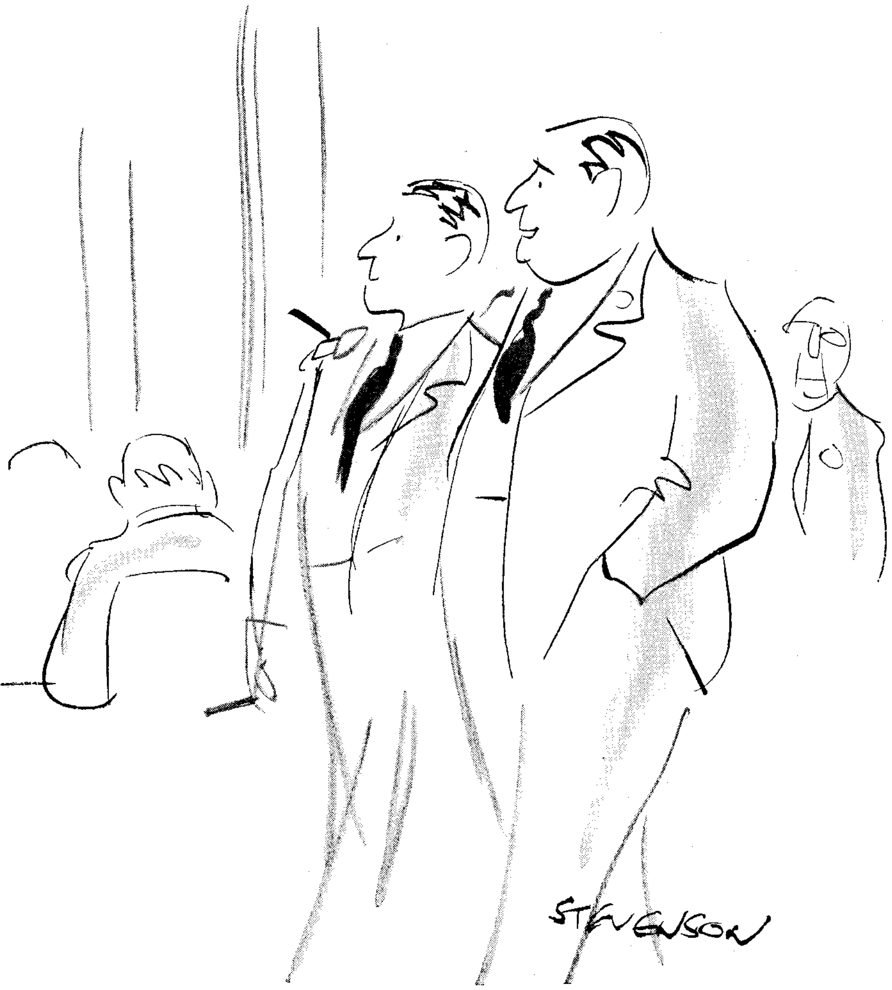
NOTE received by a purchaser of "The Horizon Book of Lost Worlds," published in Marion, Ohio: "If you have occasion to write us about your order, please refer to its identification number (shown just above your name on the reverse side)." The number: 1117D2 4A01 3A5763CLL-1H44. The purchaser decided that he would not, under any circumstances, have occasion to write about his order.

Rhodesian

Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Stewart Gore-Browne, D.S.O., flew into town a while ago to testify before a special United Nations committee on the unsettled political conditions in Northern Rhodesia, where, among the lakes, mountains, lions, and crocodiles of Shiwa Ngandu, on a twenty-five-thousand-acre estate in the northeast corner of the country, sixty miles from the nearest white neighbor, a hundred and twenty-five miles from the nearest village, and four hundred and fifty miles from the nearest railroad station, Sir Stewart farms, ranches, grows and cuts timber, and continually adds to his home, Shiwa House, which has forty rooms, and which he designed himself, in Italianate style, after studying appropriate books. Sir Stewart is a handsome, tweedy man of seventy-nine, with a pink complexion, brows like white thatch, and a monocle fixed in his right eye, but his air of belonging to the period when the Empire was being founded, not liquidated, is wholly deceptive; Sir Stewart is one of the few Europeans in Northern Rhodesia who support the African nationalist point of view, which he acquired in the course of many years' service as an unofficial representative for African interests in the Northern Rhodesia Legislative Council. For the past couple of years, he has been a member of the United National Independence Party of Northern Rhodesia, and it was as an adviser to Kenneth Kaunda, president of the Party and one of its founders, that he testified at the U.N. (The Party is committed to a platform of complete independence for Northern Rhodesia, which the Colonial Office of Her Majesty's Government took over, in 1924, from Cecil Rhodes' British South Africa Company. There are some three million Africans in the country and only seventy-five thousand Europeans, but Kaunda and his party have promised not to discriminate against white settlers once independence is achieved, and have even proposed a "bill of rights" to assure all minority groups of a safe future.)

Having begged the privilege of an early-morning talk with Sir Stewart before one of his official appearances here, we persuaded him, with some difficulty, to give us an outline of his biography. Born in Surrey, he attended Harrow and the Royal Military Academy, at Woolwich, and then joined the Artillery. In 1911—a year, he likes to recall, in which Lloyd George announced that Europe had never been so quiet—he was offered a job on the Anglo-Belgian Boundary Commission, newly set up to mark the boundaries between Northern Rhodesia and the Belgian Congo. "I hadn't the slightest idea where Northern Rhodesia was," Sir Stewart told us. "The chap at the War Office who offered me the post didn't know where it was, either. Actually, the King of Italy had drawn the boundaries some years before—he'd been chosen as an impartial arbiter, and I suspect he simply ran his thumb across a map—and we were being sent out to do the thing properly. At the time, nobody knew the extent and value of the copper deposits in the area, or I'm sure there would have been a good deal more argument over where the boundaries went. During my three years on the Commission, I met and came to know a large number of Africans, many of whom, along with their children and grandchildren, are working for me now. When the Commission job was finished, I got an option from the British South Africa Company to buy ten thousand acres of land for a shilling an acre and returned home to England, in time for the outbreak of the First World War."

After four years on the Western Front and a couple of years as a staff officer in Cologne, Sir Stewart resigned his commission and set out for Northern Rhodesia, where, as an ex-soldier, he was entitled to add certain grants of



"It gives me a feeling of pride, Son, to know you're as burned up at Kennedy as I was at Roosevelt."

land to his original holdings. On that first trip, he had to walk every foot of the four hundred and fifty miles between the railroad stop and his property. "I must say, I should hate to have to do it today," said Sir Stewart. "At first, there was absolutely nothing on the place except beautiful scenery and all sorts of wild beasts, from elephants to rats. My problem was to find an export crop that could stand the terrific cost of shipping it to market. I decided on essential oils. After some experimenting, we settled down to distilling lime oil and orange-blossom oil, much used in eau de cologne, and by the early thirties we were clearing some twelve thousand pounds a year. In 1945, heaven sent us a virus disease. Most of our plants died, and our profits dropped to four hundred pounds a year. We shut down the distillery and turned to farming and ranching. First, though, I'd investigated the possibility of fighting the virus with a resistant strain of plants. The experts told me they'd be glad to give me some samples and would observe my progress with them for the next twenty or thirty years. Somehow, I didn't much like the notion of being pushed out in a Bath chair at the age of ninety to look at plants that might or might not be behaving as they should, so I declined the offer with thanks."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The National Aeronautics and Space Administration's Institute for Space Studies is in the Interchurch Center, on Riverside Drive.

Time and a Place

A HARRIED young matron was hurrying along Fifth Avenue the other day, dragging a screaming boy of about five behind her. Her muttered warnings failing to have any effect, she hailed a cab, shoved the youngster in ahead of her, laid him across her knee, and gave him a sound thwacking. In the middle of the next block, she stopped the cab, paid the driver, and led the chastened infant off again.

Coronation Luncheon

THE dog days matter little to those lucky ones who, like us, get invited to such events as the coronation of the Sandwich Monarch of the Year. This singular ceremony, which was held under the auspices of the Wheat Flour Institute, of Chicago, and included the placing of a red velvet crown on the head of Mr. Charles E. Frowenfeld, general manager of the Brass Rail Restaurants in New York, took place in the unmasterminded Gold Ballroom of the Savoy Hilton. It was preceded by drinks in the Crystal Room, where Mr. Howard Lampman, who is executive director of the Institute, introduced us to Mr. A. L. Powell, director of consumer services of the Pillsbury Company, of Minneapolis, who addressed us in this fashion: "The Institute is the p. r. arm of the Millers National Federation, a trade organization supported by thousands of milling companies, which for the past twelve years has proclaimed August to be Sandwich Month. It selects the Grand Champion Sandwich of the Year, which is then promoted to beat the band. This year's is called The McIntosh. It consists of— Wait! It's all in here." He handed us a folder entitled "How to Make the 10 Best Sandwiches of the Year," and in it we read, under "The McIntosh":

12 slices enriched white sandwich bread
Mayonnaise or salad dressing
Mustard
12 1-ounce slices baked ham
36 to 48 slices McIntosh apple (6 small apples)
24 1-ounce slices process American cheese

Spread bread with mayonnaise or salad dressing, then with mustard.

Cover each slice with 1 slice ham, 4 slices apple and 2 slices cheese.

Arrange sandwiches on baking sheet. Broil until cheese melts and is slightly brown.

Makes 6 open-faced sandwiches.

A couple of gin-and-tonics later, we found ourself at a table between two young ladies who looked like princesses.

"I'm from B. B. D. & O.," said the one at our right. "I work on the Campbell Soup account. We helped arrange this lunch—this soup you're having is ours, of course—because we feel soup and sandwiches go together. Campbell owns Pepperidge Farm, the bread company, so we're in the sandwich business also—at least peripherally. Soup and sandwiches are the great national all-time lunch. Do you know what the national annual sandwich consumption is? Almost thirty-three billion!"

We asked her how she knew.

"Four of the largest food companies, including ours, made a two-year survey," she replied. "They eventually came to this conclusion by addition and subtraction."

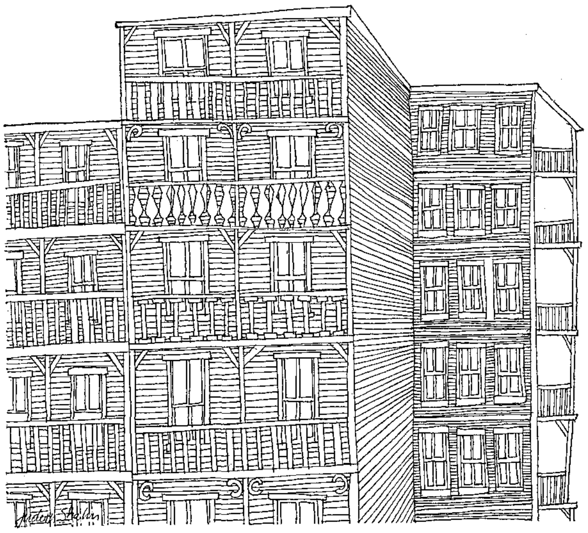
We polished off our soup, which a press release by our plate identified as Royal Pink Soup ("Tomato juice, cream of chicken soup and dairy sour cream blend to a refreshing smoothness . . . giving its light pink color. A sprinkle of chopped chives and a hint of sauterne add a regal touch"), and turned to the princess at our left.

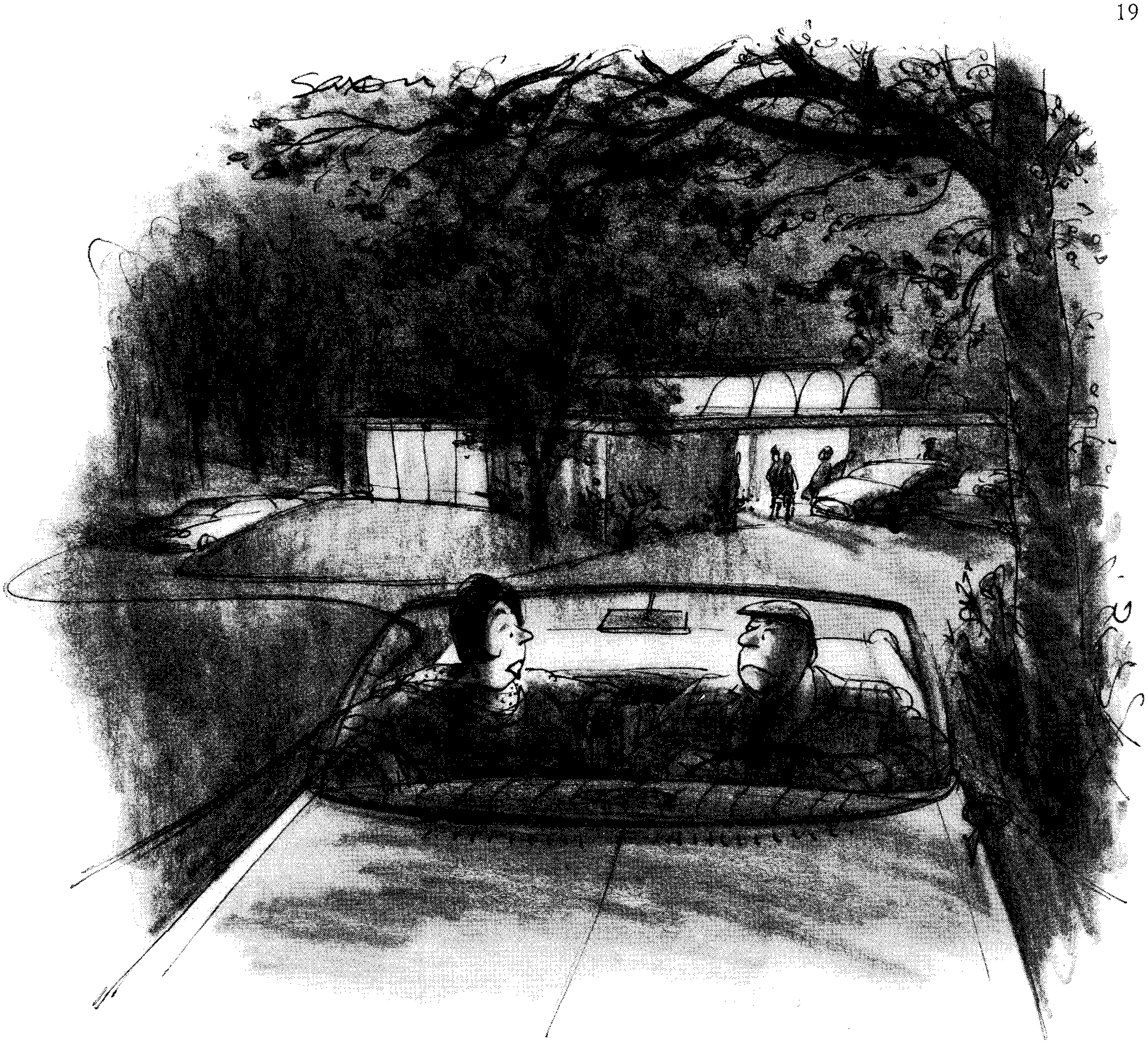
"I just happened to be in the building and followed the crowd," she said. "Not bad, is it?"

Next came an entrée composed of The McIntosh and its two runners-up—the Banana Ham Nutwich and the Baked Crab Alaska. Ham, banana, cream cheese, and pecans rolled inside long-sliced white bread formed the first, and crabmeat, mushrooms, and pimiento, with a mayonnaise-custard sauce and a fluffy meringue covering, made up the other.

"We've just fed sandwiches to eighty-five hundred Girl Scouts in Vermont's Button Bay State Park," the B.B.D. & O.-Campbell lady said. "They loved them. No doubt about it, sandwiches have become a national way of eating, whether they're pizza pies or hamburgers. And, whether it's hot or—like the Royal Pink—cold, soup is a natural complement to a sandwich."

A couple in eighteenth-century British court costume, representing the fourth Earl of Sandwich, who was the legendary inventor of the sandwich, and his wife, burst into the room and, manning two microphones on a platform, proceeded to introduce Mr. Frowenfeld and the creators of the Banana Ham and the Baked Crab—Jack Cattedra, of the Aurora Hilton Hotel, North Aurora, Illinois; and Miss Barbara Holes, of Slater Food Service Management, Philadelphia. Mr. Lampman, taking the Earl's place at one of the mikes, explained that the





"I never said the Farwells were fun people. You said they were fun people, and I only said it might be a fun thing to go to one of their parties."

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competition to select the 10 Best Sandwiches of the Year is organized and sponsored by the Wheat Flour Institute and the National Restaurant Association, and then color slides of the sandwiches were run off. They included the Pearadise Crab (eighteen slices pear, among other things, for six sandwiches) and the Little Boy Blueburger (four ounces blue cheese, for the blue part). Mr. Frowenfeld's coronation followed.

"He gets the Grand Prize," Mr. Lampman said. "An all-expense tour for two to Europe's finest restaurants, and five hundred dollars in cash. Who will you take with you, King Frowenfeld?"

"My wife," said Mr. F., indicating a blushing lady at his side.

"This hasn't always been the case with our winners," Mr. Lampman said, and the court adjourned, smiling immoderately.

Savoir-Vivre

A FRIEND of ours who has been a regular visitor to France for the past several years feared that on this year's trip—after the plastic bombs and all—he might find some of the ancient Gallic *savoir-vivre* missing. However, he has written to us about a small episode he witnessed that has convinced him everything is still all right. He was sitting on a beach in Corsica, contemplating the Mediterranean, when he noticed a trim, elegant-looking, middle-aged Frenchman emerge from a nearby hotel. The man was carrying two small oars and dragging a light object behind him. On closer inspection, the object turned out to be an inflated rubber life raft, suitable for a large child. When the elegant Frenchman reached the edge of the water with the raft, he stopped, momentarily, to polish a pair of gold-rimmed glasses that he had been wearing. He put the glasses back on and proceeded to fasten the oars to the raft, which he gently pushed into the sea. Next, he got onto the raft, and, after settling himself comfortably, began to row it slowly but steadily toward a sizable motor launch, which was anchored about fifty feet offshore. Upon reaching the launch, he carefully pulled himself aboard it, taking the oars with him. After fastening the raft to the stern of the launch with a stout line, he raced out to sea, leaving our friend, onshore, with a considerable sense of well-being.

A WALK ON THE SWEET SIDE

STICKY GOES WALKIES . . . AT £5 A DAY. Eighteen inches of well-groomed dog called Sternroc Sticky Wicket yesterday went walkies with his mistress. And just behind, and costing about £5 a day, was his own personal 6 ft. 2 in. private detective. Sticky is the only dog in Britain with a human "tail." He is the American champion of the Schnauzer breed, a wire-haired terrier-like dog, and is insured in the U.S. for £1000. Every time Sticky makes more than a brief appearance among the ordinary canines of the world he must have a private eye shadowing him. Otherwise, says his English-born owner, Mrs. Pamela Cross Stern, people might feed him sweets. "You only need a few people a day to stuff Sticky with titbits and his championship qualities would be ruined," said Mrs. Cross Stern.—*London Daily Mail.*

I MUST have worked my way through half a dozen copies of the *Tatler*, and was thoroughly briefed on the activities of the gentry—all their hunt balls, cotillions, and débutante parties—when the door opened and Mr. Hawfinch bustled in. He was a stout, breathless chap in a pepper-and-salt tweed, quite unlike my notion of a fancy bespoke tailor, but then I'd never had much traffic with the breed, always having bought my clothes off the peg. What I mean is, if you're the sort who can afford to spend fifty guineas for a suit, that's splendid, and God bless; in my line of work, one wants a serviceable, inconspicuous garment that doesn't stand out in a crowd.

"Ah, good afternoon, Piggott—have I the name right?" he puffed. "Hadn't meant to keep you, but I've been rushed off my feet with fittings. Here, let's have this door closed. It's a—well, a rather confidential matter."

"It generally is if I'm called in," I said. "Nothing serious, I hope?"

"Heavens, no—not in the least," he said. "Just a curious situation we've run into that requires a bit of skilled assistance, as it were. Can I rely on your discretion?"

I could see the man was uneasy about getting entangled with a professional sleuth, so I reassured him straight off. I hadn't any police affiliation or formal detective status, I explained. I was merely a private operative licensed to protect property or individuals, and such work as I did nowadays was largely humdrum—guarding valuables at society weddings, discouraging shoplifters at Harrods in the holiday season, and the like.

"Capital," said Mr. Hawfinch. "You're exactly the person we're looking for—someone who can protect a client of ours."

"Against what?"

"His own worst enemy—himself," he replied. "I daresay you've heard many a weird tale in your time, Piggott, but this may surprise you."

He wasn't far wrong. For the past eight years, it appeared, Hawfinch & Mealworm had been supplying the client in question, an American journalist named S. G. Prebleman, with lounge suits. To fit anyone with a melon-shaped paunch and shoulders the size of a pygmy's, declared Hawfinch, was a major challenge, but the cutters had accepted it, and, until recently, no hint of dissatisfaction had arisen. Then a barrage of complaints had begun to bombard the firm from overseas. The clothes were altogether too small, Prebleman complained; the firm had departed from its original pattern, the last consignment shipped him was barely adequate for a midget, he had endured public humiliation and was fast becoming a laughingstock, etc., etc.

"The fellow was fatting up like a Christmas goose, of course," said Hawfinch, "and our staff soon discovered why when he popped in here a fortnight ago to order some new things. He was ravenous for sweets—he'd turned into a sugar addict. Forever stuffing himself with cakes, tarts, pastry, puddings, Lord knows what all. Damned if he hadn't a butterscotch bar in his fist while he was being measured." Hawfinch shrugged. "Well, he was sly at first, but once we taxed him with it, he owned up. A fatal compulsion, he called it. Go out of his head if he was deprived."

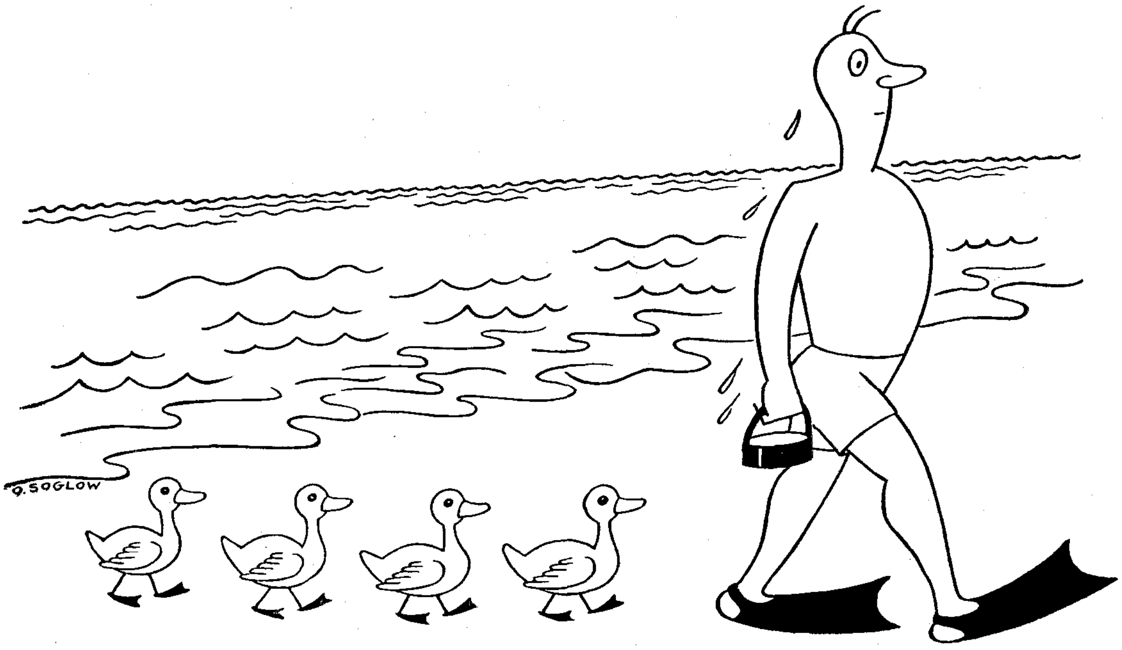
"He needs a medico, not a bodyguard," I said. "I don't see how I can prevent him from gluttonizing."

"You can, actually," said Hawfinch. "As a matter of fact, the whole idea of surveillance wasn't ours—he proposed it. It's not mere vanity on his part, you see; it's simple economics. He's investing a couple of hundred pounds in these garments, and should he gain any more weight, they'd be worthless."

"But what am I supposed to do, specifically?" I asked, puzzled.

"Just dog his footsteps the next couple of days, until he leaves for New York," he said. "Censor his diet—jump down his throat if he starts nibbling toffees, desserts, and such. He feels that a bit of really strict discipline might help him overcome his craving. As for us," Hawfinch went on, "our motive in hiring you is pure self-interest. We've a reputation to sustain, and it'd be rotten publicity if our wares appeared to disadvantage in the States."

Well, that was pretty much the gist of it, except for his emphasizing that Prebleman, despite his professed willingness to coöperate, would undoubtedly attempt to trick me. I promised to be ruthless and, pocketing the retainer and his client's hotel address, went back to my cubbyhole in Carstairs Buildings. As I walked along Regent Street reviewing the assignment, I began to have qualms about it. Practically speaking, how could one impose curbs on a stranger's appetite? Moreover, what authorization had I to do so,



beyond Hawfinch's word? Denied his gooseberry flan or portion of trifle, Prebleman might decide I was persecuting him and react with violence; people with fixations often behaved unpredictably. I was within an ace of ringing up Hawfinch to chuck the job when common sense intervened. After all, the role he'd cast me in wasn't that of a gadfly or scourge but a good Samaritan; it wasn't my mission to harass the boffin but to pluck temptation from his path, to bolster his morale. The instant I'd rationalized my position, and washed it down with a pint of bitter, my compunctions vanished.

At ten-fifteen the next morning, as I was lounging outside Coxcomb's Hotel, in Duke Street, a plump little gent with a florid complexion, steel-rimmed spectacles, and a piebald mustache came through the revolving door. He looked an unsuccessful tobacconist or a news agent more than a Yankee journalist, but the door porter, to whom I'd slipped half a crown, pantomimed that this was my man, so I followed a few paces behind. Twenty yards along, without any warning, he stopped dead, turned, and waited till I drew abreast.

"Excuse me," he said. "You wouldn't by any chance be the Mr. Piggott who's shadowing me?"

"That's correct, sir," I said. "I take it Mr. Hawfinch's been in touch."

He nodded and, eyes narrowed, surveyed me thoughtfully. "Good choice," he observed. "Typical, but unobtrusive. Fine—let's get started. Mind if I pop into that snack bar on the corner for coffee?"

"Sorry, Mr. Prebleman," I said. "You've already had breakfast—*and* two helpings of marmalade, I understand. I checked with room service a few minutes ago."

"That was pretty officious of you, I must say," he commented, his face clouding over.

"Merely carrying out orders," I said. "I was told you wanted me to play the martinet."

"Yes, I guess I asked for it," he said resignedly. "Very well, now—look sharp. I'm going down to Fortnum & Mason's. Want to pick up something suitable to wear when I work."

"Like a hacking coat, sir?" I twinkled, nudging him in the ribs. I saw immediately that I'd overstepped, and hurried to apologize. "Just chaffing, Mr. Prebleman," I assured him. "Please go wherever you would normally, and I shan't interfere unless I deem it urgent. Fair enough?"

He agreed, and away we went. Everything was jam until we got inside the shop. There was such a crush of folk boarding the lift that we became separated, and by the time I reached the men's-wear section it was all too plain I'd been given the slip. Luckily, I didn't lose my head. Hurrying to the grocery division, on the main floor, I surprised Prebleman just as he was clawing open a tin of Canton ginger. He'd already choked down half a box of arrowroot biscuit, and a saleswoman was busily wrapping a parcel of barley sugar and chocolate creams. My quarry blushed scarlet with shame when he saw me. He mumbled some bilge about a dispatch case containing official secrets that he'd forgotten in his Daimler, pressed a ten-bob note on the astonished clerk, and bolted up Piccadilly toward Hyde Park Corner. I clung to him, and a proper chase he gave me, doubling back along Berkeley Square up Hay Hill into Albemarle Street. The arcade into Bond Street was clogged with pedestrians and I was fair winded getting through, so intent on keeping a tight rein on him that I never tumbled to his destination—the Pembroke Tea Salon, close by Aspinwall House. Before I could remonstrate, he'd popped inside, leaving me high and dry. A sedate place like that, full of old ladies, I didn't much fancy the idea of creating a row, so I just lit my pipe and settled down to wait. When he skipped out a quarter of an hour later, all bland and pious with currant jelly on his mustache and his pockets bursting, I dropped down on him like a Brahmany kite.

"Look here, old boy," I said. "It's your waistline, and once you're back home you can get as gross as Falstaff, but right now I call the tune. Will you hand over the stuff you bought or do I have to search you?"

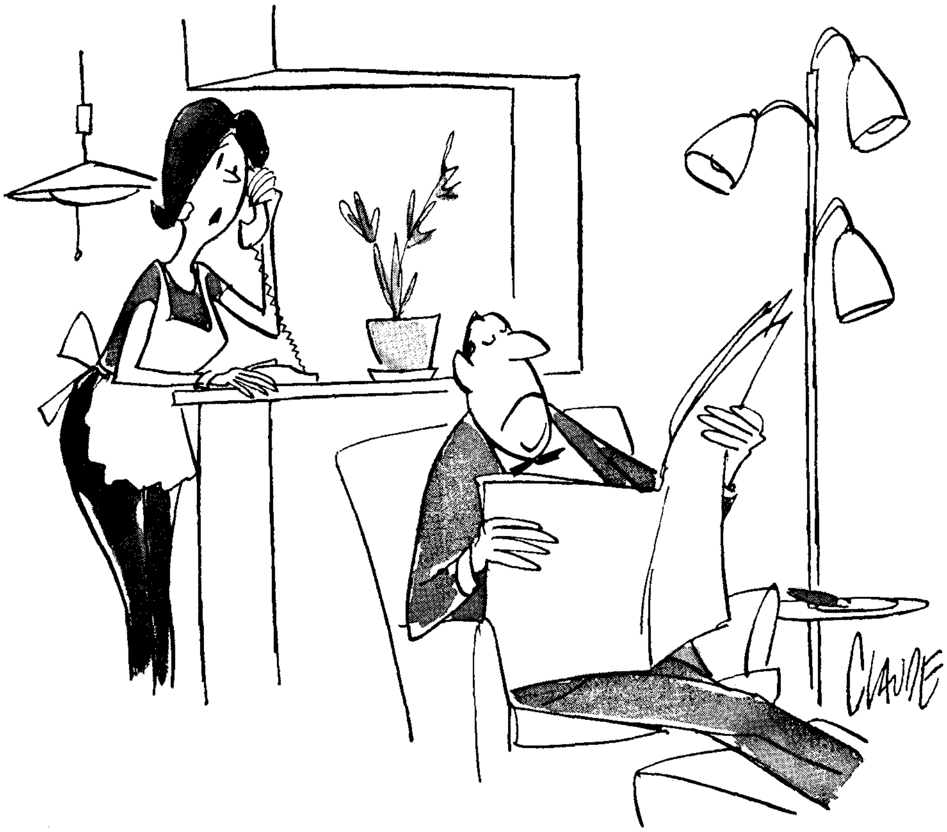
"You wouldn't dare," he said, backing away. "Don't you touch me, you big bully. I—I'll scream!"

Well, that was sheer bluff, of course—the sugar in his system talking—and he turned into a lamb the moment I found the pressure point in his wrist. It seemed a pity to jettison all the macaroons and ladyfingers he'd laid in; still, as I warned him, if he repeated such a performance I'd have to dress him down publicly, no matter what embarrassment it might cause.

"You're dead right—absolutely," he said contritely. "Piggott, I've been a sneaky, self-indulgent little ass, but I'm turning over a new leaf, thanks to you. To show my gratitude, I'm giving you the rest of the day off."

"That's generous of you, sir, but Mr. Hawfinch's instructions were quite explicit. You're not to be let out of my sight."

"Oh, quite, quite," he said. "How-



"Can I take a message? He refuses to talk over this new pink Princess telephone."

• •

ever, at the time we formulated our pact, none of us foresaw that I might experience a sudden revelation. I'm completely cured, I tell you. Now, this afternoon," he continued glibly, "I'm just going to poke around galleries and antique shops. I may drop into the British Museum to see the Elgin marble cakes—" He broke off, flustered. "Dash it all, I don't need a nursemaid, you know. I'm a grown man, aren't I?"

I had a strong impulse to retort that, on the contrary, everything about him was infantile—his passion for sweets, his love of clothes, his longing to be considered an adult—but I restrained myself. Obviously, the more I crossed him, the more intractable he was likely to become. If, on the other hand, I pampered him a whit, gave him leave to gorge to his heart's content, he might behave rationally out of sheer perversity. It was worth a gamble, and I took it. Provided he bought no sweetmeats until we met again the following morning, I told him, he was free to do as he pleased, unsupervised. He sprang at the bait, wrung my hand warmly, and departed, doubtless to violate his promise, but I wasn't overly concerned. Deep down in my mind, a peculiar suspicion I couldn't put into words was beginning to gnaw at me. I had some hard thinking to get through in the next hour or two, and I needed the privacy of my office and plenty of cavendish.

At half past four that afternoon, Mr. Hawfinch, his jowls aquiver with anxiety, ushered me into his sanctum and, extracting a handkerchief, sponged his forehead. "See here, Piggott," he snapped. "Let's not beat around the bush—that phone call of yours upset me. Of course you're welcome to examine the patterns of Mr. Prebleman's suits—"

"And all his original measurements," I interjected.

"Yes, yes," he said irritably. "But why? What was your implication, sir?"

"There wasn't any," I said. "Call it an intuition, rather." I lowered my voice on the off chance that some interested ear might be listening at the keyhole. "It's merely that if I'm right it could have a very considerable bearing on the future of this company."

Mr. Hawfinch regarded me fixedly for a good ten seconds. "Well, you've told me nothing, but I've learned this much," he said. "When you've a problem with one eccentric, you don't necessarily solve it by calling in another. Mind you, I name no names."

"You don't have to," I said. "In my business, we're trained to figure out things like that. Shall we go along to your cutting room?"

SHE THAT IS MEMORY'S DAUGHTER

She that is memory's daughter,
Looking at running water,
Pauses, aware of other
Words that the water teaches.
Time lets the stream soon falling
Stray among reeds where gather,
One to another calling,
Birds in the upper reaches.

Silence is there renewing,
Losing and still pursuing
Songs of an age forgotten,
So it compels her wonder.
Rain from an ancient mountain
Writes what is unbegotten,
Seen in the playing fountain,
Heard in the cataract's thunder.

Under the river racing
Bridegroom and bride embracing
Fall from the girl whose vision
Plunging divines a constant.
Circle on circle spinning
Fly from her hand's impression
Seeking her true beginning
Fixed in the tranquil instant.

—Vernon Watkins

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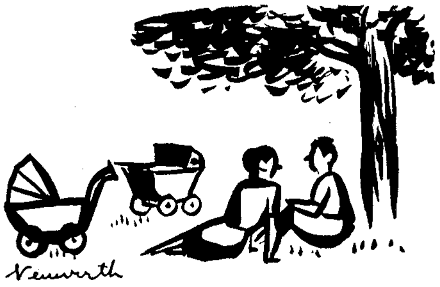
It was well after nine that same evening when Prebleman, Hawfinch, and I finished our second round of port in the Coxcomb bar, and though my companions had tried to disguise the meeting as a social occasion, I could feel their growing impatience underneath our small talk. Evidently satisfied at last that the amenities had been complied with, Hawfinch took the bull by the horns.

"Now then, Piggott," he began, adopting his most formidable executive manner. "We seem to be involved in a most complex situation—too much so, I may say, for a simple tradesman like me. You were engaged to perform certain—ah—custodial duties on Mr. Prebleman's behalf which, as I understand it, you now wish to relinquish. Why?"

"Because they're no longer valid," I returned. "I regret to tell you, Mr. Hawfinch, that in the course of examining your files today I uncovered what I can only describe as some very damning evidence."

"Of what?" he demanded. "For pity's sake, man, speak up! I've had enough of your precious conundrums."

"Very well," I said, "but since it affects our mutual client, I prefer to tell him directly. Mr. Prebleman, for the last eight years you have been systematically and deliberately hoodwinked by Hawfinch & Mealworm."



Hawfinch started up from his chair. "What the devil are you talking about?" he burst out wrathfully. "Of all the libellous poppycock—"

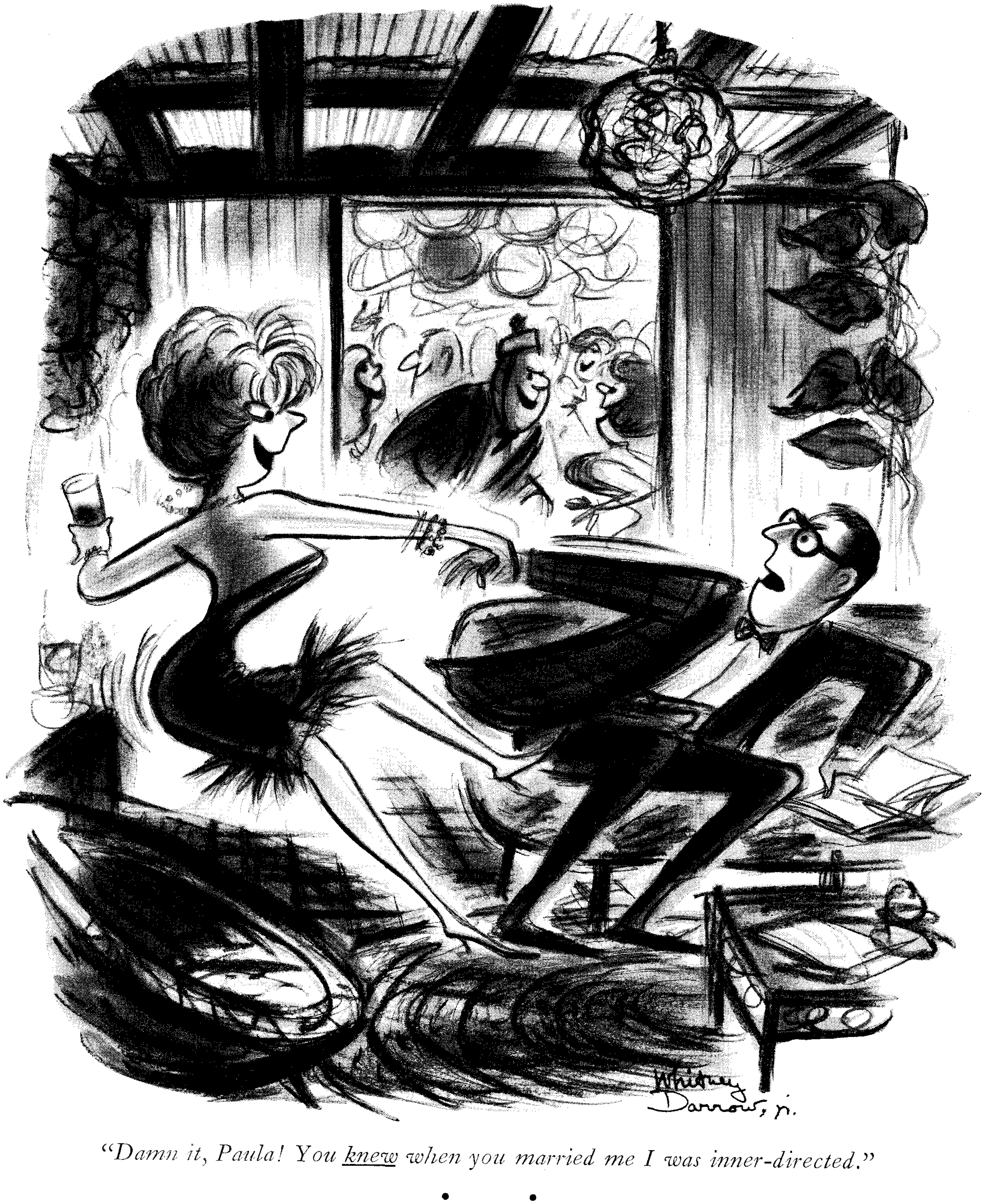
"You have every right to be upset, sir," I broke in. "Nevertheless, permit me to finish. You yourself have been deceived even more shamefully. You're the victim of a conspiracy without parallel in the annals of custom tailoring—a plot that, had it succeeded, would have shaken Savile Row to its foundations."

As my auditors sat in stunned silence, I drew forth a notebook and marshalled the amazing, the well-nigh incredible, facts. I told them of my sudden wild surmise—based purely on instinct—that Prebleman's girth had not varied an inch over the years, despite his massive intake of sweets, and of my discovery that each successive consignment of clothes shipped him in the States had been made imperceptibly smaller in order to exacerbate and unnerve him. I explained how this had been part of a diabolical, cold-blooded plan evolved by someone close to Hawfinch—a scheme to alienate the American clientele, to ultimately bankrupt the firm and enable its architect to wrest control.

"And that someone is . . . ?" queried Hawfinch, his face ashen at my disclosures.

"Your own partner, Morty Mealworm," I concluded, "working hand in glove with Jack Sugarfoss, your head cutter—who, significantly, happens to be his nephew and the chap who consistently falsified Mr. Prebleman's measurements."

It was characteristic of the latter's magnanimity that though he had suf-


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"Damn it, Paula! You knew when you married me I was inner-directed."

• •

fered beyond recompense, he was incapable of bearing a grudge. "Well, Hawfinch," he said quietly, "I trust this has been a salutary lesson to you. The next time a customer beefs anent a plethora of shoulder padding or tight armholes, don't castigate him for a dingbat but, rather, check out on whether or not there might be sabotage in your own bailiwick."

"I certainly will," Hawfinch assured him with a rueful demeanor, and rose purposefully. "As for those two precious scalawags whose depredations have just been aired, I had best lose no time in laying them by the heels. Well, many thanks, Piggott, old scout, and if you are ever in the market for a good pair of bespoke pants that will wear like iron, we can quote you a rock-bottom price." He paused at the door. "Goodbye, Mr. Prebleman—our travelling representative will shortly be skying Gothamward. Is there any place he can contact you?"

Prebleman smiled and flicked a nonexistent speck of icing from his lapel. "I shouldn't be surprised," he said radiantly. "The nearest Schrafft's."

—S. J. Perelman

EILEEN

WHEN Robert Ledger came home to New York for the summer recess after his freshman year at college, he took a job with an engineering company. The company had its headquarters in a twenty-seven-story building in lower Manhattan; his department was located on what they called the "AU" floor—it was really the thirteenth floor, but for a reason no one could ever intelligently explain to him, the floors were numbered 12, AU, 14—and the company cafeteria was on the twentieth floor. It was in the cafeteria, where he went for lunch with his buddies one day, that he first saw Eileen. The cafeteria was divided into two sections by a wide aisle, and she was sitting across the aisle from him, eating with another girl. As he looked at her, it occurred to him that she must be what people meant when they used the term "colleen." She had auburn hair—long, hanging down in a soft curl to her shoulders—blue eyes, bright-red lips, and a white complexion that set everything else off to perfection. He had never seen a girl like this before, and he could hardly take his eyes from her. He made it a point to go back to the cafeteria at the same time next day, and when he saw she was there in the same place, he sat where he had before, so he could look at her across the aisle. He did this every day for a week and a half. Partly out of shyness, partly out of vanity, he was reluctant to meet her and risk exposing himself to a rebuff. She was aware of him, he could tell that much—looking up to catch him looking at her—and that suited him, too; she knew he was interested.

The men he ate with noticed what was going on almost immediately. They questioned him about what he was doing and what he was planning to do, and said why didn't he hurry up and do it. It annoyed Robert to have people butt into something he considered none of their business, but their pestering forced him into action. He didn't have enough confidence to walk across the aisle in the cafeteria in front of her girl friend and his buddies and ask her out, and he had no idea what department she worked in, so one afternoon he began looking for her. It took him about three days just to find her. He did it by starting at the top of the building and walking all around each floor. One floor turned out to be the typing pool for the entire building; two hundred girls stopped typing and looked up when he stepped off the elevator. He decided to bluff it out, though, and just stood staring at the girls as he looked up and down the rows for her. She wasn't there. He finally found her on the tenth floor, operating a key-punch machine. He adopted a nonchalant walk and attitude, and strolled down the aisle past her desk as if she were not there. As he came even with her desk, he looked down quickly to see if he could read her name—each employee had his name typed on the back of an index card, which was fastened to a corner of the desk with cellophane tape. He was sure the last name was Donnell, but he wasn't sure about the first, and guessed it to be Kathleen.

His first attempt to make direct contact with her was through the company mail, but this failed, because he had been so excited when he looked at her name that he got it wrong. When he didn't receive an answer to his letter, he suspected this might have happened and went down to the tenth floor again and checked. This time he got the name right—Eileen O'Donnell—and called her on the telephone.

The manager of her department answered, and told Robert to wait.

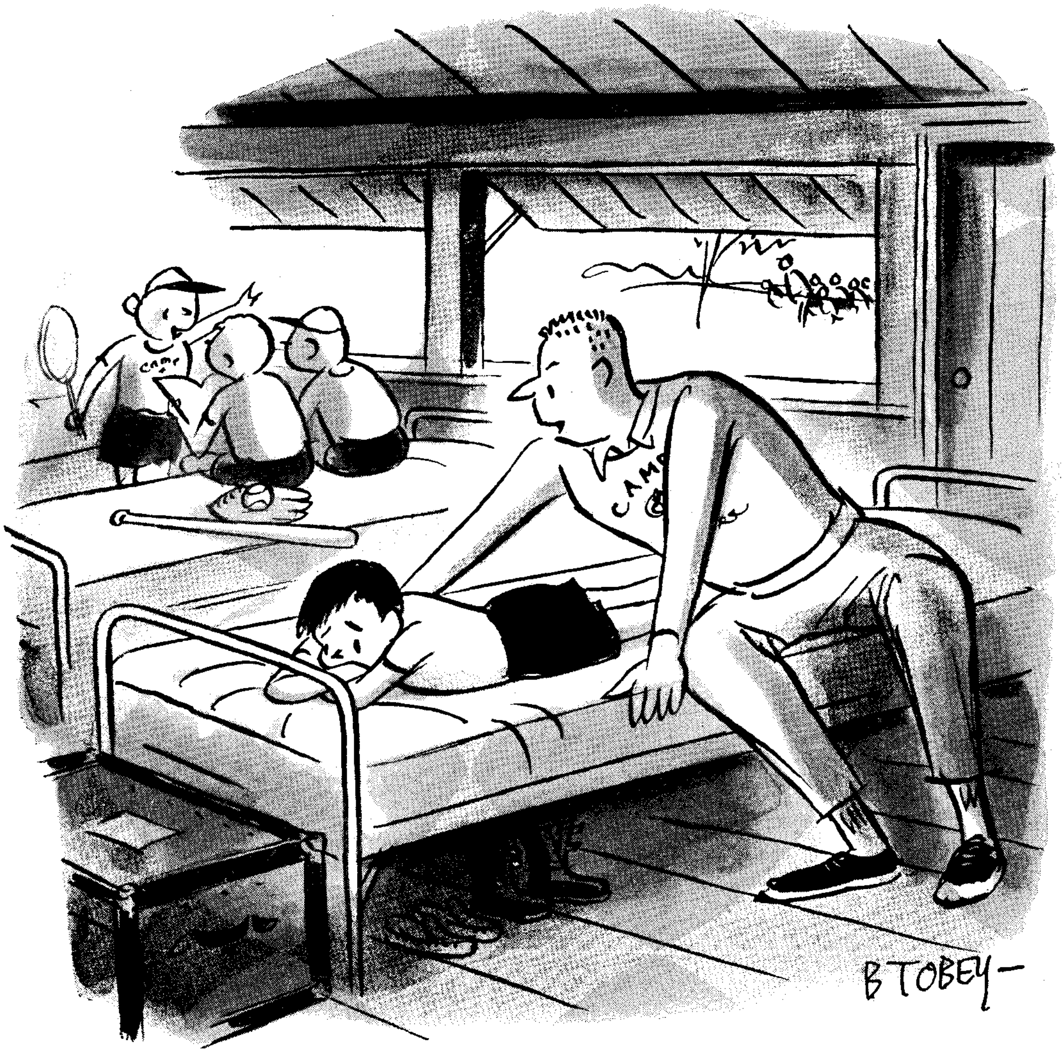
"Hello," she said at last.

"Hello. Is this Eileen O'Donnell?"

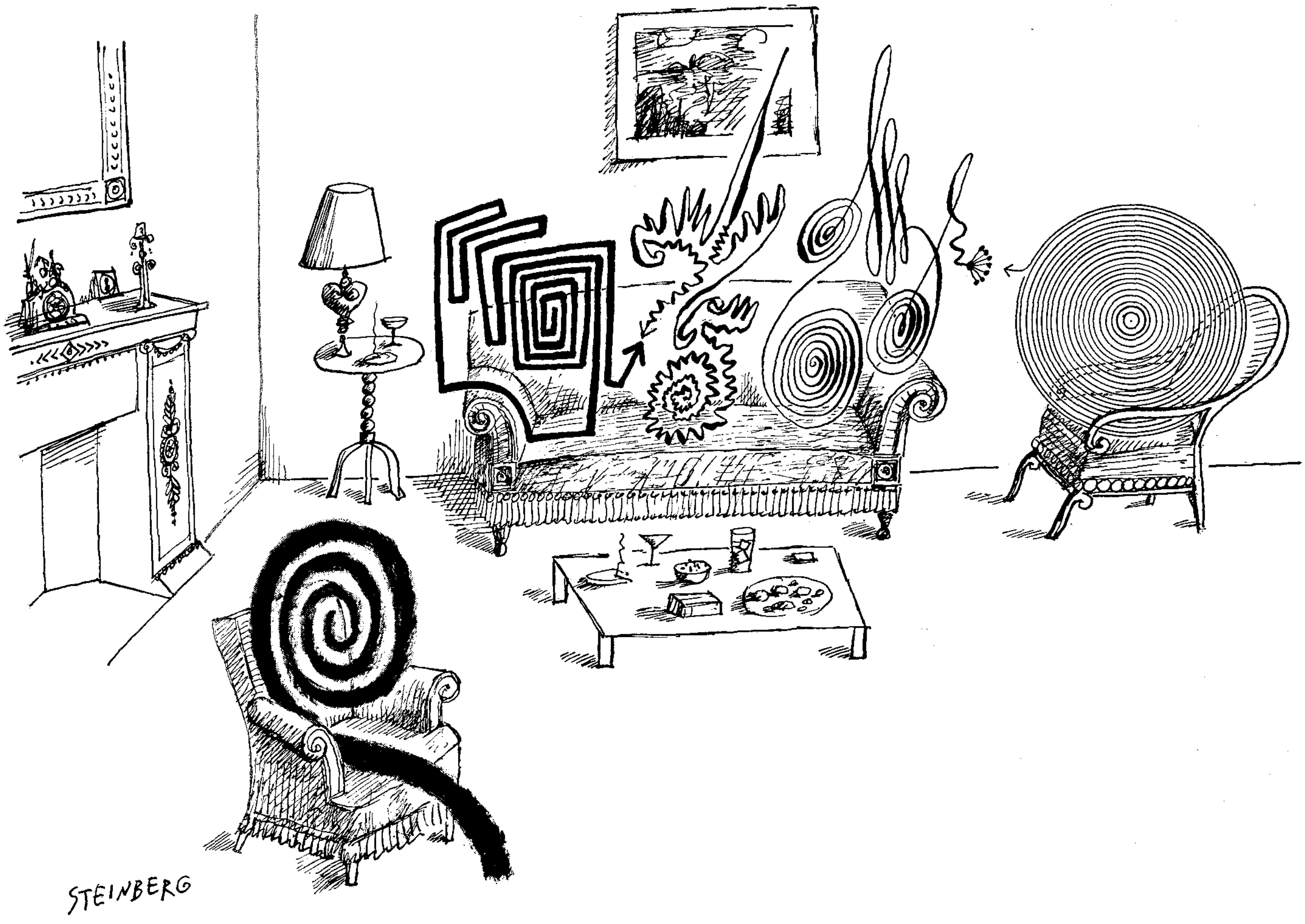
"Yes. Who is this?"

There was a lot of background noise from the office behind him and from her key-punch room, but her voice came through so quiet and soft, with the slightest touch of a brogue, it immediately disarmed him and kept him from using the smart conversation he had prepared. He had to pause before he answered her. "Did you receive a letter in the company mail this week? From a Robert Ledger? It would have been last Tuesday."

"No," she said. "A letter came for a Kathleen Donnell, but I told them I was Eileen



"Take my word for it. These are the happiest years of your life."



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O'Donnell, and they took it away."

"Do they still have it, then?"

"I don't know what they did with it," she said. "I told them I was Eileen O'Donnell, and they took it away."

"You should have kept it," he said, "because it was for you. It was a letter from me to you."

"Oh!"

He told her what the letter had said—that he had seen her in the cafeteria and wanted to take her out.

"I'm not sure that I would be able to go out anyway," she said.

"I didn't ask you out— I mean, in the letter I didn't ask you out. I asked if maybe I could meet you some night after work and walk over to the subway with you, and then you could decide if you wanted to go out."

"Oh, it wouldn't be because I didn't want to. But I've been going to school at night, right after work."

"How far away is the school you go to?"

"Several blocks."

"Would you mind if I walked over with you?"

"No. I have a class tonight, if you'd like."

He arranged to meet her downstairs that evening. All afternoon, he hoped that he had asked the right girl.

He waited until everyone from his department had left, and then he went down. As he walked through the main lobby of the building, he saw her waiting just inside the door, leaning against the corner of the building, with one hand holding the wrist of the other in front of her, and a pocketbook hanging from the hand that was free; she had a sweater draped over her arm. She was the right girl, but the closer he got to her, the more anxious he felt. He wondered if she knew that he was the one who had called. When he finally got up to where she was standing, he stopped. He felt like smiling, but he was afraid that what came out might be more like a sneer than a smile. He couldn't remember ever being as conscious of his appearance and expression as he was then. He was deathly afraid that the least little wrong gesture on his part would ruin everything for him.

"Hi there!" she said.

"Hello. Would you like to begin our walk?" he asked. This was what he had decided to say.

"All right."

They went out through the main door, and she nodded in the direction they were to go.

"Did you wonder who it was that called you up?"

"Oh, no, I knew," she said. "I saw you in the cafeteria. In my country, they don't do it this way. The men almost never ask the girls out. But my cousins told me this is the way they do it here, and I'm getting used to it."

"Where are you from?"

"Just outside Dublin. My parents have a farm there."

"What made you come over here?"

"My cousins live here, on a Hundred and Sixty-seventh Street, in the Bronx, and they told me there was a better chance to get a job. I live with them. I have an aunt here, too—just three blocks away from my cousins' apartment."

He asked her a lot of questions about Ireland, not because he thought she wanted to hear them but because it was all he could think of. He was sure she must have answered them many times before. Even so, she seemed to be enjoying herself immensely, and so was he.

Eileen was the first real Irish girl he had ever met—and he was so charmed by her that it was two blocks before he could look at her directly. Then it was hard to look away. She was short, and in order to look up at him she had to tilt her head and open her eyes wide. Her hair, swinging a little as she walked, seemed to shine all the time. He had never imagined what an Irish girl would look like up this close, but he decided she was just what he might have imagined.

THEY made a date to go out that Saturday night, and when that date was over they made one for the following Saturday night, and the one after that, and the one after that, until he had to go back to college for his sophomore year. Up to this time, he had gone out only with American girls, and since he had nothing to compare them with, he had had to take them the way they were. But now that he knew Eileen, he concluded that American girls were the most selfish, egotistical, demanding people he had ever met. When he asked Eileen for a date, there was never any question where they would go; they went where he wanted to, and she acted as if it were the place she would have picked herself. He had never felt as happy with anyone as he felt with her.

When he got back to school, she wrote all the time. In one letter, she sent him some postage stamps and she said, "I know going to school costs you a lot of money and I don't want to put you to any expense, sir." If he didn't answer every one of her letters, why, that was all right. He was going to college, and she was, she said, just happy to hear from him at all. She was a very devout Catholic, but after she found that he had no use for the Church or religion, she rarely spoke of it to him. He had been brought up in a family of mixed religion and had been established as a solid Protestant as a boy, but when he was eighteen the reasons he had been going to church suddenly seemed empty, and he stopped. Gradually he came to look down on anyone who did go.

Only once did she show displeasure with him. It was on a Saturday night, when he was home for spring recess, and he had taken her to Rockefeller Center to look at the tulips and the fountain and then for a walk along Fifth Avenue. They stopped at a restaurant for a snack and began talking about their dreams. His dream had always been to leave the city as soon as he finished school and see the world. She listened as he told her all the places he wanted to go and the things he wanted to do and be, and when he finished she asked, in the quiet brogue he had come to listen to so carefully, "Why do you have to be that way, Robert? Why can't you be like the other boys and rent an apartment and live here in the city where you were born and raise a family?"

THE BEQUEST

My sorrow was a little child,
  Exacting, innocent.
It looked upon the world and smiled,
Whereupon all grew precious in its gaze
  Including me. It went
From this into a second phase.

With others its own age and size
  It struggled to compete.
Coming home flushed from exercise,
It sprawled at table in a wordless rage—
  Love was its milk and meat.
Enough. Thus passed the awkward age.

Next, by degrees it settled down
  Into the dull routine
Of one who daily rides downtown
To calculate his worth in red and black,
  And all night scans a screen
For glimmerings of his heart attack.

Stricken at last, it lay in bed.
  I brought it a new book
And a new friend. It shook its head
And plucked the crazy quilt, meaning to say
  With malice in its look:
You will be sorry one fine day.

I doubted it. But now behold
  My sorrow's threat come true!
It died in second childhood, old
And blind with laughter for no cause—unless
  For having left me you,
My happiness, my happiness.

—JAMES MERRILL

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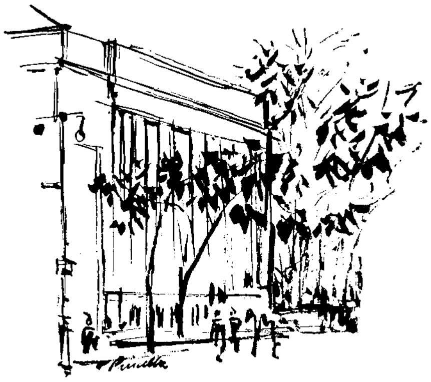
"It's because I'm a bum, that's why," he said.

"No, Robert, you're not. You may not go to church, but you're a good boy. Very good. But why must you want to do all these things? My youngest cousin and her betrothed have put a deposit on a wonderful apartment in the Bronx only a few blocks from where we live now. After they're married, they can visit us all they want, and when they have children they can bring them. Why can't you want these things, too?"

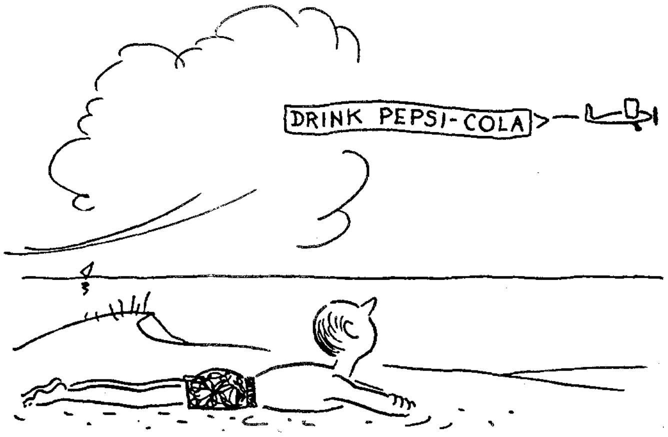
"Because I'm a bum, and you don't really know me, that's why." He started to get angry that she should sit there and question the things he wanted to do, but neither his anger nor anything he said changed her at all. She simply couldn't understand why he didn't want to settle down and die.

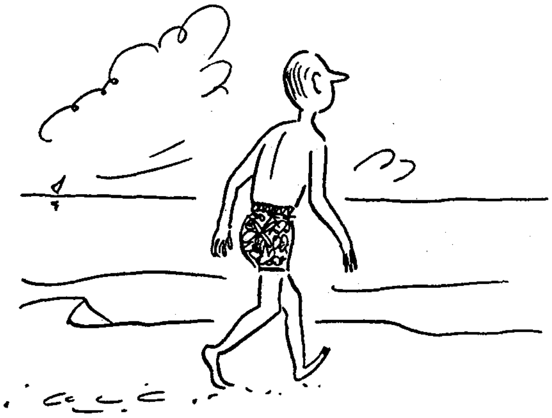


"Oh, I *know* you well enough," she said. "But I don't think I'll ever understand you. But let's forget it, Robert. I can see it angers you. I'll go collect my coat and we can leave."

He never could get completely accustomed to hearing her use Irish expressions—"Collect my coat," "That's a beautiful machine you drive," "Don't be such a pig," "I've posted a letter to my mother." The soft brogue in which she said them melted his heart.

In the subway that night, after he had left her at her cousins' apartment, he thought and thought about their argument, and back at college he went on thinking about it. The more he thought, the more he realized that he and Eileen were worlds apart in what they wanted out of life. If they were ever to marry, she would spend the rest of her life trying to settle him down and he would





keep revolting and getting angry, and they would make each other wretched. The idea of marrying for love might be all right as an idea, he decided, but after all a life is a long time, and he wasn't ready to give up his dream for it, and his freedom. Between spring vacation and the end of the term, he thought of little else, and he decided finally that he must put an end to their courtship. It would be best for both of them. He promised himself that he would find a way to do it without hurting her, so that she would come out of this feeling that it was the only way it could be for them. "Honorable" and "manly" were the words he kept coming on in his mind.

HOME again for the summer and back at his job on the AU floor, Robert found it harder to act on his decision than he had anticipated. June went by, and July, and every Saturday night, as a matter of course, he and Eileen had a date. So long as he was with her he was happy, and by way of excuse for delaying he told himself that she had enchanted him. But one hot, humid Saturday morning late in August he woke up full of resolve. He would break off with Eileen that night. He was to pick her up at her aunt's, where the whole family was gathering for her cousin Ann's engagement party, and take her home to her cousins' house.

Ann opened the door. "Eileen!" she called out. "Robert is here! Come in and have a piece of cake," she said to him.

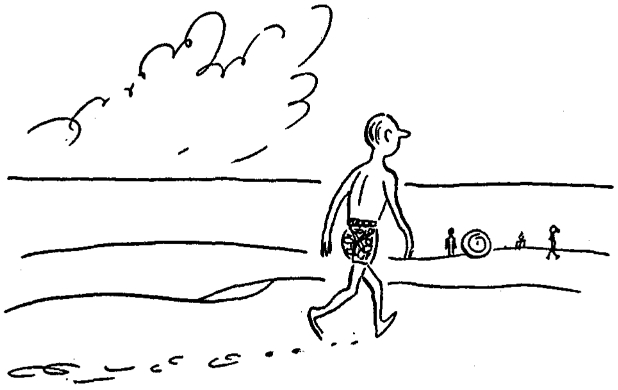
"Congratulations," he said. "Thank you, I'd like that." He walked into the middle of all the happiness, romantically picturing himself a messenger of sadness.

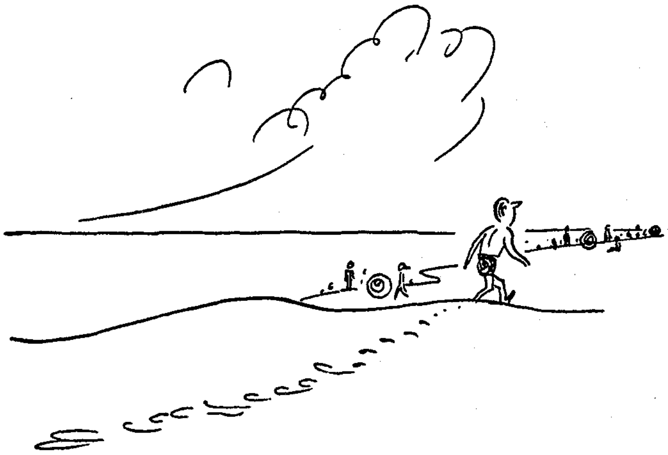
Some of the other girls were being called for by their young men, and it was a large, noisy party. Everyone seemed to be talking about who was getting married and when. One of the married girls, obviously pregnant, was sitting over in a corner in a high-backed rocking chair. A little circle had been cleared around her, and she sat like a queen acknowledging favors.

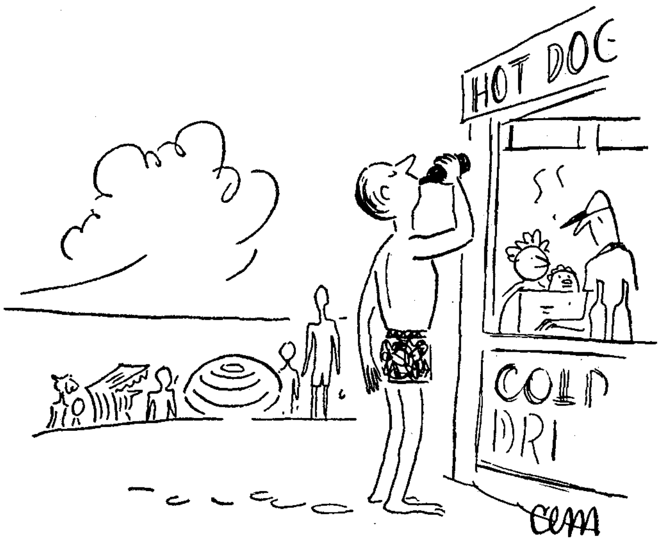
Robert sat down on a couch next to Eileen, and immediately she started to describe the party and the presents. He thought she looked happier than he had ever seen her. From across the room he heard someone call their names. He turned to look, and as he did a flash bulb went off. When he turned back to Eileen, something half questioning, half guilty in her expression told him that she had arranged the picture-taking, and he thought how he had never given her a picture and here she was getting one the very night he was breaking off with her. He smiled at her, and she relaxed and went on telling him about the party.

But out on the street, after he had had a piece of cake and a cup of tea ("Lord," the aunt said as she poured out his tea, "he's part Irish already"), Eileen took his arm and, with her head tilted back in the way she had of looking up at him, asked, "What's wrong, Robert?" It was drizzling, and she was pressed close against him.

"Nothing," he said. "It's just the rain and the humidity. And I don't feel







like going back to school next month, either."

"Oh, you'll get used to it again."

When they got to her cousins' apartment, she took his jacket and hung it in the shower, and they went out to the kitchen for a cup of tea. "That girl was very happy today," she said. "Her betrothed just got a wonderful promotion and they found a nice apartment. They'll be very happy."

"I guess all girls are happy when they get engaged."

"Yes, and they're all joking me."

"What about?"

"No, you'd be mad if I told you."

"No, go ahead and tell me. I won't be mad."

"Well, they want to know when you and I are going to be engaged."

He picked up a spoon and stirred his tea. The apartment seemed very quiet to him, and he wanted to get up and run out of the building. Between the heat and what lay before him, he felt like a man in a small box.

"There," she said, "I've made you mad. But you wanted me to tell you. And they did ask."

"I'm not mad. But, Eileen, we can't get married."

"Not now we can't, but when you finish school we can."

"I don't mean that," he said. "I mean religion. I've been thinking about it for a long time. You couldn't be happy with me, feeling the way I do about the Church and all."

"Why? Lots of Protestant boys marry Catholic girls and are happy. We could work that out."

"You could, maybe, but I couldn't," he said. "You go to church every Sunday. I never go. It wouldn't take long before you got tired of getting up every Sunday and watching me roll over in bed."

"Oh, you'd change after a while."

"But, don't you see, that's just it. Feeling the way I do, I couldn't change. I love you more than any girl I've ever met, but even that hasn't made me any more tolerant about the Church since the day we started going out."

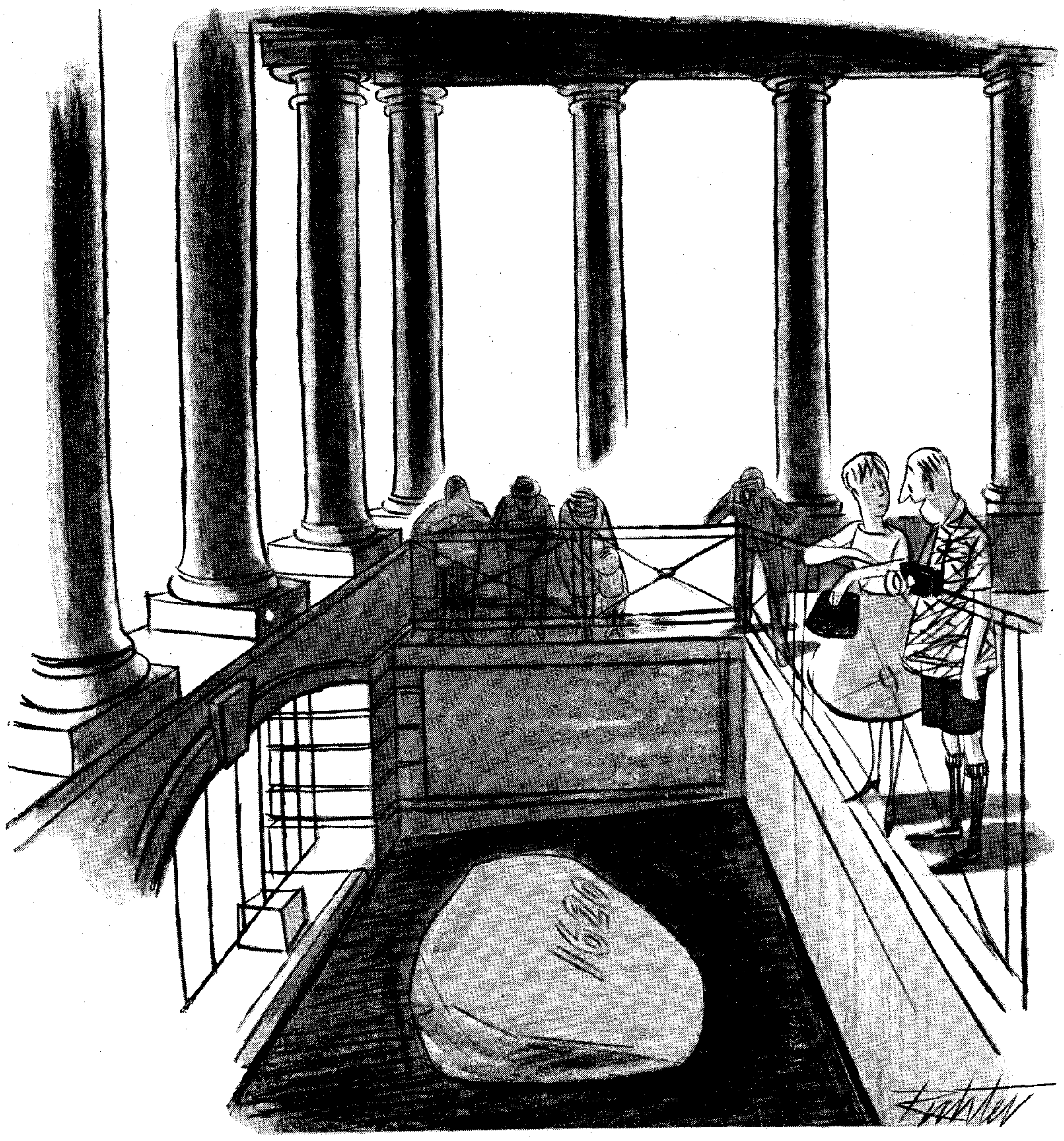
He had never used the word "love" before with her, and it surprised her so much that she got up from the table and came around and sat on his lap, with one arm resting on his shoulder and the palm of her hand against the back of his head. She sat there for hours, until three o'clock in the morning. He couldn't have been held more securely if he had been tied to the kitchen table, and he wanted to leave so badly he began to sweat.

For the first hour or so, she couldn't believe that he meant what he was saying, but finally she spoke as though, even if she couldn't quite believe, she would try to understand. "What will I do, Robert?" she kept saying. "What will I do when you are gone? I can't believe that this is the last time I will ever see you."

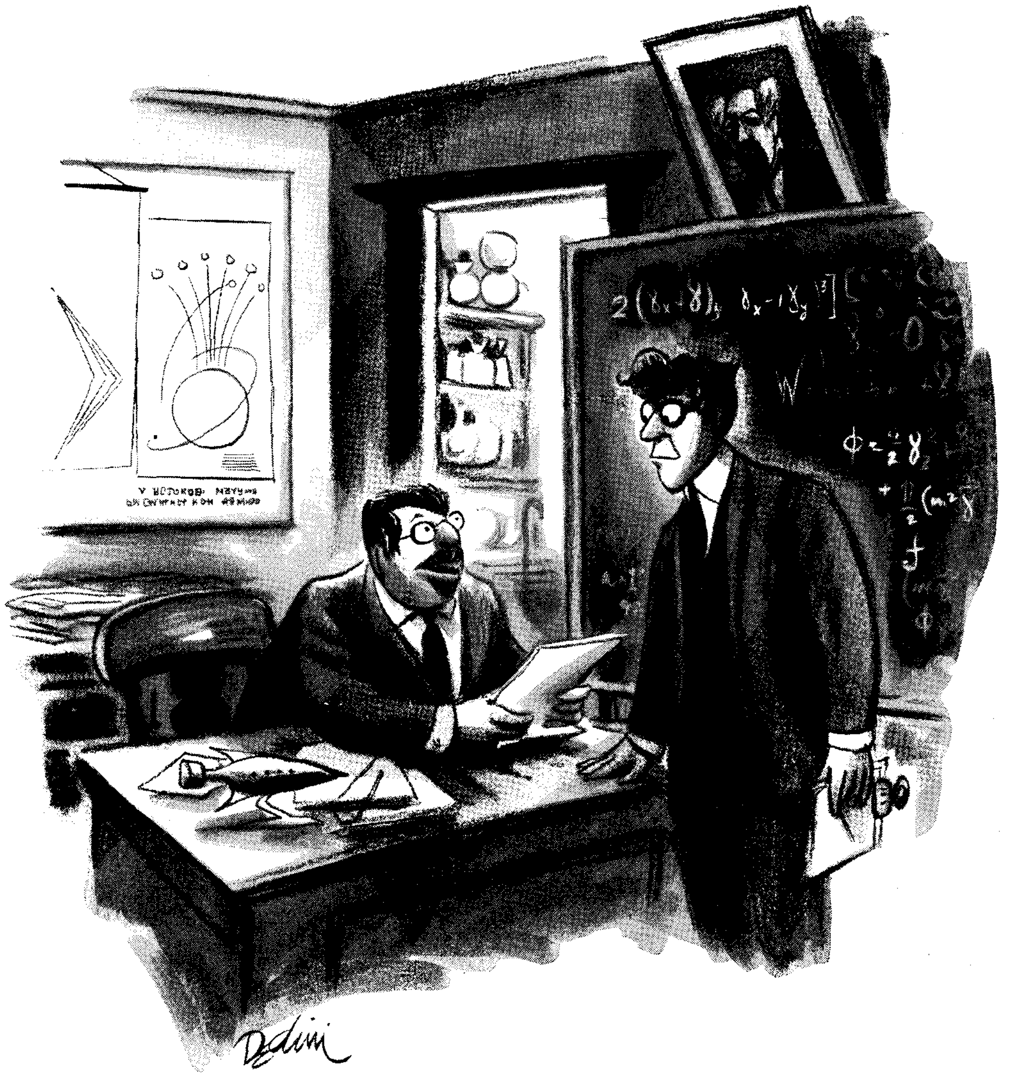
"There must be good Catholic boys that your cousins know," he said. "Go out with them. They want to stay in the city and settle down. I can't—I just can't."

"I do go out with other boys, but they don't make me feel the way you do. They take me out and treat me very nice, but they don't make me feel the way you do. I can't believe this is the last time I'll see you. I can't believe it. They even took a picture of you tonight for me."

"You couldn't be happy with me, Eileen, and I love you too much to hurt you by making you unhappy for the



"To think that it all started right here! Installment buying, credit cards, Green Stamps, P.-T.A., Little League, Westerns, frozen foods . . ."



"The Kremlin wants a detailed study on how prolonged weightlessness may affect a man ideologically."

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rest of your life. We've got to stop now." Oh, he was good. Goodness and Righteousness—those were his middle names tonight. Saving this innocent young girl from a life of sorrow. If he loved himself any more for what he was doing, he thought, he wouldn't be able to live with himself. He told her that he had to go, but she seemed not to hear and remained on his lap.

Then all of a sudden she got up and went to the shower and came back with his jacket. It had dried, but it was wrinkled. "Here is your coat, sir. Look, it's all wrinkled. We've been sitting here so long. If it wasn't so late, I'd press it off for you."

"That's all right," he said. "I have to have everything cleaned and pressed before I go back to school anyway." He stood up very slowly to take the coat from her, and though he wanted to throw his arms into it and rush from the apartment, he put it on very slowly, and buttoned it up methodically, and then after a few minutes, when they both just continued to stand there, he unbuttoned it again. The only sound in the house was the rain beating against the gutter.

At last, she started walking toward the hall to the door. He waited until she was almost there before he started. When they got to the door, she reached up to take the night latch off, and suddenly she stopped and put her arms around his waist and laid her head on his chest.

He put his arms about her, and they stood there in the quiet for a few minutes, neither speaking; he was thankful that she hadn't started crying. She reached up with one hand for the night latch, and then she turned the doorknob, squeezing him at the same time with her other arm, and then she opened the door.

He paused for a few seconds before he stepped out into the hall. Slowly, they walked together to the stairs.

"I can't believe that I'll never see you again, Robert. Let me look at your face. I can't believe that I'll never see you again."

He started down the first step and turned around so that he could look at her. He went down another step.

"They won't believe me when I tell my cousins that you are gone for good. They won't believe it. They thought that we would be engaged soon."

He went down another step, and then another, to the landing. After one more flight, she wouldn't be able to see him, and he would finally be alone again.

"I couldn't believe when you came to Ann's tonight to collect me that we would say goodbye like this. I'll always think of you, Robert—there can't be anyone else. And now I'll never see you again."

He continued very slowly down the stairs. He wanted to take them two at a time, even jump the whole flight at once, just to get out, but he carried through to the end. He walked down one step at a time, very slowly; the only noise in the building was the sound his shoes made against the marble.

When he got to the bottom, he heard the apartment door shut. He opened the outside door and walked out into the rain. He felt that he would have been justified in running to the subway, but he knew she would be watching from the window, so he put his collar up, bent his head slightly to shield it from the rain, and walked very slowly down the street to the subway station.

—JOHN JURKOWSKI

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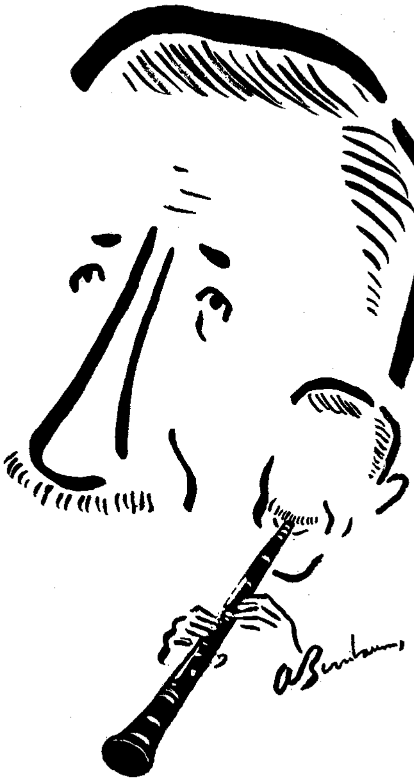
In respect of matters of Canadian law, Messrs. Cravath, Swaine & Moore and Messrs. Winthrop, Stimson, Putnam & Roberts will rely upon the opinions of Messrs. Farris, Stultz, Bull & Farris and Messrs. Fraser, Beatty, Tucker, McIntosh & Stewart, respectively, and in respect of matters of United States law Messrs. Farris, Stultz, Bull & Farris and Messrs. Fraser, Beatty, Tucker, McIntosh & Stewart will rely on the opinions of Messrs. Cravath, Swaine & Moore and Messrs. Winthrop, Stimson, Putnam & Roberts, respectively, except that in respect of matters of law of the State of Washington, said four firms will rely upon the opinion of Messrs. Jones, Grey, Kehoe, Hooper & Olsen, Colman Building, Seattle, Wash.—*From a stock prospectus received by a man on Forty-third Street.*

Take care of yourself, Olsen! Don't catch cold!

PROFILES

EVEN HIS FEET LOOK SAD



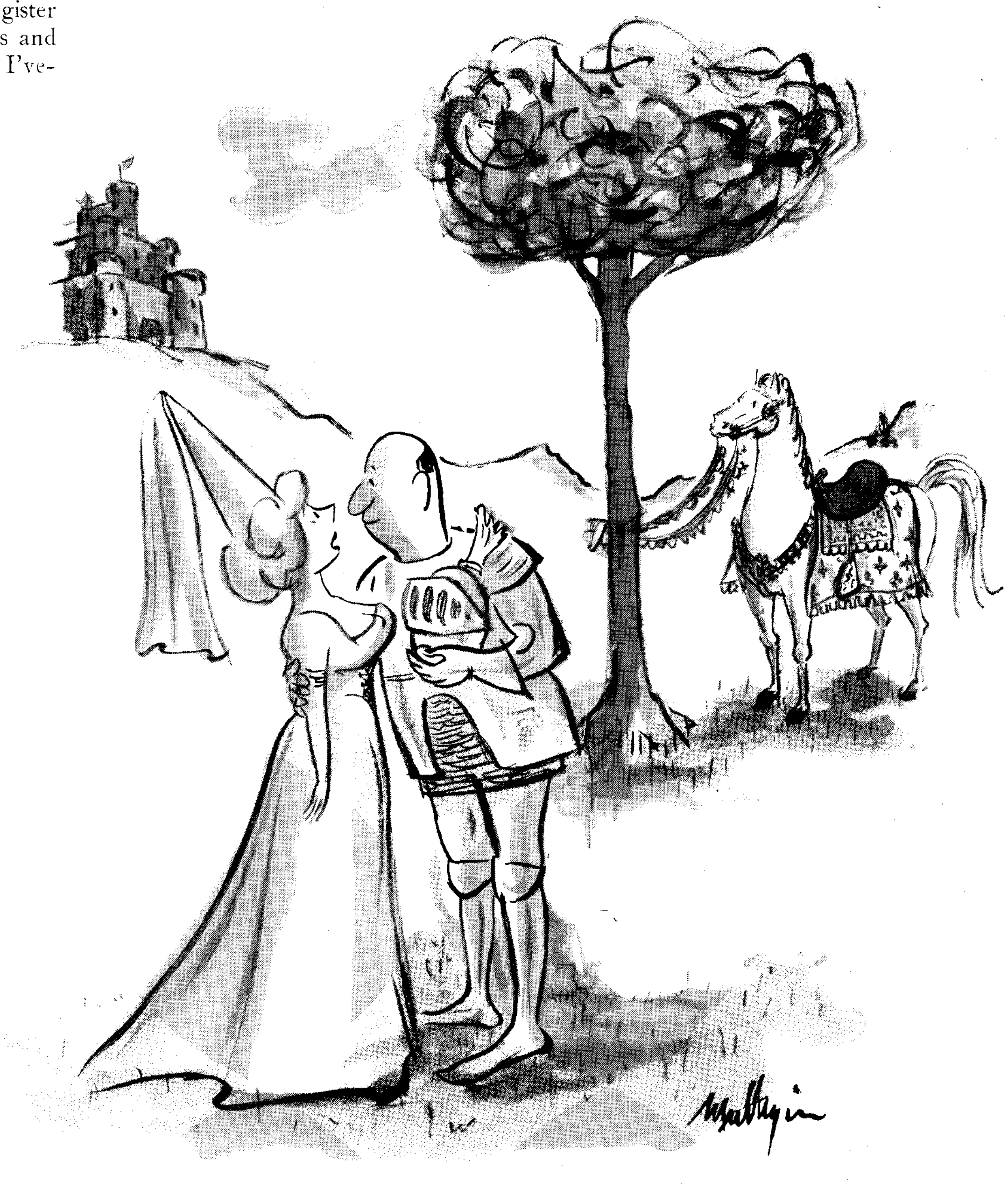
Pee Wee Russell

IN hopes of finding out how Pee Wee Russell, the unique and imperishable jazz clarinettist, has survived a notably exhausting profession so well and so long, I telephoned him at his apartment, on King Street, not long after his fifty-sixth birthday to ask if I could visit him. I called late in the afternoon, when jazz musicians, like most nocturnal creatures, are beginning to stretch and stir about. The phone rang seven or eight times, and I had started to hang up when a brusque, deep woman's voice answered. It was Russell's wife, Mary. An old friend of the Russells had told me that she is shy but peppery. "Wait a minute till I get my hat off," she said. I apologized for hurrying her. "Don't be silly, I haven't worn a hat for twenty years, but I just came in the door." There was a thump, a dog barked, and Mrs. Russell said, "All right." Before I had finished explaining my call, she interrupted me. "Do you know Pee Wee? I mean what do you *think* of him? Oh, not those funny sounds that come out of his clarinet. Do you *know* him? You think he's kindly and sensitive and sweet?" I said I'd met him only briefly but that those words seemed to fit. "Yes. Well, he's intelligent and he doesn't use dope and he is sensitive, but Pee Wee can also be *mean*. In fact, Pee Wee's the most egocentric man I know." Mrs. Russell laughed, abruptly but pleasantly. "Anyway, he's in Pittsburgh on a job. He finishes Saturday and he'll be home the day after. I'll tell him to call you when he gets back."

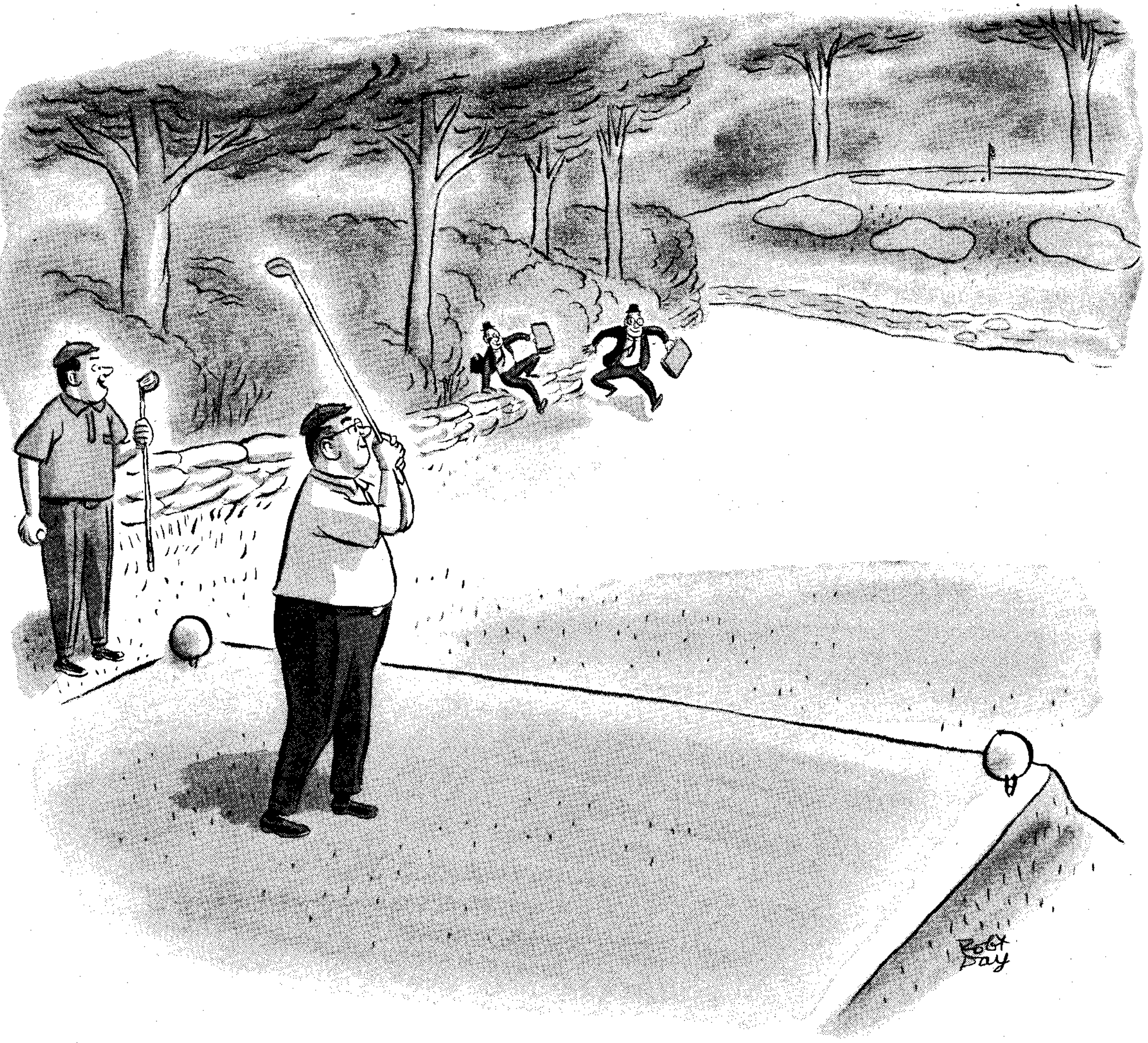
For the next day or so, Mrs. Russell's no-nonsense words chipped away in my mind at the gentle, eccentric-uncle image I'd long had of Russell. Russell belongs to a special group of people. Despite the nimbuses their admirers paste on them, and despite the lightning pleasures their work occasionally gives them, jazz musicians generally lead bedevilled, every-man-for-himself lives. The best of them, though artists, keep upside-down white-collar hours for white-collar pay—when there is work to be had, that is—but without the usual white-collar props of paid vacations and the like. Their working conditions are often noisome and they are by necessity semi-nomads who sometimes subsist for weeks on evil blue-plate specials and the kind of sleep you get in buses and damp hotel beds. They are part of the entertainment world, but they enjoy little of the renown and pampering granted many of even its most ephemeral figures. As a minority group made up of representatives of old-line minority groups (Negroes, Jews, Italians, Irish), they are, moreover, caught between a notoriously fickle public and a mossy body of middlemen—night-club owners, booking agents, impresarios, disc jockeys, recording directors, and union officials. Worst of all, they are at the mercy of a particularly demanding music. Improvisation, the core of jazz, insists that a performer be an instant and non-repetitive poet, not simply an assiduous reader of orchestrations, and that he be this lyric creature several hours a night, six nights a week, year in and year out. The emotional and physical abrasion of such a creative schedule is unparalleled in the performing arts. (This is why there is so little true improvisation; most jazz soloists patent a reliable set of mannerisms—certain phrases, certain timbres, even entire solos—that they fall back on when their imaginations stall, and some of them hobble through whole careers on such crutches.) Not surprisingly, the number of middle-aged jazz musicians still working fruitfully and freshly is small and select. Of these marvels, Russell is at once the most scarred and the most triumphant. He has weathered a long and near-fatal illness. He has borne a clownlike face and figure and an inborn timidity that have type-cast him as a beloved freak. He has been afflicted (or blessed) since the twenties with an iconoclastic style of playing that is still widely misunderstood and even hooted at. Russell's instrument itself is a problem; in many ways it is the most difficult one in jazz, and, on top of that, it is now just about out of fashion. For all this, Russell is more robust than ever before in his forty-year career. He now works pretty much when he wants and has money in the bank. He has outlived or outstripped such contemporary clarinettists as Sidney Bechet, Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Edmond Hall, Irving Fazola, Buster Bailey, Joe Marsala, and Barney Bigard. Most important, his playing has taken on in recent years a subtlety, serenity, and poignance that few jazz musicians, let alone clarinettists, have ever achieved.

Diffidence and economic need persuaded Russell to play with Chicago, or Eddie Condon-style, musicians for most of that career, but the lumping together has never been comfortable. Indeed, since 1929 his best recordings have attested that he is not a Dixieland clarinettist but a kind of swing musician with modern overtones. The clarinet is a precise, small-toned instrument, and it is not easy, without sounding peevish or pendulous, to transmit emotion through it. But this problem has never bothered Russell, who, in a sense, has long since *absorbed* his instrument. His style is restless, furtive, unpredictable, eloquent, and mildly sardonic. Unlike most jazz clarinettists, he has several tones. In the lowest register, which he seems increasingly to prefer, he gets a hushed, edgeless sound. In the middle range, his tone becomes more explicit, suggesting soft, highly polished wood. In the high registers, where the clarinet tends to dwindle into a flute, Russell sounds remote and thin. (He has all but set aside the derisive, discontented growl that once coated his middle- and low-register tones.) He is particularly affecting in a medium- or slow-tempo blues. He often starts such a solo in the lower (or chalumeau) range with a delicate rush of notes that are intensely multiplied into a single, unbroken phrase that lasts the entire chorus. Thus, he will begin with a pattern of winged double-time staccato notes that, moving steadily downward, will be abruptly pierced by adolescent falsetto jumps. When he has nearly sunk out of hearing, he reverses this pattern, keeping his myriad of notes back to back, and then swings into an easy uphill-downdale movement, topping each rise and fall with an oddly placid vibrato. By this time, his first chorus is over, and one has the impression of having just passed through a crowd of jostling, whispering people. Russell takes what appears to be his first breath, and, breaking the tension momentarily, opens the next chorus with a languorous, questioning phrase, made up of perhaps just four notes, at least one of which will be a spiny dissonance of the sort favored by the pianist Thelonious Monk. A closely linked variation follows, and Russell may fill out his chorus by reaching behind him and producing an ironed-out paraphrase of the chalumeau first chorus. In his final chorus, he moves snakily up toward the middle register with a series of tissue-paper notes and placid rests, adopting a legato I've-made-it attack that allows the listener to move back from the edge of his seat. Then, lest the listener nod, he finishes the solo with an abrupt cluster of flatted notes. An unmistakable gladdening quality pervades much of Russell's work at faster tempos and on standard materials. His up-tempo blues resemble skating water bugs. He uses fewer notes, leans to runs and legato musings, and uses a shiny, declarative tone. He is also courtly, paying the composers of the tunes he uses the compliment of showing that they have inspired in him new melodies that often unintentionally match and sometimes surpass the originals.

ON Sunday evening, Russell called me, and we arranged to meet on Tuesday morning at his apartment. "I'm kind of bushed," he said. "Give me a day to catch my breath." Russell lived then on the third floor of a peeling brownstone. When I stepped out of the elevator, he was standing in his door, a pepper-and-salt schnauzer barking and dancing about behind him. "Shut up, Winkie, for God's sake!" Russell said, and made a loose, whirlpool gesture at the dog. A tall, close-packed, slightly bent man, Russell has a wry, wandering face, dominated by a generous nose. He has down-slanting eyes and arched eyebrows, a brush mustache, and a full chin. A heavy trellis of wrinkles holds the features in place. His gray-black hair is combed absolutely flat. Russell smiled, without showing any teeth, and led the way down a short, bright hall, through a Pullman kitchen, and into a dark living room, brownish in color, with two day beds and two easy chairs, a bureau, a television, and several small tables. The corners of the room were stuffed with suitcases and fat manila envelopes. Under one table were two clarinet cases. The shades on the three windows were drawn, and only one lamp was lit. The room was suffocatingly hot. Russell, who was dressed in a tan, short-sleeved sports shirt, navy-blue trousers, black socks, black square-toed shoes, and dark glasses, waved me to one of the day beds and sat down in a huge red leather chair. "Mary was embarrassed about your coming here," Russell said, taking off his glasses and lighting a cigarette. "We've lived in this cave six years too long. Mary's no housekeeper, but she tries. Every time a new cleaning gadget comes out, she buys it and stuffs it in a closet with all the other ones. I bought an apartment three years ago in a development on Eighth Avenue in the Chelsea district, and we're moving in. It has a balcony and a living room and a bedroom and a full kitchen. We'll have to get a cleaning woman to keep it respectable." Russell laughed—a sighing sound that seemed to travel down his nose. "Mary got me up at seven this morning before she went to work, but I haven't had any breakfast, which is my own fault. I've been on the road four weeks—two at the Theatrical Café, in Cleveland, with George Wein, and two



"I dreamed about you for years, but somehow I thought you'd be different."



"I had a hunch you might be agreeable to that merger idea, so I arranged for our legal chaps to be on hand just in case."

• •

in Pittsburgh with Jimmy McPartland." George Wein, a pianist and bandleader, is the producer of the Newport Jazz Festival, and McPartland is a graduate of the Chicago school of jazz. "I shouldn't have gone to Pittsburgh. I celebrated my birthday there, and I'm still paying for it, physically and mentally. And the music. I can't go near 'Muskrat Ramble' any more without freezing up. Last fall, I did a television show with McPartland and Eddie Condon and Bud Freeman and Gene Krupa and Joe Sullivan—all the Chicago boys. We made a record just before it. They sent me a copy the other day and I listened halfway through and turned it off and gave it to the super. Mary was here, and she said, 'Pee Wee, you sound like you did when I first knew you in 1942.' I'd gone back twenty years in three hours. There's no room left in that music. It tells *you* how to solo. You're as good as the company you keep. You go with fast musicians, housebroken musicians, and you improve."

Russell spoke in a low, nasal voice. Sometimes he stuttered, and sometimes whole sentences came out in a sluicelike manner, and trailed off into mumbles and down-the-nose laughs. His face was never still. When he is surprised, he opens his mouth slightly and pops his eyes, rolling them up to the right. When he is thoughtful, he glances quickly about, tugs his nose, and cocks his head. When he is amused, everything turns down instead of up—the edges of his eyes, his eyebrows, and the corners of his mouth. Russell got up and walked with short, crabwise steps into the kitchen. "Talking dries me up," he said over his shoulder. "I'm going to have an ale. You want one?"

I said no, thank you, but maybe a little later.

While Russell was in the kitchen, I took a look at the four framed photographs hung on the walls. Two of them show what is already unmistakably Russell, in a dress and long, curly hair. In one, he is sucking his thumb. In the other, an arm is draped about a cocker spaniel. The third shows him at about fifteen, in military uniform, standing beneath a tree, and in the fourth he is wearing a dinner jacket and a wing collar and holding an alto saxophone. He looks demure and pleased in this one. Russell came back, a bottle of ale in one hand and a pink plastic cup in the other. "Isn't that something? A wing collar. I was sixteen, and my father bought me that saxophone for three hundred and seventy-five dollars." We sat down. Russell filled his cup and put the bottle on the floor. "My father was a steward at the Planter's Hotel, in St. Louis, when I was born, and I was named after him—Charles Ellsworth. I was a late child and the only one. My mother was forty. She was a very intelligent person. She'd been a newspaperwoman in Chicago, and she used to read a lot. Being a late child, I was excess baggage. I was like a toy. My parents, who were pretty well off, would say, You want this or that, it's yours. But I never really knew them. Not that they were cold, but they just didn't divulge anything. Someone discovered a few years ago that my father had a lot of brothers. I never knew he had *any*. When I was little, we moved to Muskogee, where my father and a friend hit a couple of gas wells. I took up piano and drums and violin, roughly in that order. One day, after I'd played in a school recital, I put my violin in the back seat of our car and my mother got in and sat on it. That was the end of my violin career. 'Thank God that's over,' I said to myself. I tried the clarinet when I was about twelve or thirteen. I studied with Charlie Merrill, who was in the pit band in the only theatre in Muskogee. Oklahoma was a dry state and he sneaked corn liquor during the lessons. My first job was playing at a resort lake. I played for about twelve hours and made three dollars. Once in a while, my father'd

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take me into the Elks' Club, where I heard Yellow Nunez, the New Orleans clarinet player. He had a trombone and piano and drums with him, and he played the lead in the ensembles. On my next job, *I* played the lead, using the violin part. Of course, I'd already heard the Original Dixieland Jazz Band on records. I was anxious in school—anxious to finish it. I'd drive my father to work in his car and, instead of going on to school, pick up a friend and drive around all day. I wanted to study music at the University of Oklahoma, but my aunt—she was living with us—said I was bad and wicked and persuaded my parents to take me out of high school and send me to Western Military Academy, in Alton, Illinois. My aunt is still alive. Mary keeps in touch with her, but I won't speak to her. I majored in wigwams at the military school, and I lasted just a year. Charlie Smith, the jazz historian, wrote the school not long ago and they told him Thomas Hart Benton and I are their two most distinguished nongraduates." Russell laughed and poured out more ale.

"We moved back to St. Louis and I began working in Herbert Berger's hotel band. It was Berger who gave me my nickname. Then I went with a tent show to Moulton, Iowa. Berger had gone to Juárez, Mexico, and he sent me a telegram asking me to join him. That was around the time my father gave me the saxophone. I was a punk kid, but my parents—can you imagine?—said, Go ahead, good riddance. When I got to Juárez, Berger told me, to my surprise, I wouldn't be working with him but across the street with piano and drums in the Big Kid's Palace, which had a bar about a block long. There weren't any microphones and you had to blow. I don't know what I used for a reed. It must have been a board. Three days later there were union troubles and I got fired and joined Berger. This wasn't long after Pancho Villa, and all the Mexicans wore guns. There'd be shooting in the streets day and night, but nobody paid any attention. You'd just duck into a saloon and wait till it was over. The day Berger hired me, he gave me a ten-dollar advance. That was a lot of money and I went crazy on it. It was the custom in Juárez to hire a kind of cop at night for a dollar, and if you got in a scrape he'd clop the other guy with his billy. So I hired one and got drunk and we went to see a bulldog-badger fight, which is the most vicious thing you can imagine. I kept on drinking and finally told the cop to beat it, that I knew the way back to the hotel in El Paso, across the river. Or I

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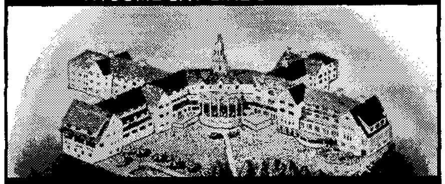

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thought I did, because I got lost and had an argument over a tab and the next thing I was in jail. What a place, Mister! A big room with bars all the way around and bars for a ceiling and a floor like a cesspool, and full of the worst cutthroats you ever saw. I was there three days on bread and water before Berger found me and paid ten dollars to get me out." Russell's voice trailed off. He squinted at the bottle, which was empty, and stood up. "Let's get some lunch around here."

It was a crisp, sunny day, and the light outside was blinding. We headed west on King Street, turned up Varick Street and into West Houston. Russell pointed at a small restaurant with a pine-panelled front, called the Lodge. "Mary and I eat here sometimes evenings. The food's all right." We found a table in the back room, which was decorated with more panelling and a small pair of antlers. A waiter came up. "Where you been, Pee Wee? You look fifteen years younger." Russell mumbled a denial and something about his birthday and Pittsburgh and ordered a Scotch-on-the-rocks and ravioli. I ordered a Martini and spaghetti with mushrooms. We sipped for a while in silence, studying the tablecloth. Then Russell looked up and said, "Did you know for ten years I couldn't eat *anything*? All during the forties. I'd be hungry and take a couple of bites of delicious steak, say, and have to put the fork down—finished. My food wouldn't go from my upper stomach to my lower stomach. I lived on brandy milkshakes and scrambled-egg sandwiches. And on whiskey. The doctors couldn't find a thing. No tumors, no ulcers. I got as thin as a lamppost and so weak I had to drink half a pint of whiskey in the morning before I could get out of bed. It began to affect my mind, and sometime in 1948 I left Mary and went to Chicago. Everything there is a blank, except what people have told me since. They say I did things that were unheard of, they were so wild. Early in 1950, I went on to San Francisco. By this time my stomach was bloated and I was so feeble I remember someone pushing me up Bush Street and me stopping to put my arms around each telegraph pole to rest. I guess I was dying. Some friends finally got me into the Franklin Hospital and they discovered I had pancreatitis and multiple cysts on my liver. The pancreatitis was why I couldn't eat for so many years. They operated, and I was in that hospital nine months. People gave benefits around the country to pay the bills. I was still crazy. I told them Mary was

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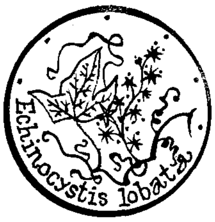
after me for money. Hell, she was back in New York, minding her own business. When they sent me back here, they put me in St. Clare's Hospital under an assumed name—McGrath, I think it was—so Mary couldn't find me. After they let me out, I stayed with Eddie Condon. Mary heard where I was and came over and we went out and sat in Washington Square park. Then she took me home. After three years."

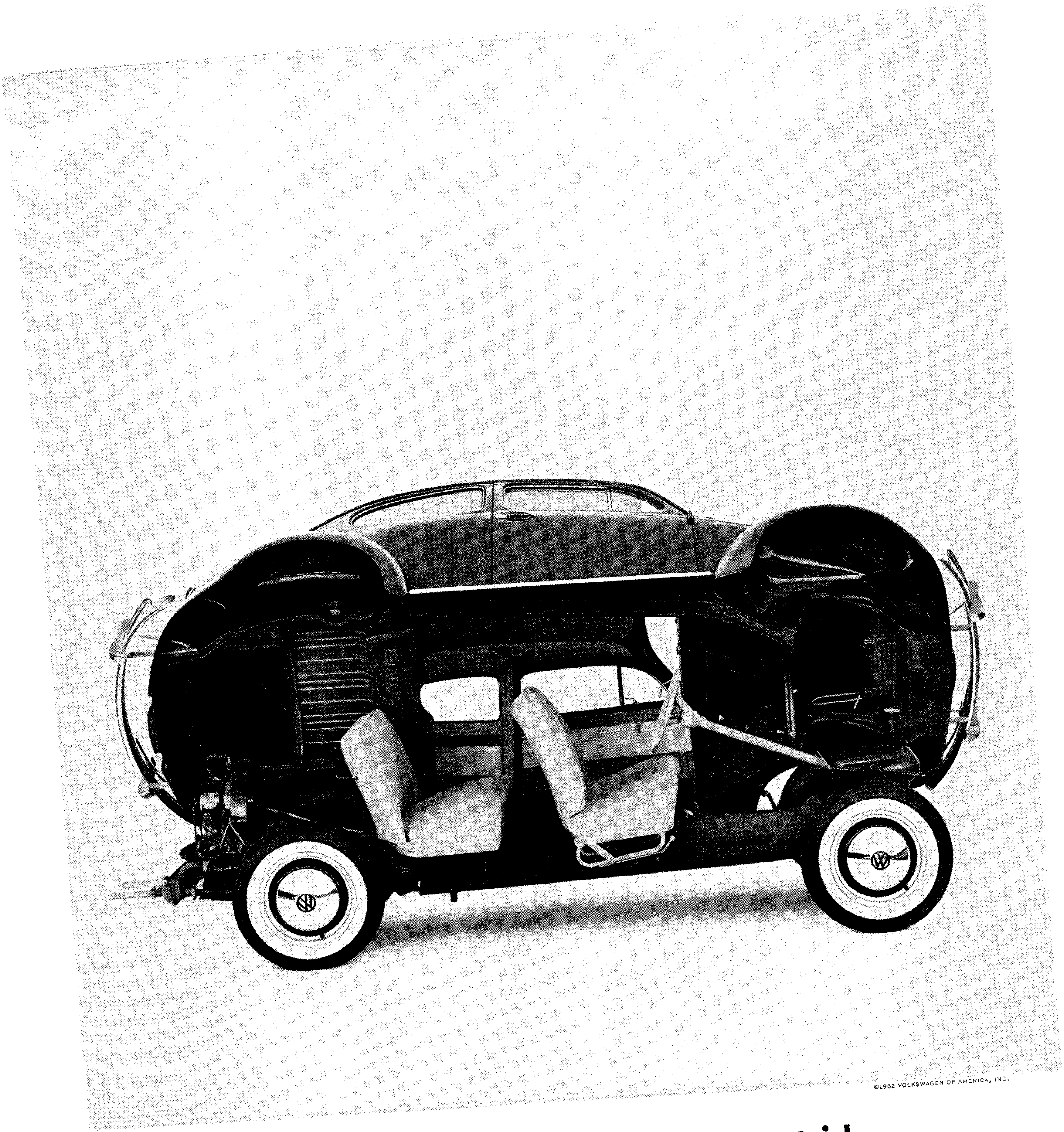
Russell started in on his ravioli and ordered two coffees. He looked mournful, and to get his mind off what he had told me, I asked him what he thought about when he improvised. His face cleared, and he picked up a spoon and twiddled the ends of his long, beautifully tapered fingers on it, as if it were a clarinet. "You take each solo like it was the last one you were going to play in your life. What notes to hit, and when to hit them—that's the secret. You can *make* a particular phrase with just one note. Maybe at the end, maybe at the beginning. It's like a little pattern. What will lead in quietly and not be too emphatic. Sometimes I jump the right chord and use what seems wrong to the next guy but I *know* is right for me. I usually think about four bars ahead what I am going to play. Sometimes things go wrong, and I have to scramble. If I can make it to the bridge of the tune, I know everything will be all right. I suppose it's not that obnoxious the average musician would notice. When I play the blues, mood, frame of mind, enters into it. One day your choice of notes would be melancholy, a blue trend, a drift of blue notes. The next day your choice of notes would be more cheerful. Standard tunes are different. Some of them require a legato treatment, and others have sparks of rhythm you have to bring out. In lots of cases, your solo depends on who you're following. The guy played a great chorus, you say to yourself. How am I going to follow *that*? I applaud him inwardly, and it becomes a matter of silent pride. Not jealousy, mind you. A kind of competition. So I make myself a guinea pig—what the hell, I'll try something new. All this goes through your mind in a split second. You start and if it sounds good to you you keep it up and write a little tune of your own. I get in bad habits and I'm trying to break myself of a couple right now. A little triplet thing, for one. Fast tempos are good to display your technique, but that's all. You prove you know the chords, but you don't have the time to insert those new little chords you could at slower tempos. Or if you do, they go unnoticed. I haven't been able to play the way I want to until recently. Coming out of that illness has given me courage, a little moral courage in my playing. When I was sick, I lived night by night. It was bang! straight ahead with the whiskey. As a result, my playing was a series of desperations. Now I have a freedom. For the past five or so months, Marshall Brown, the trombonist, and I have been rehearsing a quartet in his studio—just Brown, on the bass cornet, which is like a valve trombone; me, a bass, and drums. We get together a couple of days a week and we *work*. I didn't realize what we had until I listened to the tapes we've made. We sound like seven or eight men. Something's always going. There's a lot of bottom in the group. And we can do anything we want—soft, crescendo, decrescendo, textures, voicings. What musical knowledge we have, we use it. A little while ago, an a. & r. man from one of the New York jazz labels approached me and suggested a record date—on his terms. Instead, I took him to Brown's studio to hear the tapes. He was cool at first, but by the third number he looked different. I scared him with a stiff price, so we'll see what happens. A record with the quartet would feel just right. And no 'Muskrat Ramble' and no 'Royal Garden Blues.' "



When we left the Lodge, the sunlight seemed to accelerate Russell, and we got back to King Street quickly. He unlocked the door, and Winkie barked. "Cut that out, Winkie!" Russell shouted. "Mary'll be here soon and take you out." He removed his jacket, folded it carefully on one of the day beds, and sat down in the red chair with a grunt.

"What did you do after Juárez?" I asked.

"What? Oh, Juárez. I wish Mary was here. She knows more about me than I'll ever know. Well, I went with Berger to the Coast and back to St. Louis, where I made my first record, in 1923 or 1924. 'Fuzzy Wuzzy Bird,' by Herbert Berger and his Coronado Hotel Orchestra. The bad notes in the reed passages are me. I also worked on the big riverboats—the J. S., the St. Paul—during the day and then stayed at night to listen to the good bands, the Negro bands like Fate Marable's and Charlie Creath's. Then Sonny Lee, the trombonist, asked me did I want to go to Houston and play in Peck Kelley's group. Peck Kelley's Bad Boys. At this time, spats and a derby were the



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vogue, and that's what I was wearing when I got there. Kelley looked at me in the station and didn't say a word. We got in a cab and I could feel him still looking at me, so I rolled down the window and threw the derby out. Kelley laughed and thanked me. He took me straight to Goggan's music store and sat down at a piano and started to play. He was marvellous, a kind of stride pianist, and I got panicky. About ten minutes later, a guy named Jack Teagarden walked in, took a trombone off the wall, and *he* started to play. I went over to Peck when they finished and said, 'Peck, I'm in over my head. Let me work a week and make my fare home.' But I got over it and I was with Kelley several months." Russell went into the kitchen to get another bottle of ale. "Not long after I got back to St. Louis," he said when he got back, "Sonny Lee brought Bix Beiderbecke around to my house, and bang! we hit it right off. We were never apart for a couple of years—day, night, good, bad, sick, well, broke, drunk. Then Bix left to join Jean Goldkette's band and Red Nichols sent for me to come to New York. That was 1927. I went straight to the old Manger Hotel and found a note in my box: Come to a speakeasy under the Roseland Ballroom. I went over and there was Red Nichols and Eddie Lang and Miff Mole and Vic Berton. I got panicky again. They told me there'd be a recording date at Brunswick the next morning at nine, and don't be late. I got there at eight-fifteen. The place was empty, except for a handyman. Mole arrived first. He said, 'You look peaked, kid,' and opened his trombone case and took out a quart. Everybody had quarts. We made 'Ida,' and it wasn't any trouble at all. In the late twenties and early thirties I worked in a lot of bands and made God knows how many records in New York. Cass Hagen, Bert Lown, Paul Specht, Ray Levy, the Scranton Sirens, Red Nichols. We lived uptown at night. We heard Elmer Snowden and Luis Russell and Ellington. Once I went to a ballroom where Fletcher Henderson was. Coleman Hawkins had a bad cold and I sat in for him one set. My God, those scores! They were written in six flats, eight flats, I don't know how many flats. I never saw anything like it. Buster Bailey was in the section next to me, and after a couple of numbers I told him, 'Man, I came up here to have a good time, not to work. I've had enough. Where's Hawkins?'

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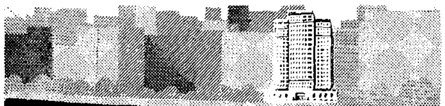

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loaded with knives cornered Prima and me and said they wanted protection money every week—fifty bucks from Prima and twenty-five from me. Well, I didn't want any of that. I'd played a couple of private parties for Lucky Luciano, so I called him. He sent Pretty Amberg over in a big car with a bodyguard as chauffeur. Prima sat in the back with Amberg and I sat in front with the bodyguard. Nobody said much, just 'Hello' and 'Goodbye,' and for a week they drove Prima and me from our hotels to a midday radio broadcast, back to our hotels, picked us up for work at night, and took us home after. We never saw the protection-money boys again. Red McKenzie, the singer, got me into Nick's, here in the Village, in 1938, and I worked there and at Condon's place for most of the next ten years. I have a sorrow about that time. Those guys made a joke of me, a clown, and I let myself be treated that way because I was afraid. I didn't know where else to go, where to take refuge. I'm not sure how all of us feel about each other now, though we're 'Hello, Pee Wee,' 'Hello, Eddie,' and all that. Since my sickness, Mary's given me confidence, and so has George Wein. I've worked for him with a lot of fast musicians in Boston, in New York, at Newport, on the road, and in Europe last year. I'll head a kind of house band if he opens a club here. A quiet little group. But Nick's did one thing. That's where I first met Mary."

At that moment, a key turned in the lock, and Mary Russell walked quickly down the hall and into the living room. A short, trim, pretty, black-haired woman in her forties, she was wearing a green silk dress and black harlequin glasses.

"Did Winkie bother you?" she asked me, plumping herself down and taking off her shoes. "She's the kind of dog that's always barking except at burglars. Pee Wee, you forgot to say, Did you have a hard day at the office, dear? And where's my tea?"

Russell got up and shuffled into the kitchen.

"I work in the statistics and advertising part of Robert Hall clothes," she said. "I've got a quick mind for figures. I like the job and the place. It's full of respectable ladies. Pee Wee, did I get any mail?"

"Next to you, on the table. A letter," he said from the kitchen.

"It's from my brother Al," she said. "I always look for checks in letters. My God, there *is* a check! Now why do

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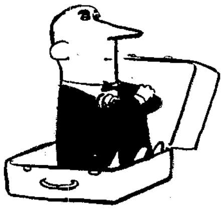

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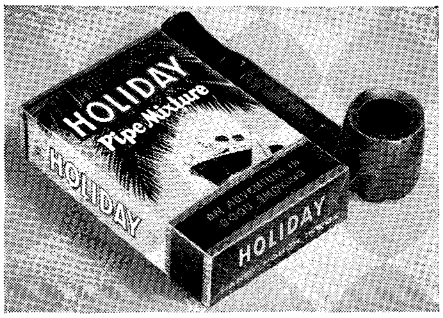

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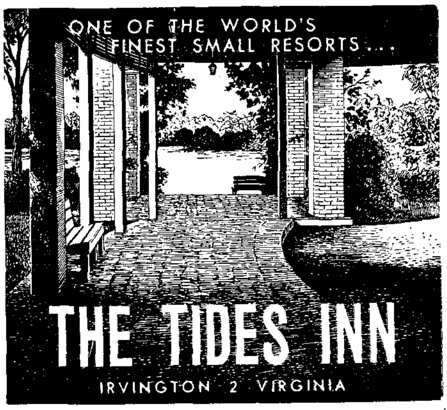

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OH, given time a short-necked man with a heavy beard could pill *any* oxford cloth, they're that soft. But until just recently even Little Lord Fauntleroy could have pilled a DACRON/cotton oxford cloth shirt with one curl tied behind him. Which is why we didn't put out any of them. ★ Sure you know what pilled means; it's when the fabric gets roughed up into little pills. ★ Well, Du Pont has a brand new type DACRON that resists pilling. It came out about a year ago, but we waited until Greenwood Mills, the weavers who make our cotton oxfords produced a DACRON/cotton oxford they were proud of; a really luxuriant lofted oxford. And that brings us up to now. We are making Eagle Shirts of this new material in both a Tabsnap® collar and a button-down collar. At about $8.50.

★ Tabsnaps, you may recall, are Eagle tab collars that need no collar buttons. Our button-down collars also have a property highly prized by the toney cognoscenti**: a sort of sloppy bulge. We used to call this "flare" until we noticed everybody else was too. Besides, it really *isn't* a flare, it's a sloppy bulge, but it's ours and we like it. ★ So if you want a drip-dry oxford shirt that won't pill perhaps you'd better drop a note to Miss Afflerbach (she says forget the footnote) and ask her where in your town you can find Eagle Shirts. This is because many fine stores prefer to put their own labels in our shirts; very flattering, but tough on Eagle eyed shoppers. Write her care of Eagle Shirtmakers, Quakertown, Pa.

*Du Pont's trademark for its polyester fiber. **That wouldn't be a bad name for an Italian fashion consultant. Say, do you suppose we could get Miss Afflerbach to change her name to Toni Cognoscenti and . . . . .

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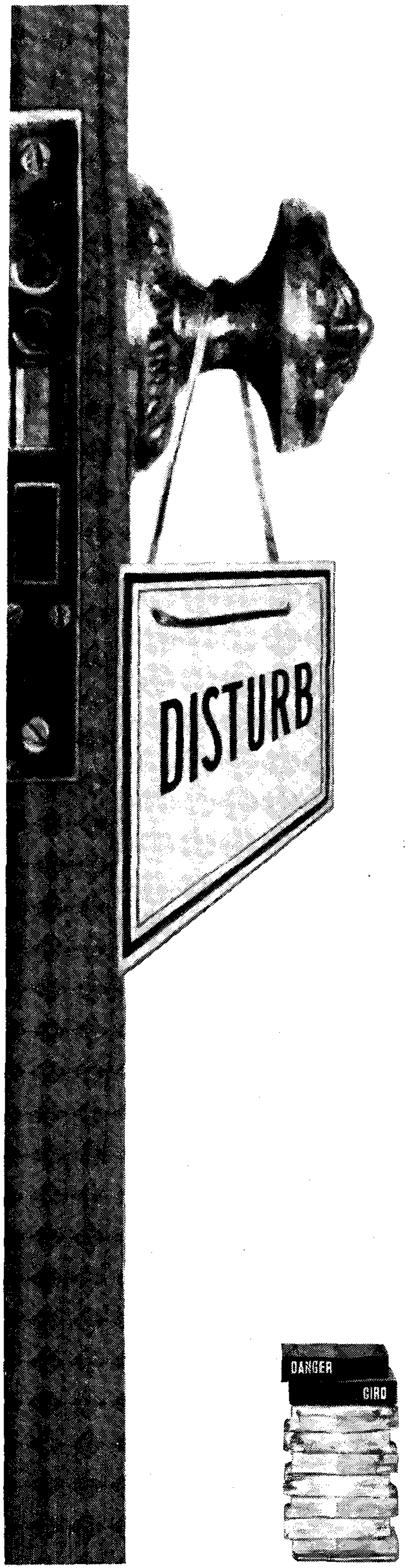
DANGER



DANGER
PARFUMS CIRO
PARIS · NEW YORK

you suppose he did that? And there's a P.S.: Please excuse the pencil. I like that. It makes me feel good."

"How much did he send you?" Russell asked, handing Mrs. Russell her tea.

"You're not going to get a cent," she said. "You know what I found the other day, Pee Wee? Old letters from you. Love letters. Every one says the same thing: I love you, I miss you. Just the dates are different." Mrs. Russell, who speaks in a quick, decisive way, laughed, and turned to me. "You know, Pee Wee and I had an awful wedding. It was at City Hall. Danny Alvin, the drummer, stood up for us. He and Pee Wee wept. I didn't, but *they* did. After the ceremony, Danny tried to borrow money from me. Pee Wee didn't buy me any flowers and a friend lent us the wedding ring. Pee Wee has never given me a wedding ring. The one I'm wearing a nephew gave me a year ago. Just to make it proper, he said. That's not the way a woman wants to get married. Pee Wee, we ought to do it all over again. I have a rage in me to be proper. I don't play bridge and go to beauty parlors and I don't have women friends like other women. But one thing Pee Wee and I have that no one else has: we never stop talking when we're with each other. Pee Wee, you know why I love you? You're like Papa. Every time Mama got up to tidy something, he'd say, Clara, sit down, and she would. That's what you do. I loved my parents. They were Russian Jews from Odessa. Chaloff was their name. I was born on the lower East Side. I was a charity case and the doctor gave me my name, and signed the birth certificate—Dr. E. Condon. Isn't that weird? I was one of nine kids and six are left. I've got twenty nephews and nieces. Did Pee Wee tell you about Pretty Amberg?"

I nodded.

"He worships those inchbrows. Lucky Luciano was his dream man."

"He was an acquaintance," Russell snorted.

"I'll never know you completely, Pee Wee," Mrs. Russell said. She took a sip of tea, holding the cup with both hands. "Sometimes Pee Wee can't sleep. He sits in the kitchen and plays solitaire, and I go to bed in here and sing to him. Awful songs like 'Belgian Rose' and 'Carolina Mammy.' I have a terrible voice."

"Oh, God!" Russell muttered. "The worst thing is she knows *all* the lyrics."

"I not only sing, I write," she said, laughing. "I wrote a three-act play.

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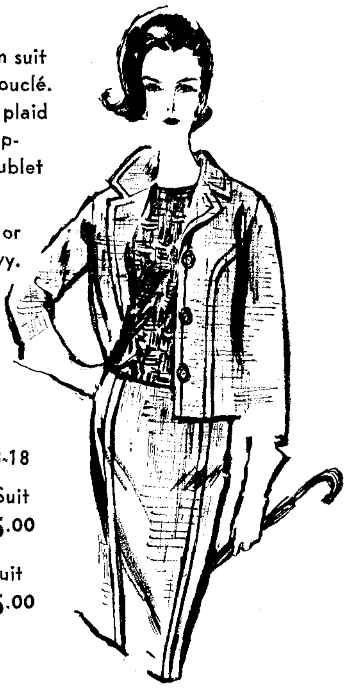

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My hero's name is Tiny Ballard. An Italian clarinet player. It has wonderful dialogue."

"Mary's no saloon girl, coming where I work," he said. "She outgrew that long ago. She reads about ten books a week. You could have been a writer, Mary."

"I don't know why I wrote about a clarinet player. I hate the clarinet. Pee Wee's playing embarrasses me. But I like trombones: Miff Mole and Brad Gowans. And I like Duke Ellington. Last New Year's Eve, Pee Wee and I were at a party and Duke kissed me at midnight."

"Where was I?" he asked.

"You had a clarinet stuck in your mouth," she said. "The story of your life, or part of your life. Once when Pee Wee had left me and was in Chicago, he came back to New York for a couple of days. He denies it. He doesn't remember it. He went to the night club where I was working as a hat-check girl and asked to see me. I said no. The boss's wife went out and took one look at him and came back and said, 'At least go out and talk to him. He's pathetic. Even his feet look sad.' "

Russell made an apologetic face. "That was twelve years ago, Mary. I have no claim to being an angel."

She sat up very straight. "Pee Wee, this room is hot. Let's go out and have dinner on my brother Al."

"I'll put on a tie," he said.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

◆

A few weeks ago a young reporter was here for an interview about books, and, over coffee, I said that I would like to buy a house and Palm Beach. You know, a little place where I could dock my boat and write.—*Jim Bishop in the Washington Star.*

Forget that boat and get writing!

◆

He [Prime Minister Macmillan] is fond of having his children and grandchildren near him and is extremely good with the little ones—but he is a great believer in the seen-and-not-heard maximum. —*The World-Telegram & Sun.*

There's no maximum like an old maximum.

◆

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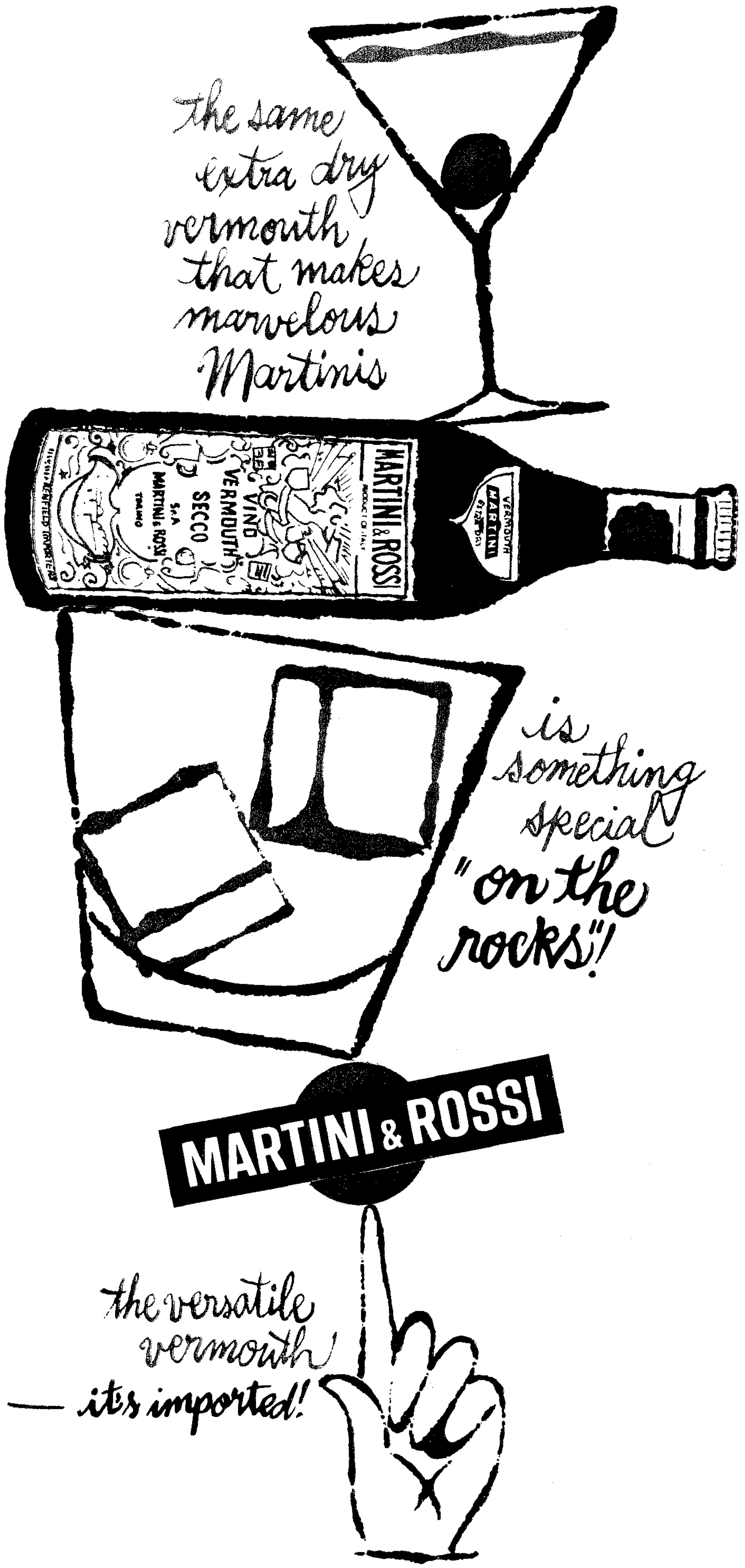

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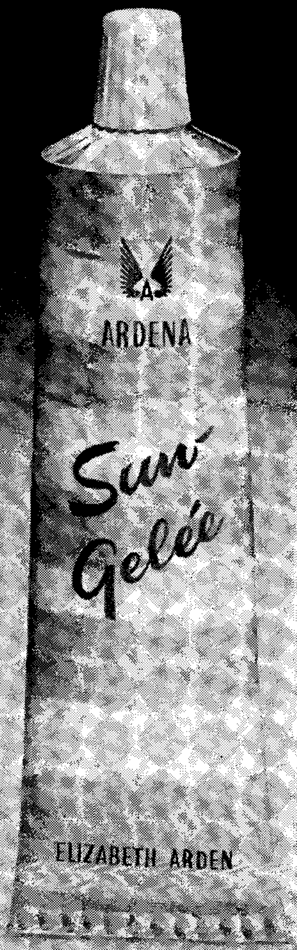

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Elizabeth Arden

THE CURRENT CINEMA

In My Lady's Chamber

I DON'T see how anyone could help but have a good time watching Jack Lemmon, Fred Astaire, and a British actor named Lionel Jeffries, all of them expert comedians, in a comedy of murder called "The Notorious Landlady." Mr. Lemmon plays a diplomat who has just been transferred to our embassy in London and who happens to take a flat in the house of a young woman (Kim Novak) suspected of having done away with her husband. No body has been found, so there has been no arrest, but the police are watching her closely. The diplomat allows himself to be persuaded by his boss (Mr. Astaire) and a Scotland Yard inspector (Mr. Jeffries) to spy on her and do some detecting on the inside, but he doesn't think much of the idea. This setup—narrative and physical—gives Mr. Lemmon many chances to go scampering up and down stairs and in and out of hiding, and to look alternately innocent and desperate. His clowning, while it is not quite vintage Lemmon, being a bit too broad and obvious, is awfully good clowning all the same. Casting Mr. Astaire as a seasoned, trouble-shooting State Department man, dedicated to maintaining decorum in the face of God knows what emergencies, and then giving him the lion's share of witty lines ("I appeal to you with every one of my exposed nerve ends," he says at one point) was absolutely inspired. The most original fooling is done by Mr. Jeffries, who, unlike any Scotland Yard inspector you've ever seen, wheedles Mr. Lemmon and Mr. Astaire into cöoperating with the authorities. The weakness of the movie is Miss Novak's performance, which doesn't matter much but does matter some. "Miss Novak's gowns designed by Herself," says a credit line at the opening. Well, the gowns are startling, all right, but they do indicate that perhaps she had Herself more in mind than the character, and the same preoccupation is evident throughout the film.

The script, an adaptation from a story by Margery Sharp, is by Larry Gelbart and Blake Edwards; Richard Quine is the director. Together they have fashioned a picture that is entertaining and exciting, often simultaneously, and that ends with a wildly funny chase. As a matter of fact, I'd like to make the unorthodox suggestion that you plan to get to the theatre about twenty minutes before the end and then sit through the whole picture again. The solution to the mystery is complex but of almost no importance, and if you see the chase twice you can, I hope, get double the pleasure I got at the sight of Estelle Winwood, as a nosy old invalid, bucketing along the cliffs of Penzance in an unsupervised wheelchair; Mr. Lemmon and Miss Novak, among others, dashing around in all directions; and Mr. Astaire and Mr. Jeffries hovering above in a helicopter, while a uniformed band on a bandstand plays gems from Gilbert and Sullivan, hitting "Come, Friends, Who Plough the Sea" at just the right moment. The background music, by the way, is delightful, all the way through.

NEXT
RDAY
ANTIC

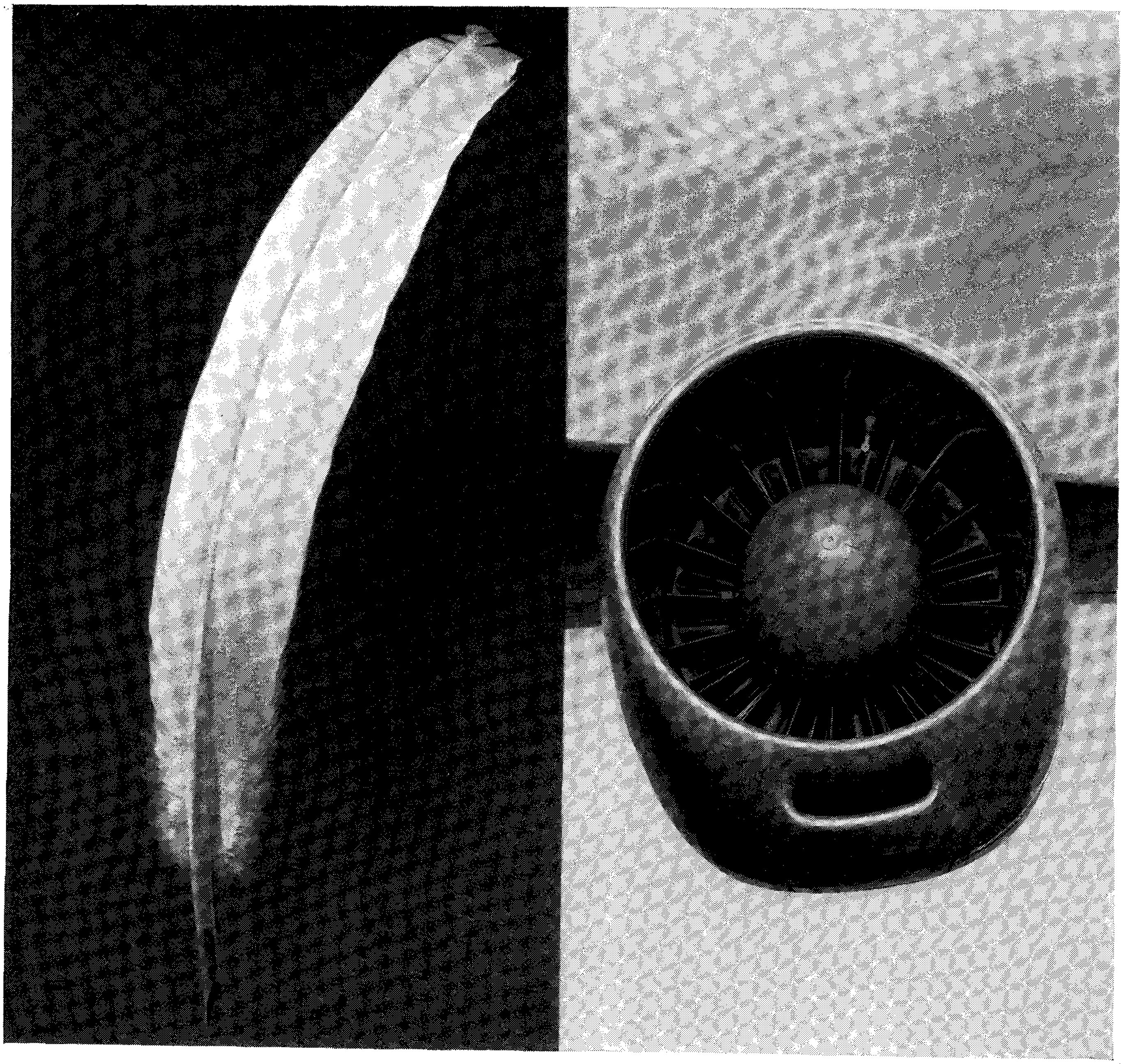
THE best that can be said of "Adventures of a Young Man," an inflated, spongy piece of work that was made by stringing together Ernest Hemingway's early short stories about the experiences of the boy he called Nick Adams, plus an assortment of bits from "A Farewell to Arms," is that it fades quickly once it is over. Out of sight, almost out of mind—but not quite. Memories of points missed or of points muffed tend to stick. So do a few good performances (among some dreadful ones). I admired Michael Pollard, as Nick's pal in Michigan; Ricardo Montalban, as an astringent Italian major; Eli Wallach, as a Chicago-Italian sergeant; and Fred Clark, as the impresario of a burlesque show. Richard Beymer, in the lead, is so dim that I've almost forgotten him, though in fairness I think it might be said that his part is almost impossible to pull off.

—EDITH OLIVER

•

She is a McCall's reader. She says, "I want all the facts. If it's natural childbirth, give me the full story. *Don't try to make me think it's fun.*" She says, "Maybe I won't ever wear a wig, but if wigs are becoming fashionable, I'd like to be told now. I want to be able to talk about things that really count these days."—*Adv. in the Times.*

Tell her about wearing a wig *during* childbirth.



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A REPORTER IN VIETNAM

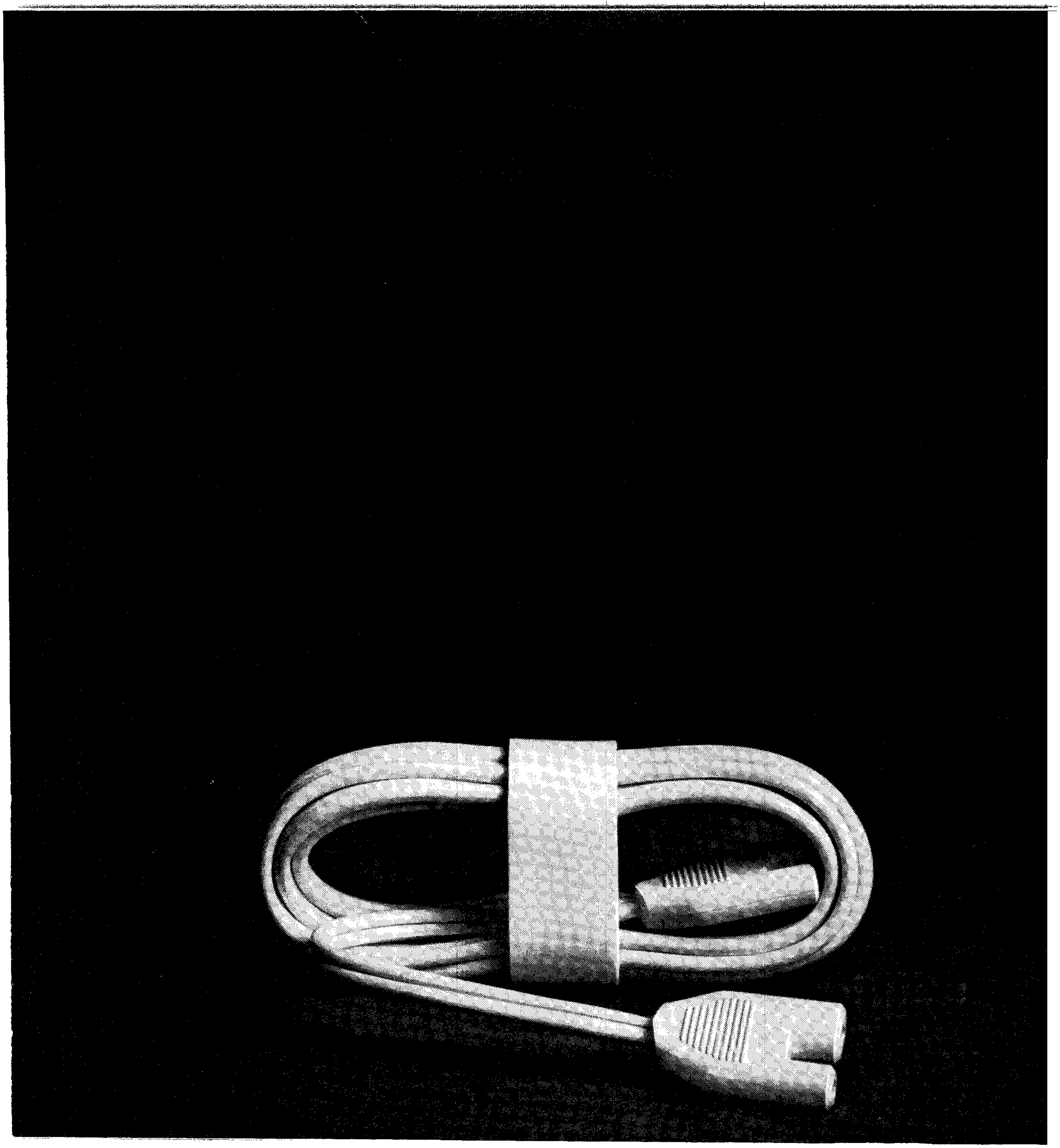
THE DELTA, THE PLATEAU, AND THE MOUNTAINS

SAIGON, loveliest of Southeast Asian capitals, reflecting a French taste in architecture and city planning that not even the most violent anti-colonialist can seriously disparage, may soon be just another provincial Communist town, as some pessimists contend, but there are few outward signs of such impending doom. Saigon has retained an air of buoyancy and well-being, although inevitably, as the seat of a government that is trying, with American help, to exterminate a host of invaders from Communist North Vietnam, it is permeated by a wartime atmosphere. The streets are teeming with uniformed Vietnamese and American soldiers, and their various headquarters and bivouacs are scattered all over town. War communiqués, usually even murkier than most such prose, are printed in the papers twice a day, and these, richly supplemented by rumors, provide the dominant topic of conversation in the sidewalk cafés. The Saigon River is full of ships waiting to unload materials of war, and at Tan Son Nhut, the city's once drowsy little airport, fighters and bombers buzz in and out, transport planes maintain shuttle schedules to the amorphous fronts north and south of the capital, and helicopters drop down and flutter up again like beetles, disgorging loads of battle-weary Vietnamese troops and bearing away fresh complements to replace them.

In Saigon, as in any leave town, innumerable bars have sprung up, and so have scores of dance halls. At the moment, the future of the latter, which have blared forth a mixture of American jazz and Vietnamese love songs and have fostered a growing interest in the Twist, appears to be precarious. A long-pending Bill for the Protection of Morality, sponsored by President Ngo Dinh Diem and just passed by the National Assembly, sets up severe penalties—including imprisonment, in some cases—for social dancing, whether public or private, as well as for drinking and smoking by minors, participation in beauty contests, and prostitution. (A woman "surprised" three times, each time with a different man, will be subject to arrest.) It remains to be seen how consistently the police, who are no less human than most police, will enforce the law, but as of now they have put a stop to public dancing, despite a petition signed by several thousand taxi-dancers and bar girls. The government claims that the new law was inspired by the complaints of Vietnamese soldiers fighting the Communist Viet Cong in swamps and mountains that they were "dancing with death" while their more fortunate compatriots in the cities were "dancing with girls." The gripe, of course, is one that comes up in any war, but, with four or five hundred government troops being killed each month and almost a thousand wounded or taken prisoner, that does not make the resentment of the soldiers any the less understandable, or any the less poignant.

Hundreds of small, blue-and-cream-colored French-made taxicabs scuttle about Saigon, like children's wind-up toys. Their total number is said to be an official secret, which suggests the existence of a plan to press them into service in an emergency, possibly in some such role as that played by Parisian cabs during the First Battle of the Marne in 1914. But in Saigon such a possibility is not without ominous aspects, because here, as out in the Vietnamese countryside, nobody knows for certain just who is for the government and who is against it; the cabdriver who takes a loyal Vietnamese merchant and his wife to dinner tonight at one of the city's many delightful French or Chinese restaurants may next, by prearrangement, take a Viet Cong agent on some important mission of espionage or sabotage. The police keep arresting Viet Cong operatives in Saigon, but it's a cinch that for every one they catch, scores go undetected. If evidence of this were needed, in the past few weeks a number of restaurants and homes in the city have been damaged by hand grenades. Violence of this kind has occurred here sporadically ever since 1946, when Vietnam began its fight for independence from France, but until the recent outbreak there had been no such incidents for almost a year, and many people feel that their resumption may presage a move that has long been expected—a concerted Viet Cong campaign against American involvement in Vietnam. In terms of military personnel, we are now involved to the extent of eight thousand men, and there are, in addition, more than four hundred civilians, beyond our normal diplomatic staff, engaged in various aid missions. About thirty Americans have lost their lives in Vietnam over the past two years, but only twelve of them in actual combat—a miraculously low number in view of the fact that members of our Military Assistance Advisory Group have been consistently sticking their necks out by accompanying Vietnamese troops on operations in the field. Much has been made of the fact that the Americans are supposed to fire only if they have first been fired upon, but, as one of them who has been involved in several encounters with the enemy remarked to me, "When you see a man aim a gun at you and start to pull the trigger, what kind of a damn fool would you be to let him shoot first?"

AS more and more Americans pour in—the number has trebled since January, and the arrival of something like a hundred of our helicopters has served to step up the pace of the war considerably—a feeling of frustration on the part of both the advisers and the advised is becoming more and more apparent. The Americans are by nature impatient and anxious to get on with the job; the Vietnamese are proud and stub-



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born, and don't enjoy taking advice, especially from Occidentals, even if the Occidentals are trying to help them, as they are doing at present, rather than rule them, as they did in the past. They enjoy it even less when the Occidentals' advice proves to be unsound, as it did in the matter of using seventy thousand members of the regional Civil Guard to supplement the hundred and seventy thousand regulars in the Vietnamese Army. The Vietnamese were all for doing this as far back as 1956, but we told them to confine the Guard to limited, unarmed constabulary duty, because our officers feared that if the guardsmen were given rifles they might lose or surrender them to the Viet Cong in combat. In 1958, the Vietnamese went ahead and armed the Guard anyway, and the former constables, now well trained, are carrying the war to the Viet Cong as vigorously as the Army is. Sometimes, on the other hand, the Vietnamese have balked or dragged their feet in response to an American proposal that has ultimately demonstrated its worth. It took a good deal of prodding on our part, for example, to get them to establish an efficient military administration, with a unified intelligence system. Until we did prevail on them to take this step, the Army had no proper chain of command and no central staff headquarters. Instead, operations were mounted in the field by President Diem or by Brigadier General Nguyen Khanh, the impulsive Army chief of staff, each of whom relied on whim and hunch in ordering troops around, and made no effort to coördinate his activities with those of the three corps commanders. Now, under Major General Duong Van Minh, who has been given command of all Army field forces, large operations are carefully planned in advance, and division commanders in the field are able to correlate orders sent out from the capital with local intelligence. While some personal axes are still ground, and there are still inevitable delays and bumbling, the situation is certainly better than it was. In the past six months, the average weekly number of operations mounted by each of the eight divisions of the Vietnamese Army has been stepped up from one to four, and in many regions the government has put the Viet Cong on the defensive and is inflicting three times as many casualties as it is suffering.

Since the Viet Cong guerrillas move about swiftly, usually by night, attacking government outposts, and assassinating or kidnapping village, district, and provincial officials, it is essential that retaliation be equally swift. This, in turn,

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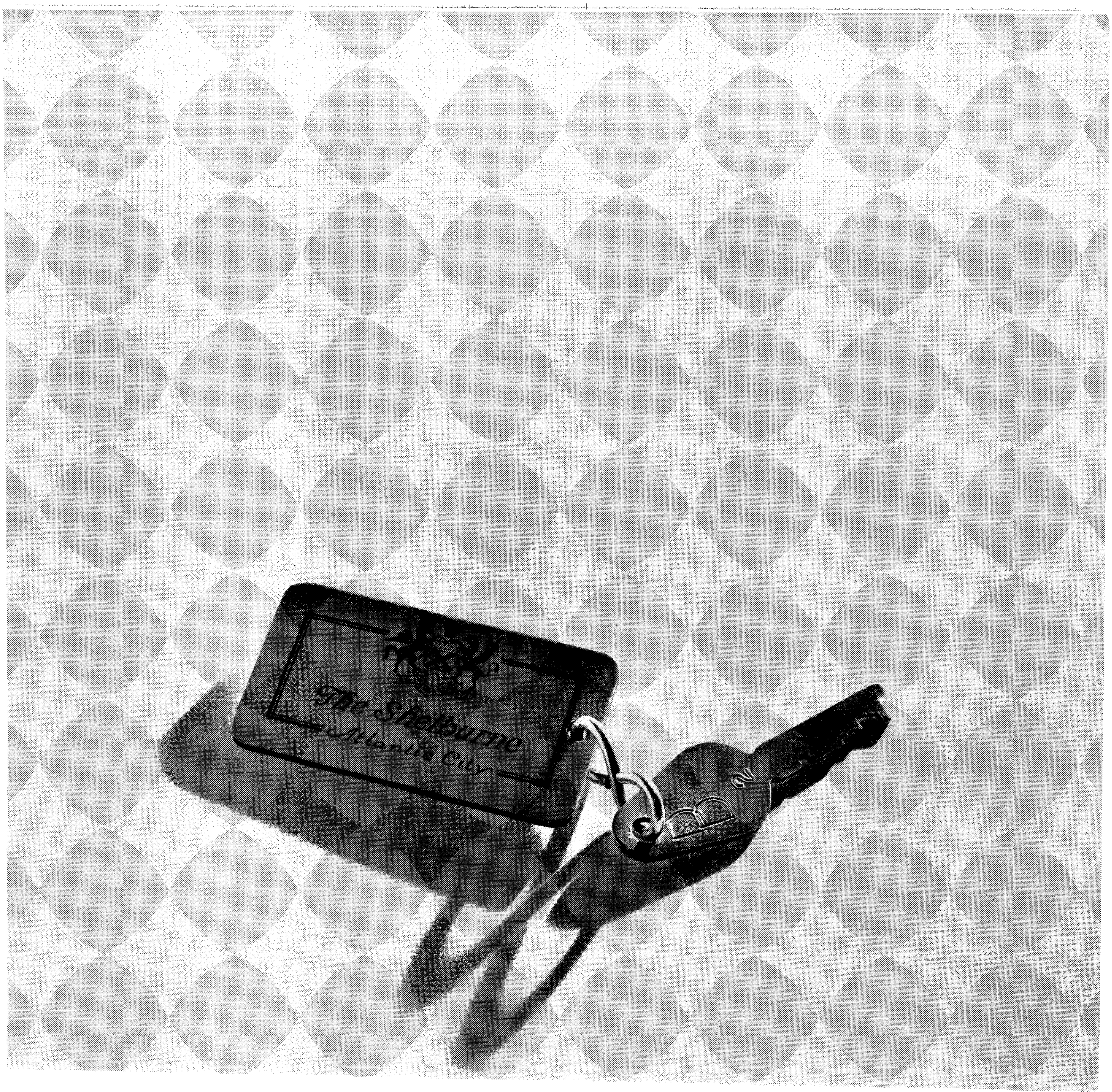

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requires the swift communication of intelligence between the government and loyal peasants, and also between the government and a secret organization, called the Biet Cach, which includes four hundred "reconstructed" Saigon hoodlums and operates in regions dominated by the enemy. In the matter of communications, the situation is better than it was, though it is still not good enough. Much greater improvement appears to be in sight, however, for, with American help, the government is undertaking to sprinkle the countryside with small two-way transistor radio sets—one in each of Vietnam's twenty-five hundred villages by November, and eventually, perhaps by the middle of next year, one in each of its sixteen thousand hamlets. (A hamlet, which may contain several thousand people, is a cluster of family units, each of which, called a *lien gia*, may inhabit a dozen or so homes; a cluster of half a dozen hamlets constitutes a village.) The radio sets, which are to be used both to summon aid in the event of an attack and to warn of impending guerrilla activity elsewhere, are currently being installed at the rate of ten a day by four teams of Vietnamese and American technicians, whose efforts the Viet Cong has acknowledged with sporadic pot shots.

The radios are a major factor in the government's plan to make every Vietnamese hamlet and village what it calls "strategic"—capable of resisting armed attack—by the end of next year. What the government needs even more than radios, however, is an abundance of experienced local administrators—and these, of course, it lacks, thanks to the French colonial policy of deliberately neglecting to build up a civil-service system among the Vietnamese. To fill in, the government is hastily training men from various city-based departments in the fundamentals of communal self-defense and assigning them to villages, where, as a first step, they are helping the peasants to surround their communities with barbed wire and with moats flanked by rows of sharpened bamboo stakes. Their next step is to enroll the younger men into small local defense units, to which the government is lending weapons for six months, the assumption being that by the end of that time the militiamen will have captured enough weapons from the Viet Cong to enable them to return the borrowed ones. As each strategic community reaches this stage, it will be expected to elect its own council and begin administering its own affairs, and from then on all sorts of government-assisted improvements are promised—agricultural coöperatives, medical dispensaries, schools—to promote the good life, or what Saigon glowingly describes as "New Revolutionary Democracy."

Some fifteen hundred Vietnamese communities are now strategic to the extent that they have put up barricades against attack and, with local defense units known as the Self Defense Corps and possessing a total strength approximating that of the Civil Guard, are more or less able to defend themselves, but few have advanced beyond that point. The shortage of technicians to supervise school-building or agricultural programs has something to do with this, but, in addition, the government is hesitant about investing heavily in the more advanced stages of the plan, because of the risk that, under the pressure of a concerted Viet Cong attack, a strategic community may turn out not to be strategic enough to keep the enemy from moving in and wrecking or burning it; indeed, this has happened in several cases already. Nevertheless, from what I have seen of the plan in operation, it strikes me as having some merit. I have visited half a dozen strategic villages, and though I saw little evidence of any efforts to push ahead in the fields of social and economic development, it seemed to me that the people living there felt that their new local militia units and their fortifications, however flimsy, had given them an appreciable—and appreciated—sense of security. Moreover, I was told that a number of Viet Cong guerrillas, originally dragooned from the peasantry, had deserted and returned home after learning that their villages had become strategic communities.

The originator of Vietnam's strategic-community plan is Ngo Dinh Nhu, the President's brother, who acts as his political counsellor and general adviser, and is everywhere regarded as the second most important person in Vietnam. Nhu, a soft-spoken man of fifty-three, is an intellectual who specialized in history, literature, and geography while studying at the University of Paris, and is thus comparable in some respects to our Harvard-trained New Frontiersmen, but his thinking takes a somewhat mystical Oriental turn. He is the principal exponent of the philosophy of "personalism," which has been in vogue here since 1957, and which he represents to the Vietnamese as being a means of achieving true freedom and democracy by reviving traditional national values and applying them to to-

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day's problems. In a conversation I had with Nhu, he sought to explain to me how personalism can be related directly to the strategic-community program. "The program offers us an appropriate atmosphere in which by hard work we can develop as a nation and as a democracy," he said. "The personalist conception holds that freedom in an underdeveloped society is something that can be achieved only through militancy and vigilance. Since we are now engaged in a bleeding war of internal division, it may be argued that this is no time to seek to develop democracy, but our personalist approach is militant precisely in denying this. Human rights and human dignity are things that men must actively seek and deserve, not just beg for. Personalism stresses hard work, and the peasants are better able to understand the concept than the intellectuals. According to our new scale of values, the most privileged are those who participate physically and selflessly in the fight against Communism. After them come those who courageously and without personal profit serve the interests of the strategic communities, and then those who engage diligently in productive labor for their own benefit as well as for that of their village." While Nhu's fine words may in time fire the imagination of the peasants, in the strategic communities I have been to there seemed to be little awareness of these spiritual and moral objectives. Government spokesmen, trying to strengthen the loyalty and patriotism of the inhabitants, usually employed such lines as "Now the Viet Cong can no longer come and rob you."

ON two fundamental points no disagreement exists between the Americans and the Vietnamese—at least in principle. One is that since peasants, widely scattered over a difficult and often almost inaccessible terrain, constitute the vast majority of the population—ten million out of a total of fourteen million—the war cannot be permanently won without first winning their allegiance, which the Viet Cong has long been assiduously cultivating by various means. The other is that speed is of the utmost importance, for while the Viet Cong's known timetable, which originally called for domination of large parts of Vietnam this year and their establishment as "liberated areas," after the pattern of the Communist conquest of China, has been disrupted by the recent strengthening of the Vietnamese-American position, that very circumstance will probably cause the enemy to accelerate its drive

Q What Are Bid and Asked Quotations?

A There's an old proverb that says, "A thing is worth what it will fetch." But matters aren't that simple in the stock market. If you own a stock that is bought and sold on an exchange or in the over-the-counter market and want to sell it, then its current value to you is indeed what it will fetch, the largest amount that you can sell it for. If you don't own the stock and want to buy it, then its current value to you is the smallest amount you have to pay for it.

But there is no fixed price tag on a stock that is already being traded in the public market. Prices are determined by supply and demand and fluctuate constantly. The last price of a stock will give you a pretty good idea of its current value, but there's an equally useful indication, a double figure called the bid-and-asked. The *bid* is the highest price that anyone is willing to pay for the stock at a given time, and the *asked* is the lowest price at which anyone is willing to sell. The two prices may be anywhere from a fraction of a point (a point being a dollar) to several points apart.

How are bid-and-asked quotations used? In a number of ways. For example, if you are thinking of buying or selling some shares of a listed stock, you may very well want to know the highest bid and lowest asked prices currently. Your account executive can get them for you in a matter of minutes from the exchange's quotation bureau.

Members of exchanges use bid-and-asked quotations all day long in their dealings with one another on the trading floor. An exchange member who is executing a market order for a customer goes to the trading post at which the stock is traded and asks out loud, "How's Typical?" And the specialist in Typical stock says, "49¼–¾," meaning 49¼ bid (the highest price anyone is willing to pay for it at the moment) and 49¾ asked (the lowest price for which anyone is willing to sell it at the moment). Characteristically, through the operation of the auction system of the exchanges, the broker is likely to execute the order at the bid price if he is executing a market sell order or at the asked price if he is executing a market buy order or at some point between.

If you want price information about a listed stock and do not find it in the daily stock tables in your newspaper, it may be that no shares of that stock were sold that day, and therefore there are no *Open*, *High*, *Low*, *Close*, and *Net Change* figures. But you may find your stock listed in a separate column labeled "Bid and Asked Quotations" and will be able to get an idea of its current price range from there.

In the over-the-counter market, where there is neither a central market place nor a public ticker to disseminate current price information and where prices are determined by negotiation among thousands of brokers and dealers all over the country, bid-and-asked quotations are in use all the time. If you ask your broker about the price of a stock that is traded over-the-counter, he will give it to you in the form of the highest bid and lowest asked. And if you look at the over-the-counter listings in your newspaper, you'll find that they show bid-and-asked—and sometimes the previous bid as well. These are not actual prices but rather approximate price ranges supplied to newspapers by the National Association of Securities Dealers, Inc. As the *Wall Street Journal* states preceding its over-the-counter listings:

> *These bid and asked quotations, from the National Association of Securities Dealers, Inc., do not represent actual transactions. They are a guide to the range within which these securities could have been sold (indicated by the "bid") or bought (indicated by the "asked") at the time of compilation.*

So you see that bid-and-asked quotations are simply indications of price ranges, and as such they have their uses for anyone interested in determining the approximate current values of both listed and unlisted stocks.

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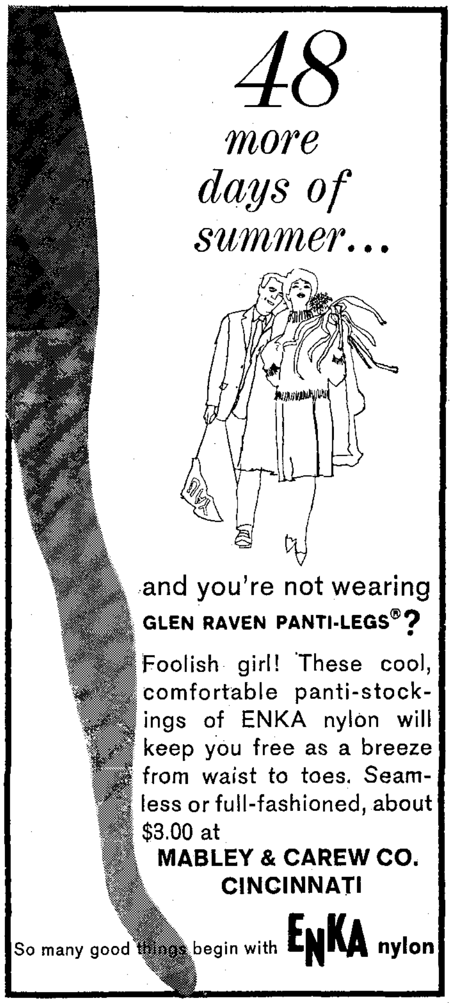
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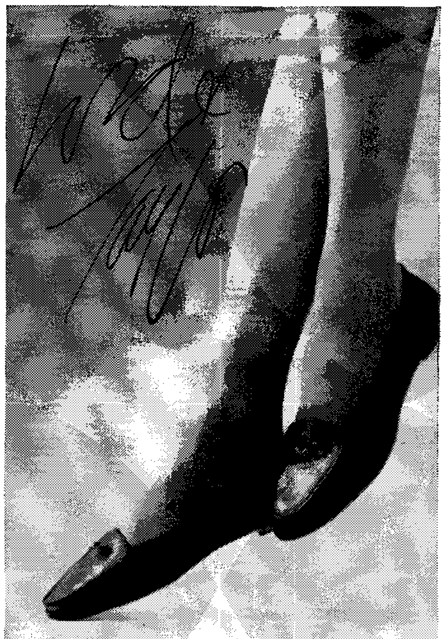
in the months immediately ahead. Indeed, it is this probability that causes the pessimists to shake their heads over the future of Saigon; they say that the Communists, even though they now have a hard-core force of only twenty thousand in Vietnam, cannot lose in the end, because a standing army of three hundred thousand in North Vietnam and the potential support of China and Russia put them in a position to apply whatever force they wish almost indefinitely. The answer given by more sanguine observers is that, regardless of these vast theoretical manpower reserves, if the Viet Cong can be kept on the run and deprived of opportunities to extract food and intelligence from the peasants, it may eventually be discouraged from continuing the struggle.

Assuming that the Vietnamese are to win the war, the wait seems likely to be a long one. In Saigon, I've frequently heard five years mentioned as the minimum time it will take the government *simply to line up the peasants on its side.* For the past two decades, Vietnam has been in a state of constant rebellion, active or passive—against the Japanese, against the French, and, in civil conflict, against itself—and the peasants have been cheated or neglected by a whole series of governments, to the point where they have lost whatever faith they ever had in government of any kind. Their only wish now is to be left alone to tend their crops, and the agents of the Viet Cong have been promising them the realization of this neutralist dream.

A captured document I have just seen describes in some detail how a village in Kien Phong province, west of Saigon, became Viet Cong territory last year. The village, which has a population of six thousand, had been dominated by the Communists several years earlier, but their influence had deteriorated, and the government, bolstered by the presence of Army and Civil Guard units nearby, had come to exercise fairly strong control. In 1959, agents of the Viet Cong began trying to reëstablish their position in the village, hiding in neighboring swamps by day and entering the settlement at night to harangue former supporters. Their chief talking point concerned land that the peasants had taken over while the landlords were away fighting the long war against the French; this land had later been reclaimed by the landlords, who, with the backing of government soldiers, were demanding payment of rentals accrued in their absence. The Viet Cong men insisted that the land now rightfully belonged to the peasants.



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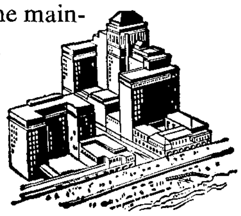

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Gradually, their arguments prevailed, and the villagers, turning against the Saigon regime, disbanded the local council and closed their ears to the government's spokesmen. The Viet Cong thereupon established its own security forces in the village, and opened a school and a first-aid clinic there. Belatedly, six hundred government soldiers tried to recapture it, and were thrown back. So now, for the time being, the peasants control the land, paying neither rent nor taxes. Naturally, the Viet Cong men have refrained from mentioning that Communist policy calls for the ultimate collectivization of the land.

A land-reform program promulgated by the Vietnamese government is based on the purchase of about a million acres from about twenty-five hundred Vietnamese and French owners, none of whom will be allowed to keep more than two hundred and fifty acres for himself. Peasants are being allotted up to seven and a half acres each, with the option of buying their plots over a long period or cultivating them as tenants and paying their provincial governments between fifteen and twenty-five per cent of the income thus derived. Private landlords are allowed to charge the same rentals on their remaining holdings. Aside from objecting to the prices paid them for the government-requisitioned land, the landlords are fighting for higher rents. The peasants, since they cultivated the land for nothing when the landlords were absent, are not happy about paying any rent at all, and the Communists naturally have missed no chance to deride the entire program. Although most of the land that was owned by Vietnamese landlords has now been redistributed, none of the formerly French-owned land has as yet, contracts and rentals are still widely in dispute, and the farmers are ninety per cent in arrears on their rent payments and on the repayments of loans granted them by the government for the purchase of land. The situation is further complicated by the fact that farmers' associations established in 1959 to help the peasants get easier credit and other forms of assistance have come to be dominated by local officials and landlords, most of them highly paternalistic.

If the Vietnamese peasants were a homogeneous group, the government's task of convincing them that the Communists are not really their friends after all and instilling in them the sort of patriotic zeal that is displayed by many of its soldiers in the field would still not be an easy one. Far from being homogeneous, however, the peasants in this

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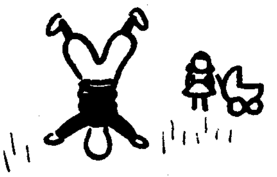
country of only sixty-five thousand square miles—about the size of New England—are as ethnologically complex a lot as the inhabitants of many a far larger nation.

To compound the difficulties that the government is facing, the war it must fight is, in effect, three wars, fought over three totally different types of terrain: one in the flat and watery Mekong Delta, south of Saigon; another on the high plateau and along the coastal lowlands of central Vietnam; and the third in the mountainous jungles of the north. These are the three operational zones of the three Vietnamese army corps. I recently visited all three of these weird battlefields.

ON THE DELTA: Mao Tse-tung once wrote, "There are those who cannot imagine how an army of guerrillas can survive for long in the rear of the enemy. But they do not understand the relationship between the people and the army. The people are like water and the army is like the fish. How can it be difficult for the fish to survive where there is water?" Nowhere does this analogy seem more apt than in the vast delta of the Mekong River, in southern Vietnam—a seeping mass of rice paddies and mangrove swamps, interlaced with some twenty-five hundred miles of canals—nor has any guerrilla army demonstrated the aptness of Mao's saying more effectively than the one currently engaged there, under the direction of Vo Nguyen Giap, the supreme commander of the Viet Cong, who masterminded the Communist victory over the road- and fort-minded French.



Most of the people of the delta live in villages strung out along the sides of the canals, and get around mainly by river boat and sampan. In terrain of this sort, mobility has been one of the government's principal problems. It has been considerably eased over the past six months by the increasing use of American helicopters, yet more often than not the Viet Cong still manages to elude the Vietnamese troops, usually by hiding among the peasants, who take the guerrillas in either under duress or because they have come to trust them. The Viet Cong has seven or eight thousand regular troops roving through the delta, and perhaps as many so-called territorials, who are recruited mainly from among local sympathizers and confine their movements to specific districts. In addition, it enjoys the support of an indefinite number of part-time and only partly armed guerrillas, who emerge from their villages to join the regulars or territorials when an attack is called for, and after it is over return home, where, resuming their peasant lives, they become indistinguishable from their neighbors but are able to serve as the eyes and ears of the movement. In some cases, whole peasant families are associated with the Viet Cong—the father and the eldest son as territorials or part-time fighters, and the younger children as spies or couriers, with the mother standing ready to serve up food for any regulars who happen to drop in. The Viet Cong in the delta does not seem to be suffering from a shortage of adequate firearms; to judge by captured samples, an increasing number of good weapons, including automatic guns made in China, Russia, and Czechoslovakia, are reaching it from the north.

Throughout the delta, the Viet Cong can still move around almost at will, slithering like an eel this way and that from bases concealed in the all but impenetrable swamps; for example, at My Tho, a city of fifty thousand about an hour's drive south of Saigon, the Viet Cong lurks in a swamp so close to town that it can and does pour rifle fire every now and then into an American bivouac there. In another swamp, separated from My Tho only by a narrow canal, it brazenly runs up its flag (a red star on a yellow field) atop a palm tree standing in full view of the local American military headquarters. One of its major bases, surrounded by barbed wire in a swamp thirty miles east of the city, even has an auditorium, festooned with pictures of Communist leaders, as government forces discovered when they attacked the base earlier this year and dispersed its occupants—only to lose it a month later, when, the government's attention having been diverted, the erstwhile occupants moved back in.

A few of the helicopters here are Vietnamese-operated, but the majority belong to the United States Army and the Marines, are piloted by American officers, and are under the control of senior American advisers. The speed with which they can move government forces around over the tricky delta country has made the Viet Cong there reluctant to travel or attack in large numbers, although units composed of as many as a hundred and fifty Communist fighters still operate in some sections. Not long ago, I watched three helicopter-borne operations that, in one way or another, were typical of the war

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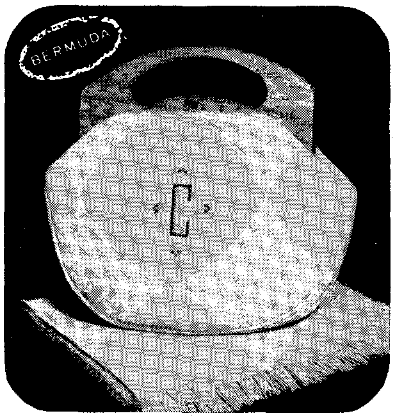

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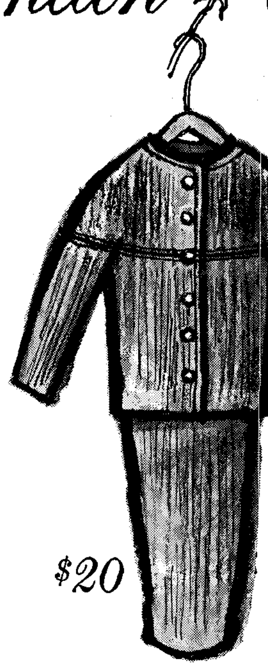
in the south. In the first, forty helicopters were used to lift elements of the 7th Vietnamese Division from its field headquarters, in Dinh Tuong province, about forty miles south of Saigon, to an area some ten miles farther south, in the adjacent province of Kien Hoa, where about a hundred Viet Cong were reportedly active. On the morning that this operation was to be carried out, I accompanied Colonel John F. Carey, commanding officer of Marine Air Group 16, and a subordinate, Lieutenant Colonel W. P. Mitchell, to a field where the division troops were waiting to take off. The helicopters arrived from Saigon and picked them up, twelve men to a machine. The strategy of the division commander, Colonel Huynh Van Cao, was to drop two task units twenty miles apart; they would fan out and move toward each other, compressing the Viet Cong into a corridor, one end of which would be blocked by a third unit, assigned to drive the enemy toward a large canal, where a fourth, waterborne force would be waiting to annihilate it. Colonel Cao, who is only thirty-five years old, is considered one of the ablest Vietnamese division leaders. He has had command of his division for four years; before that he was President Diem's military aide, and he still has a direct telephone line to Diem's office. His senior American adviser at the time of the operation was Lieutenant Colonel Frank B. Clay, the son of General Lucius D. Clay, and they had one of the closest working military relationships in Vietnam. On this occasion, though, they disagreed. Clay felt that the government forces were being spread too thin and that the operation should be more limited in scope, but he had been unable to make Cao see it that way. Apparently, Clay was right, for by the time the troops from the helicopters closed in, the Communists had vanished, doubtless either hiding in the homes of villagers or submerging themselves in canals, where they can remain almost indefinitely, using bamboo tubes to breathe through. It must have been a humiliating experience for Cao, and I was glad for his sake when, a week or so later, having learned the whereabouts of a whole Viet Cong battalion, he again loaded his troops aboard helicopters one morning and took off in pursuit of the enemy, this time with spectacular success. He caught up with the Communists shortly before noon, and by dusk—possibly because his forces were not spread out as thinly as before—ninety-five Viet Cong had been killed, forty-five wounded, and thirty-four taken prisoner, while Cao's casualties

helen caro



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amounted to only nine killed and eight wounded.

I flew in a Marine helicopter on another operation that, like Cao's first, proved to be a dud as far as its immediate objective was concerned, but did produce *some* results, although perhaps rather debatable ones. A Viet Cong battalion had been spotted in one of the delta villages, and the helicopters were to drop troops from the 21st Vietnamese Division in positions where they could trap it in a network of neighboring canals. The scheme might have worked if the Viet Cong, abetted by either luck or an informer, had not previously removed most of its battalion from the village, leaving only a platoon behind. The division troops killed six members of the platoon and seized, along with a few weapons, more than a hundred peasants suspected of siding with the enemy. As these suspects, ranging from boys of fifteen to men of sixty, squatted, roped together, in a field, staring impassively at their captors, I felt that regardless of where their sympathies lay, such a spur-of-the-moment roundup would hardly further the government's aim of gaining the confidence of the peasants. Nor was this an isolated instance of such tactics. The government had lately taken a good many peasants into custody and, if they could not properly identify themselves, held them—often shackled in small cells—for months, pending their "rehabilitation." The only way a peasant could establish his identity was to present one of the flimsy identification papers that were first issued by the French at least fifteen years previously, and if he had lost it or it had disintegrated, he was out of luck. A remedy is now being applied, however. At the instigation of the Americans, all adult Vietnamese are being issued new, laminated-plastic identification cards, bearing the photograph, fingerprints, and home province of the rightful holder, that are as near fraudproof as modern man can make them. The new cards should in time safeguard a lot of the peasants whom the government hitherto would have felt it must lock up.

Whatever the reaction of the peasants may be to some of the government's sterner administrative policies, Major Nguyen Thoc Thang, the chief administrator of the delta province of Ba Xuyen, to whom I talked recently, believes that the Army's successes are beginning to impress them favorably. Major Thang, who is an unusually burly and vigorous Vietnamese, is fully aware that the war must be fought on social and economic fronts as well as the military one, but he feels that first of

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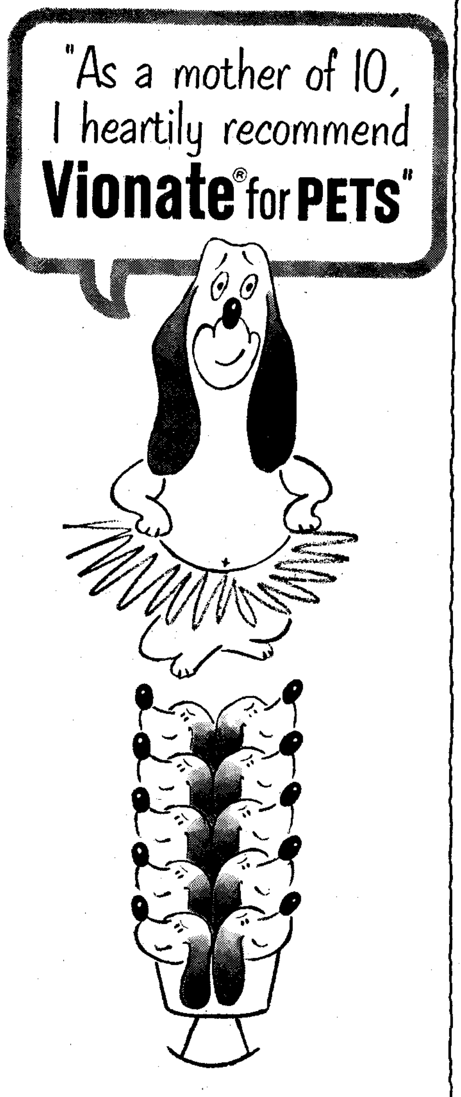

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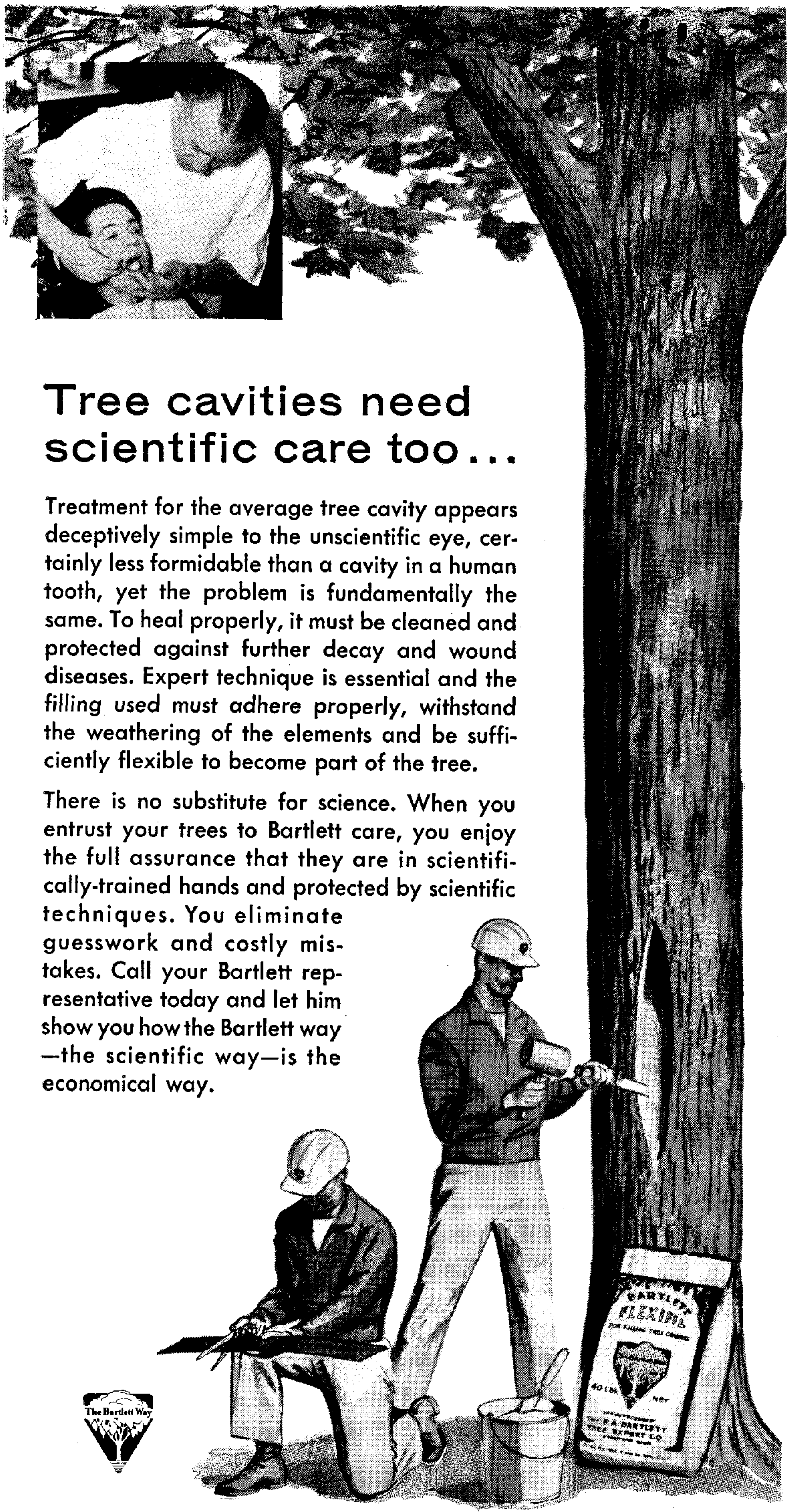
all the peasants must be relieved of their fear of reprisals from the enemy. Moreover, he told me, he has seen signs that the people of his province, heartened by the government's military gains, are beginning to give more positive support to the Vietnamese cause. As an example, he said that a few days earlier he had driven to a village formerly noted for its Viet Cong leanings, and when it came time for him to return to his headquarters, some of the residents not only had warned him that the Viet Cong was waiting to ambush his car on the way back if he travelled by land but had lent him a boat to make the trip by water. "They would have been afraid to do that a month ago," he said. Major Thang has just had an opportunity to sound out the present temper of quite a few villagers, for he has been personally selecting four hundred volunteers—each of whom has had at least one member of his family killed by the Viet Cong—for a special force of swamp fighters, carrying American guns and dressed as civilians, that is being trained by our military advisers.

All in all, the government now believes it is in a good position to make life miserable for the Viet Cong throughout the rainy season, which began late in May and will continue into November. When I talked one afternoon with Colonel Clay, he had an anticipatory gleam in his eye as we watched the clouds gather for the usual afternoon shower. "Here in the delta, mobility is the key to the problem, and we had precious little of it when I arrived last fall," he said. "But now, with any kind of visibility, the helicopters will be able to keep going during the rainy season, landing on elevations or dropping troops into flooded paddies. We've also got some new, unsinkable plastic boats and some lightweight armored personnel carriers on tracks that can get around through the mud pretty well. Yes, it ought to be a lot different this year. Last October, I was out in the flooded area for three weeks. The people were living on the roofs of their houses, and their buffaloes were standing with their heads barely sticking out of the water. There wasn't much we could do, except try to help the flood victims."

ON THE PLATEAU: Two hundred miles northeast of Saigon, Vietnam's central plateau, stretching from the Cambodian border almost to the shores of the South China Sea, starts rising slowly toward a distant chain of mountains, which extend into North Vietnam. In the center of the plateau is Pleiku, a city of twenty thousand inhabitants, and this is the headquarters of the Vietnamese II Corps, the force charged with clearing the Viet Cong out of the government's Second Tactical Area—some fifty thousand square miles of countryside, about a quarter of it consisting of flat farmland, the remainder being a mixture of sharp slopes and rugged mountains. "To seize and control the highlands is to solve the whole problem of South Vietnam," General Giap, the Viet Cong commander, has said, and most informed Vietnamese and American military men here agree with him. Last summer, the Viet Cong began stepping up the infiltration of well-armed troops—perhaps twenty thousand of them—into Vietnam by way of mountain trails through Laos, this operation, of course, being beyond the knowledge or control of the Laotian government. Once across the border, they dispersed, some heading toward the coast, some toward the delta, and a third of them remaining in the Second Tactical Area, where for a while they contented themselves with small harassing actions against government outposts. In September, however, they launched simultaneous attacks in strength against seven places on the central plateau, hoping to gain control of enough villages in both the highlands and the lowlands to cut Vietnam in two. They might well have succeeded if it had not been for the help of the Americans in planning counter-offensives with air support, and in outlining psychological-warfare strategy with which to rally the peasants. The II Corps now has four divisions stationed here, and a fifth, trained entirely under the supervision of American advisers, is almost ready to join them. With these, it hopes to put enough pressure on the Communists to drive them back into the hills, where they will have trouble finding food.

Attached to the II Corps headquarters at Pleiku are more than a hundred American advisers, under the direction of Colonel Wilbur Wilson. Wilson is a strict, much respected Regular Army man who years ago earned the nickname of Coal Bin Willie when, at an Army base in Georgia, he insisted that the men under his command whitewash the walls of a soft-coal storage bin and keep them whitewashed. His camp reflects not only his long insistence on neatness but also a distaste for the bleakness often associated with military establishments. Its newly built barracks are clean and orderly, a garden full of flowers and shrubs has been laid out, and two barking deer—small, attractive animals indigenous to Southeast Asia—frolic about the place. The Colonel's mess—in conformity with another long-standing tradition of his—is ample, diverse, and appetizing. Every evening, tropics or no, the Colonel changes into civilian suit and tie, and after dinner he lights up a long Havana cigar from what seems to be an endless supply, and watches part of the camp's nightly movie. Then he goes to bed, and his officers and noncoms (there are very few privates out here) sit around over drinks and talk about the strange war they're caught up in.

It is here on the plateau that the Vietnamese Army has been taking some of its most drastic steps to pry the countryfolk loose from the influence of the Viet Cong. This section of the Indo-China peninsula has long been the home of more than half a million *montagnards*, or mountain people—members of some two dozen tribal "nations," each with a different language that has been twisted into several regional variations, making a total of something like a hundred and fifty dialects. Anthropologists consider the *montagnards* the most confusing mixture of races and cultures in the world. The peninsula was originally inhabited by races related to the Australian aborigines and the Negroid Papuans of Melanesia. Then came an influx from China and Tibet that penetrated far down into Indonesia and Malaya, and this was followed by a reverse migration that brought a predominantly Indonesian strain—Dyak, Battak, Lampong, and so on—back north. Later, many Mongolians moved in, and after a war between the Chams and the Khmers (relatively civilized tribes in what are now central Vietnam and Cambodia, respectively) in the fifteenth century, the defeated Chams retired to the plateau, where they mingled with the tribes that were already there, further enlarging a bewildering assortment of racial and linguistic groups that has yet to be fully catalogued. Some of the tribes still use the most rudimentary tools and weapons, while others are fairly sophisticated; some are matriarchal, others patriarchal. Except for a handful who have been converted by missionaries to Catholicism or Protestantism, they are animists, worshipping the spirits of the soil, the forest, the streams, and the mountains; propitiating these deities in accordance with special interpretations of the behavior of deer and birds, the color of fish, the nature



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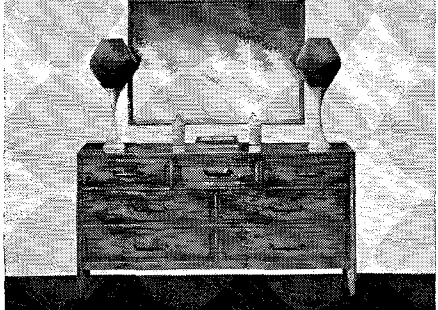

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and timing of a man's sneezes, and the like; and relying on sorcerers to make their decisions for them. They are prone to take offense, from outsiders or from one another, but because they are lazy and love feasts, they will postpone seeking revenge if a drunken party is in prospect. Their favorite brew is an evil-tasting homemade rice wine, which they down like Little League fans drinking soda pop on a hot afternoon. They live by raising small crops of rice and corn and by hunting and fishing, and when they exhaust the resources of their immediate surroundings they move on. They also make pottery and other simple items of handicraft, and in more peaceful times some of them occasionally ventured down to the lowlands, offering to exchange these products for salt, jars, gongs, and cloth, but their relations with other Vietnamese have always been marked by the mistrust that exists between lowlanders and highlanders the world over. In colonial days, a few of the more enlightened French tried to teach the *montagnards* improved methods of agriculture, but these efforts received little support in Paris, and whatever friendships were formed with the tribesmen were usually shattered by less enlightened Frenchmen, primarily preoccupied with seizing land for the development of rubber plantations. When that happened, the *montagnards*—who had no interest in working on the plantations or on the roads needed to reach them—simply retired farther back into the hills.

The land grabs of the rubber planters made the *montagnards* easy marks for any reasonably bright Viet Cong agent, and for a long time now the Communists have been doing their utmost to capitalize on the tribesmen's backwardness and their resentments. The Viet Cong men began insinuating themselves among the *montagnards* during the war against the French, and since the partition of Vietnam, eight years ago, they have been promising the natives autonomy, never letting them forget that some land set aside for them by the French, in an eleventh-hour propitiatory gesture, has now been seized by Saigon and used for the resettlement of refugees from the north. Until the beginning of this year, the Communists in the highlands had things pretty much their own way, but then a vast and visionary program was inaugurated, however tardily, under the combined auspices of the Vietnamese and the Americans, to coax the *montagnards* down out of the hills to take up new lives in strategic villages built expressly for them. Several thousand have al-

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ready been relocated in communities so far from their former wilderness that the Communists have hesitated to attack them, or even infiltrate them. The most ambitious part of the program to have been undertaken so far is aimed at resettling a substantial portion of one of the three largest tribes—the Rhade, whose members, numbering about a hundred thousand and centered in Darlac province, south of Pleiku, represent the highland élite. Already something like fifteen thousand Rhade are learning to adapt themselves to life in sixty new villages—all that have been made ready, out of a contemplated total of four hundred. Teams of Americans, both military and civilian, have armed and trained twenty-five hundred of the newcomers to defend their adopted communities from attack and have taught them the rudiments of civil administration. Though many of these people required some urging before consenting to leave their highland retreats, at least three thousand of them have straggled down voluntarily, explaining to the authorities that they were tired of being imposed on by the Viet Cong. Since the Rhade had been suspected in the past of antipathy, if not outright disloyalty, to the Vietnamese government, Saigon was at first loath to go along with the Americans in making overtures to them, especially insofar as this involved handing out weapons, but now it is all in favor of the project, and the Americans, headed by Captain Ronald Schackleton, of Newark, New Jersey, have gone out of their way to remind the transplanted villagers of Saigon's beneficence in allowing them to receive guns. Even so, the Rhade appear to prefer the Americans, whom they keep bringing freshly killed venison and inviting to feasts of roast pig and water buffalo at which it is almost obligatory to down quantities of rice wine. "A while back, one of our groups in the field was so loaded down with hospitality that the boys sent word begging to be relieved for a few days," Captain Shackleton told me.

An experiment similar to that undertaken with the Rhade, and one that got off to an early start and has been making excellent progress, is being directed from the regimental headquarters of Major Dam Van Quy, in the village of Tan Canh, some twenty miles north of Pleiku. Two years ago, Major Quy attended the Special Forces Training School, at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, where most American troops assigned to unconventional foreign duty such as that in Vietnam receive special indoctrination, so even before the arrival of an American adviser he was well

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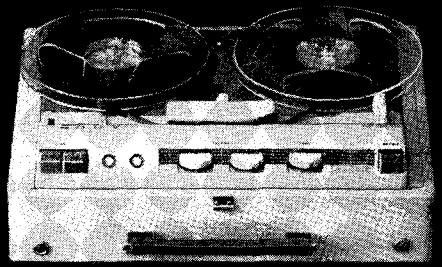

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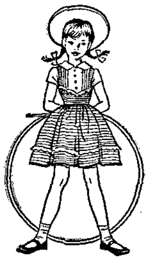
prepared to deal with the intertwining military and civil problems of the relocation program. Major Quy's particular concern is the Sedang, another of the three largest tribes of *montagnards*. By harassing the Viet Cong with round-the-clock patrols (while being themselves harassed with mines and spiked-bamboo booby traps), his troops have established a safe zone five miles deep for some distance along both sides of Route 14, an arterial highway through a valley between Pleiku and Kontum, where the French used to be constantly ambushed. In the valley, the Major has established fifty new villages, has resettled some twenty thousand Sedang, equipping them with six hundred old French and American rifles, and has brought in Vietnamese civic-action teams to educate them in the fundamentals of sanitation and to attend to their more pressing medical needs. I recently flew up to Tan Canh and called on the Major, who told me that the resettled Sedang had come down from the mountains willingly, first burning their former homes so the Viet Cong couldn't use them, and bringing with them their livestock and personal belongings. Accompanied by Major Quy, I visited one of the new villages, in which about four hundred Sedang had settled. A communal "happy house"—a dormitory for bachelors—occupied the center of the village, and round about were the houses of individual families. The whole place was enclosed by the customary spiked-bamboo fence, and beyond, in fields that had been given the villagers to cultivate, tribesmen were toiling under the protection of colleagues armed with rifles. As we walked through the village, we encountered still other tribesmen, clad in loincloths and carrying spears, who grinned at us and offered us rice wine.

A third resettlement attempt, among lowland peasants rather than *montagnards*, was less auspiciously launched. Late in March, in the province of Binh Duong, which is only thirty miles north of Saigon, an effort was made, under the supervision of Brigadier General Van Thanh Cao, one of President Diem's most trusted representatives in the field, to persuade some peasants whose village was surrounded by a large Viet Cong-controlled forest to abandon their homes and come and live in a new strategic village near the town of Ben Cat. The "civic-action" phase of this operation was slow in getting under way, and the "persuading" was left to an American-trained Vietnamese group that was moved into the region to distribute, with the help of aircraft, copies



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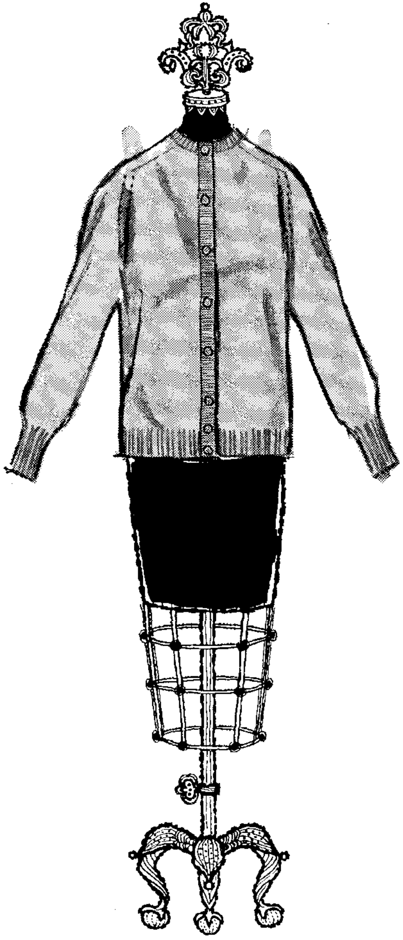
of a message to the farmers from General Cao. This read in part:

> No matter where you are, on the edge of the jungle, along a river, or in some faraway and isolated place, I hope that my heartfelt words will reach you and bring you hope and belief in a brighter future. Because you have lived a traditional way of life, you have attached yourself to the land to make a living. Your ancestral home, the old roads and lanes, all this is familiar to you. It is not easy for you to leave. You know you are in an area under the domination of the Communist bandits and must resign yourselves to their violent acts. One day they threaten you, another day they collect money and rice. At night they force you to beat drums, dig ditches and roads, destroy bridges. From time to time they force you to work for them as porters, carrying their supplies, serving as targets to receive bullets in their stead during ambushes or in attacks on military posts. Now the time has come to distinguish clearly between black and white. President Ngo Dinh Diem understands profoundly your sufferings. He has ordered me to find means to bring you back to places where you can have a prosperous and secure life. . . . Think hard about yourselves, your villages, your families. . . . Let us be courageous in looking for a new future.

The farmers were promised land adjoining the village, and also schools and hospitals and a grant of fifteen hundred piastres (twenty-one dollars) in cash to each family, which would be enough to build a new house and have a little left over, but somehow things got out of hand. In an unhappy reversal of the exemplary pattern set by Major Quy and his Sedang, eight hundred and sixty-six farmers and their families were forced out of their old homes (which the government burned) at the start of the growing season, which meant a cropless year ahead for them, and the village they were expected to resettle in had been so ill prepared that it looked like a refugee camp. The project has since been overhauled, however. Two additional villages have been set up, on an efficient basis, and thirty-five hundred families have left the forest of their own accord in order to move into them.

IN THE MOUNTAINOUS JUNGLES: Just below the Seventeenth Parallel, which separates the Republic of Vietnam from the Democratic Republic of Vietnam to the north, a deadly game of blindman's buff is being played on precipitous jungle slopes that combine the worst features of Korea's backbreaking ridges and Panama's rain forests. It is a region where merely to survive, let alone fight, would ordinarily be considered a full-time job, at least for anybody but a *montagnard*, and for a period after the start of the conflict the Viet Cong guerrillas appeared better able to



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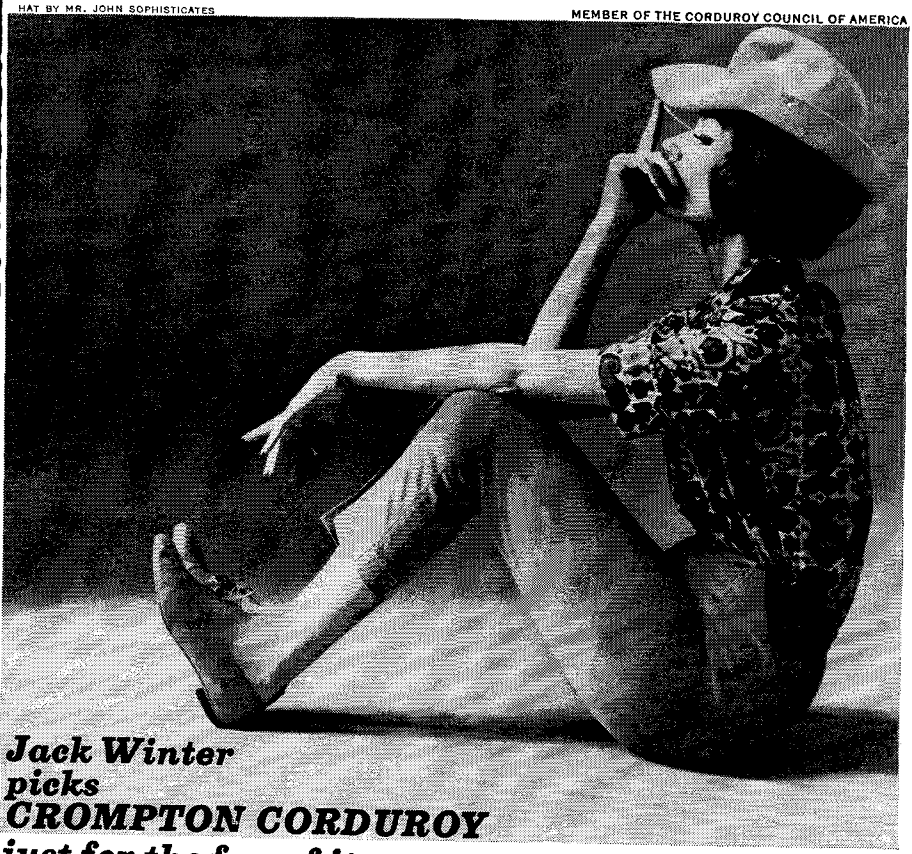

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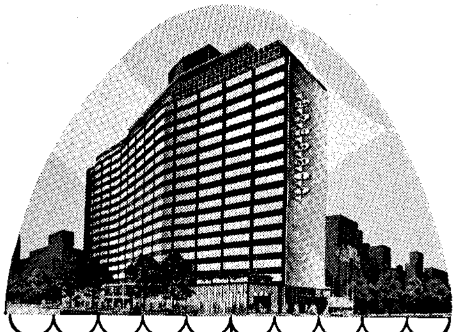

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adapt themselves to the conditions here than did the organized troops of the Diem government. In recent months, however, the picture has been changed somewhat by the arrival of American-operated helicopters and a few Vietnamese-operated bombers. Now troops of the I Corps, under Major General Tran Van Don, are moving against the Communist mountain redoubts while simultaneously curtailing the infiltration of reinforcements from the north. And General Don's forces have redoubts of their own—seventy-eight of them, dotted among peaks that rise to eight thousand feet and are interspersed with rushing streams.

One of these posts—Ben Giang, a regimental headquarters of the 2nd Division—is perched on a steep incline only twenty miles east of the Laotian border. It can be reached—in the dry season, anyway—by a narrow dirt road that follows the course of a twisting river, but this is not the recommended means of access, for the jungle that presses in on either side of the road is so dense that a man crouching in the foliage could drop a grenade into a passing car without ever being seen. A helicopter is much to be preferred, and that is how I, in the company of a small party of American advisers, visited Ben Giang, flying up there from the sleepy, run-down port town of Da Nang (the French used to call it Tourane), which is the base of the Vietnamese I Corps. The men occupying Ben Giang serve a two-year tour of duty—which may be broken up every six months by five days of leave from the lonely aerie—and subsist on a diet of fish and rice, supplemented from time to time by live chickens, ducks, and pigs that are parachuted to them in baskets from helicopters making chow runs over the outposts.

Less than a battalion of the regiment—or less than a thousand out of a normal complement of around three thousand—was on hand at Ben Giang when we arrived, the rest being engaged in patrol-and-ambush duty, day and night, in the all but perpendicular wilderness nearby. Four Viet Cong companies—each made up of around fifty men, half of them *montagnards* of the hostile Katu tribe—were known to be lurking in the neighborhood, and the previous night an enemy force of undetermined size had attacked five men in one of the regiment's advance-patrol units, killing one of them before they could alert headquarters by telephone to lay down a mortar barrage; the barrage, when it presently came, forced the Communists to retreat, with what tribesmen friendly to the Vietnamese

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reported were five dead. This, I was told, was typical of the action thereabouts. A regimental briefing officer said that the Viet Cong was building trenches and machine-gun emplacements all through the area, presumably for a rainy-season offensive, and told the American advisers that what was most needed was improved air reconnaissance to seek out these positions. He called our attention to a large white metal arrow, mounted on a wooden stanchion bearing gasoline torches to illuminate the arrow at night, that the headquarters men could swing about like a weather vane to show Vietnamese bomber pilots where the enemy was attacking. The regiment's American adviser, Major Richard Shaw, of Lawton, Oklahoma, who spends half his time at Ben Giang, told the visiting advisers that he needed more grenades and barbed wire, and they promised to send some. "After I've been out here for two weeks, Da Nang looks like New York City," he told me before I left.

Da Nang is the headquarters of the 93rd U. S. Army Helicopter Company, which flies more than a hundred missions a week, mainly on transport service to and from the mountain outposts. The 93rd began operating only in January, but then it lost no time; in one three-month period it carried more than three hundred thousand pounds of supplies and nearly twelve thousand troops, most of them casualties and replacements. Until this year, many Vietnamese soldiers who were wounded in the mountains died there of gangrene, because there was no way of getting them out quickly. The helicopters, as they move among the mountains, are frequently shot at by the Viet Cong. They are armed with thirty-calibre machine guns, which have some deterrent effect on the enemy; nevertheless, it is not unusual for a helicopter to return riddled with bullet holes, and in mid-July one was shot down near the Laotian border, with three Americans lost.

General Don is currently engaged in an operation designed to squeeze some of the guerrilla forces down into the coastal lowlands of the province of Quang Ngai, south of Da Nang, where they will be boxed in on three sides by the highlands, which form a natural pocket there, and on the fourth by the sea, and he can get at them with troops that will outnumber them. In parts of the highlands to the west, which the guerrillas have held for a year or more, there have sprung up many villages whose mud-and-bamboo houses are equipped with double walls, providing space between them for the Viet Cong

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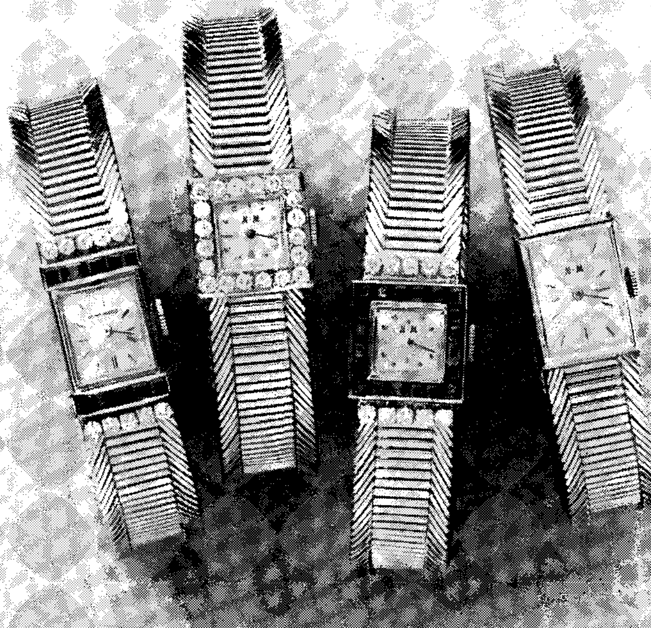

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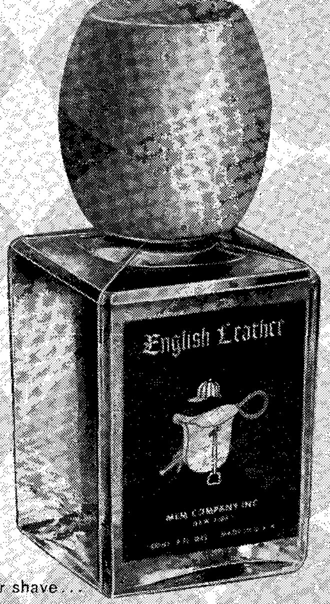

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to hide weapons and soldiers, and with tunnels extending as much as two hundred yards into the surrounding forest.

Notwithstanding the increased government opposition, the Viet Cong still dominates the tribesmen in the mountainous jungles, and has driven thousands whom it regards as untrustworthy farther back into the hills. American and British missionaries, who, despite the hazards, have been active through all the recent upheavals, say that many of the tribesmen they had trained as preachers have been murdered, some of them by being buried alive. "I've seen a hundred graves on a single hillside near a village of tribesmen who were against the Communists," Gordon Smith, the local head of the World-wide Evangelical Crusade, told me. "But on the whole, since the Viet Cong is stronger than the government around here, the tribal people tend to go along with it in order to save their skins. Besides, the government hasn't got around to dealing with the people on their own level, while the Viet Cong has, so the majority of the people close their eyes to the Viet Cong's violent practices and go on believing its promises. Most of those who don't have had to flee from the villages, and are believed to be hiding in the jungle. We've lost contact with them. The lowland Vietnamese don't know how to handle them. They have no anthropological perspective to guide them."

In a camp near Da Nang, some American and Vietnamese teams are endeavoring to hurdle the anthropological barrier, at least on the military level, by teaching volunteer Sedang and Katu tribesmen how to shoot and how to use walkie-talkie radios. Their progress is somewhat slow, owing to the fact that many of the tribesmen don't know how to read or use numbers, and must be given kindergarten lessons in adding up objects like houses and cows pictured on sheets of paper so that, when they return to the jungle, they can use their walkie-talkies to correctly report enemy strength. Some of the more advanced tribal units are taken out on night patrols, which occasionally turn out to be something more than dry runs—for example, the Viet Cong ambushed one on April 8th, killing two American sergeants and capturing two others.

Off the coast between Da Nang and the Seventeenth Parallel, the bulk of the Vietnamese Navy—some three dozen small patrol vessels and former American landing craft and landing ships—which is given some help from the United States Seventh Fleet, is on the alert to intercept Viet Cong junks on

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their way south with agents and supplies, and it repels several every week, though others undoubtedly sneak through the blockade. At present, the Navy hasn't enough strength to patrol the Vietnamese coast all the way down to the Gulf of Siam, and the Communists take advantage of this weakness by shipping reinforcements in ocean-going junks that put out from North Vietnam, sail east for four hundred miles to skirt the island of Hainan, then head south and southwest for a thousand miles or more to reach the delta country. The Saigon government is now building an auxiliary fleet of small motorized patrol boats to deal with this traffic.

In Da Nang, I talked with one of our more knowledgeable advisers, who has ranged Vietnam from the parallel to the delta. Yes, he told me, the balance was beginning to swing in the government's favor—from the strictly military point of view, that is. And, yes, a start had been made here and there on building up some kind of durable rapport between Saigon and the people who live on the land, but that was a delicate matter, and one that—owing to the widely divergent traditions, customs, and outlooks of the Vietnamese and ourselves—the Americans would probably not be able to do as much about as they had done about beefing up the Vietnamese armed forces; it was one thing for the Americans to give the Vietnamese government such things as helicopter support and pointers on electronic communications, and quite another to counsel it wisely on how to conduct its relations with its own people. The majority of the peasants and tribesmen, he said, were still pro-Viet Cong or on the fence, and no matter how many enemy bases the government captured, the Communists would keep working to maintain their influence over their present followers—in the delta, on the plateau, and in the mountains. So far, they had shown themselves to be remarkably successful at this, despite their record of coercion and murder. No, the government couldn't hope to police the whole nation; to win the trust and support of the millions that its survival would appear to depend on, it would have to treat them as citizens—politically, socially, and, above all, economically. How well it succeeded in doing this, and how speedily, might make all the difference in the days ahead.

—ROBERT SHAPLEN

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PAN

In England, when the radio announcer of the B.B.C. approaches an obituary notice, he adopts a special tone of voice. I speak of him as one person deliberately. In fact, the job is shared by several men, but they all talk alike, and they all, when about to refer to the dead, drop their voices several degrees in pitch and volume; the hearer can tell what is coming long before the announcer gets to the operative word. "Baron Smith of Smithstream," he intones, his voice sinking, "noted breeder of race horses, *died* last night at the age of seventy-six."

One evening some time ago, I was taken by surprise when I heard the funeral voice come on in the middle of a talk on Tristan da Cunha. I could not imagine what it was doing there, since Tristan da Cunha is uninhabited, at least at the moment. No doubt everyone knows that Tristan da Cunha, a very detached South Atlantic island governed by the British, had to be completely evacuated last year owing to a burst of volcanic activity. Everybody likes an island, and I suppose Tristan has been mentioned in the press of most countries, but Britain naturally pays it a good deal of attention. Hardly a week passes in which the dispossessed islanders are not referred to; we are kept up to date on those who have settled down in Britain and those who have not. The radio talk I was listening to was a digest of a report by members of the Royal Society who had just gone to Tristan to check on the volcano and general conditions there. Until the moment that he used The Voice, the announcer had been full of good cheer. The eruption had subsided and the islanders' houses were undamaged. Cattle and poultry were doing well, even without their owners. But—and here the pitch went down—the island's fifteen dogs had run wild since the evacuation, and had taken to killing newborn calves and chasing sheep off the cliffs. "Although regrettable," the announcer said hollowly, "it was considered necessary to kill the dogs." After the respectful pause that always follows The Voice, he turned to another topic, but he had made his mark on me; he had touched, as the saying goes, a chord. Muttering under my breath, I turned off the radio. The connection was tenuous, but it was there; I, too, had dogs on my mind.

Pet animals grow old, and in my family we had two that were much the worse for wear. The cat didn't matter; cats in the country have their habits and go their ways, whether young or aged, and now that she was old our cat made no more trouble than she ever did. It was Michael, the cocker spaniel, who was the headache. In English households like ours, dogs lead lives that swing with irregular rhythm between short periods of rapture, when the children are home from boarding school, and long eras of lonely, moping discontent. During the school term, they must depend for excitement on walks with the adults. Perhaps it is because British adults feel guilty about this state of affairs that they cosset their dogs to a remarkable degree. Whatever the reason, it is not only socially acceptable but almost mandatory to make a fuss over one's dog, fondle it in public, even talk baby talk to it, though to treat a child in such a way simply would not do.

We do not behave like that with Michael, however. We know him too well. We know how the slightest sign in his direction—even a simple acknowledgment of his presence—is enough to bring him dribbling and drooling ecstatically, determined to climb all over the person who has encouraged him. Cockers, when young, are already excessively affectionate, and in Michael the characteristic has increased with his years. For a cocker, he is very old. My husband and I gave him to our daughter Carola when she was seven years old to keep her from being jealous of her newborn sister, Amanda, and now Amanda is thirteen, and so is Michael.

The stratagem worked, but perhaps we shouldn't have employed it. Carola did not resent Amanda, but all her life Amanda has been jealous of Carola, because of Michael. As soon as she could muster enough words, she was asking, "Why can't I have a dog of my own?" And for years Charles always replied, "Because we have Michael, and we can't have two dogs."

Carola and Michael went on fussing over each other through all the holidays. Carola would return to school and Michael to moping. Carola would come home and Michael would fall into her arms. When I got tired of Amanda's asking for a dog of her own, I bought her a budgerigar. She liked it, but she said it wasn't the same thing.

"It can't be helped—we can't have two dogs," said her father. "One is bad enough."

At such moments, I would often reflect, with a trace of pride, that Charles was unusual. Not only was he bored with dogs, he wasn't afraid to say so; on that score, public opinion held no terrors for him. Since he was forced to keep a dog, well and good; he would keep it, but on his own terms. Michael had to remain within the boundaries Charles drew. Michael was never permitted to go upstairs, and had to leave the room at mealtimes. Charles would not pretend to emotions he didn't feel, even for Carola's sake, and he never made affectionate noises at Michael. On the contrary, he called Michael scornful names like the Flying Hearthrug, or Birdbrain. However, Charles scrupulously walked Michael when Carola was away, making it clear that he did so merely to keep down the spaniel's weight. Fat dogs, dogs out of condition, irritated Charles, but Amanda did not, and as the years went on and she continued to press for her own status symbol, his refusals became less mechanical. He still refused, but not so quickly.

"Why can't you just play with Michael?" I heard him ask once. "You seem to get along with him all right."

"He's Carola's dog. It's not the same."

Then Carola married. "Carola's gone away," said Amanda, "and I still haven't got a dog of my own. Why can't I have one?"

Her father said, "When Michael dies, we'll talk about it. It won't be long now."

Amanda took a critical look at Michael. Michael immediately waddled over and tried to smother her.

"He looks awfully healthy," she said.

THE following year is marked in my memory's calendar as the one through which we waited for Michael to die, though of course we did other things as well. He got bigger and woollier and, if possible, more loving. If I had on a fresh dress, I screamed when I saw him coming. Not that screams stopped him. Nothing stopped him. Grim and determined, watching his chance, he would deposit a heavy, muddy paw on my lap, and when he wanted to drool, he did. Also, he had retained certain

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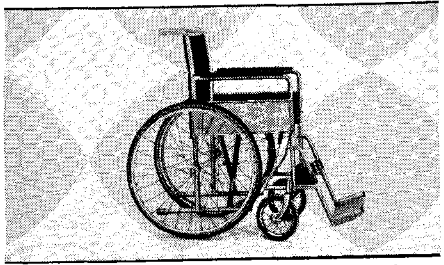

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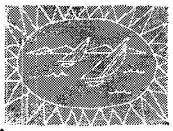
puppyish tricks that became less and less endearing. As if at a signal, and without warning, he would suddenly bolt away from our grounds, across the road, over the common, and out of sight. No commands stopped him. He most often did it at the busiest time of day, when the road was full of traffic. Admittedly, he had become so deaf he couldn't hear us calling to him to stop, but I never believed it would have made any difference if he could. When Michael felt like going, he went. Occasionally, when I was out for a walk on my own, I would meet Michael, far from home, *trotting along, wrapped in thought.* I could tell he recognized me from the way his tail stirred and one eyebrow cocked, but he always pretended he didn't. Swerving to give me a wide berth, he would trot on. He sometimes bolted at night, when he was taken out for the last time. You had to put him on a leash or he would scoot off in the dark, coming home at two or three in the morning to howl at the door until he was let in. More and more, he loved everybody. People who called him "Poor old boy" and patted him were sorry.

At breakfast one morning, Amanda said, in tones of desperation, "It's a swizz. Michael is never going to die."

"I am inclined to agree with you," said Charles.

A decision was made at that moment. Michael or no Michael, Amanda could have a dog for Christmas. While she was away at school, Charles took it on himself to pick it out. Had it been left to me, I would no doubt have gone to London and bought a dog at some pet shop there, but Charles has firm ideas about shopping. He has always lived in the country, and people who live in the country abide by certain rules, few but clear-cut. One always closes gates, one avoids trouble with the neighbors, and one deals with local merchants, buying everything possible in the nearby town. During his walks abroad, he had observed a cottage with a sign that advertised dogs for sale, and now he went to buy Amanda's dog there. The question of breed did not interest him. It seemed fitting that he should purchase an animal from the owner, Mrs. Simpson, for two reasons: first, because she was local, and, second, because a dog born in the vicinity would be used to our air and water.

Charles learned that Mrs. Simpson dealt in two breeds, rather oddly disparate: basset hounds and miniature pinschers. He looked at a sample of each, and immediately decided against bassets



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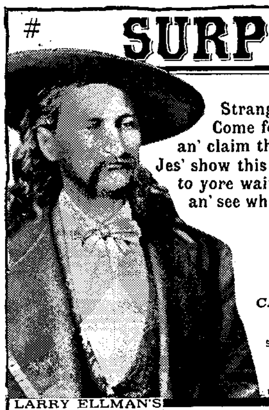

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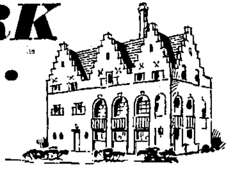

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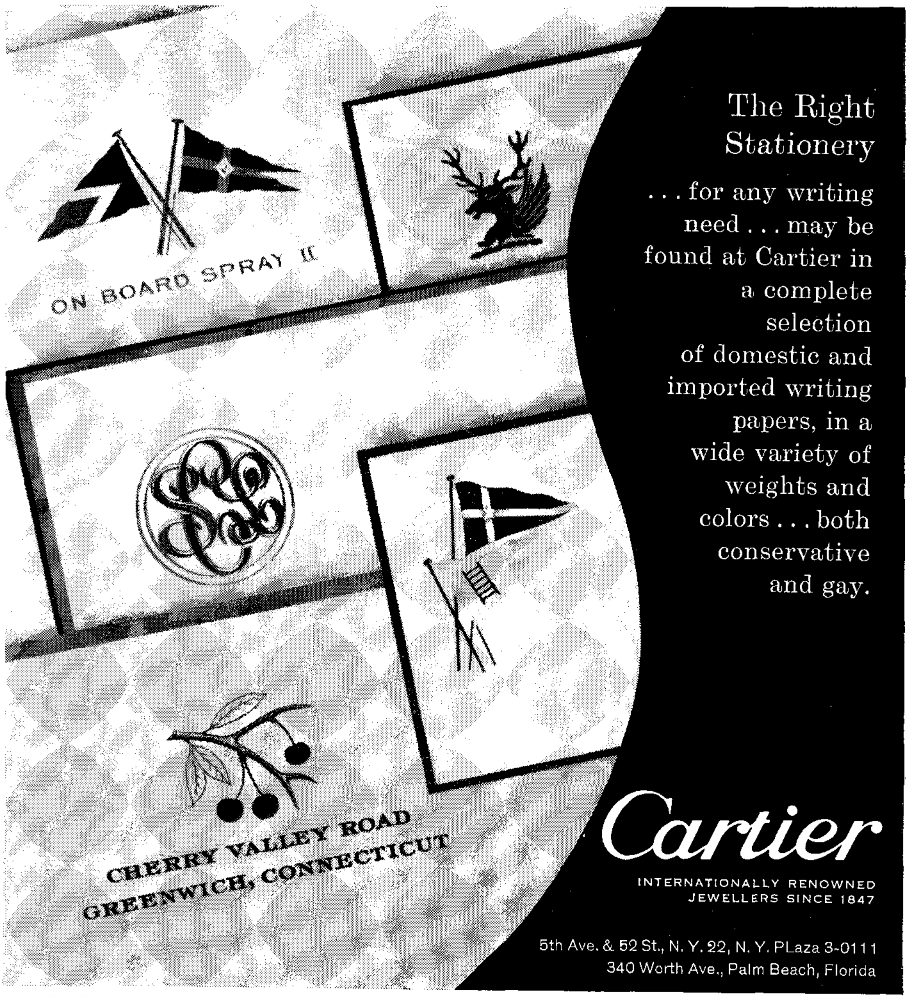
as being too big; we already had one dog, and there was room, he felt, for only a small addition. He rather favored the miniature pinschers; he had seldom seen smaller dogs. One of the pinschers had recently given birth, and Mrs. Simpson brought out a basketful of the infants and showed them to Charles. She also told him the price, and when he staggered back, she explained quickly that for one particular puppy she would be willing to bring it down ten guineas. "She's this little girl here," she said. "I have a feeling she's going to be too big to show, so if you're not thinking of showing, she'd be a bargain."

Cautiously, Charles asked how big she was likely to grow, and learned that she might stand over the accepted height of eleven inches. Even eleven and a half inches did not seem excessive, and the proposed saving was attractive, so he told Mrs. Simpson he would buy the puppy. When Christmas came, we all three went to the cottage and took possession of Pan, whose name was a contraction of her kennel label, Pannier.

IN preparation for Pan's advent, I had read a lot about small dogs. All the books said that they are lionhearted, that the smaller they are the braver they are, that they will defy any threat. Yet, trembling in Amanda's lap, Pan didn't look at all lionhearted. She looked more like a frightened eohippus—the first prehistoric horse, a creature about twelve inches high—than anything else. Her coat, black with tan trimmings, was short-haired and glossy like a horse's, and, once we were home and she could move around, it became evident that she behaved in an equine manner as well. She trotted, galloped, or did a neat single-foot, and when she was alarmed—which at first was practically all the time—she laid her ears back. Subconsciously, one missed the mane and flowing tail. When she got more accustomed to us, she took to whinnying. In time, she behaved less like a wild mustang, but Pan was never a cuddly puppy. Holding her in one's lap was just about as uncomfortable and bony a business as holding a miniature foal would have been; she always watched her chance to escape, leaping off to the floor with a steeplechaser's action.

All the time that Amanda and I were trying to get acquainted with Pan, something was happening to Charles, but we didn't know it. I thought he was reluctantly dutiful about overseeing the dog's meals and taking her out on the special leash—extra-light—that we



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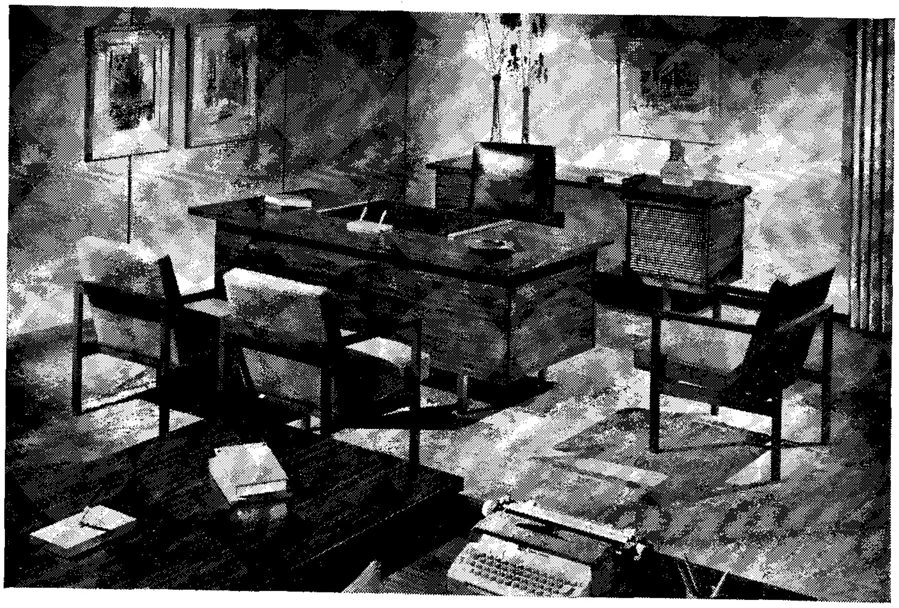

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found we had to get, because ordinary ones weighed her down. I thought it very nice and generous of him to take her out so much, considering how odd a full-grown man looked with a thing like Pan at the other end of a leash, and I reflected that it was extraordinary what lengths he would go to for Amanda's sake. I only hoped it wouldn't be too much for him. Aware of his detached feelings about pets, I feared that he might blow up one day and insist that Pan go back to Mrs. Simpson. He had got Mrs. Simpson's promise that if the little thing wasn't satisfactory she could be returned. It never occurred to me that the emergency, when it arose, would be in another quarter.

One day late in the Christmas holiday, Amanda, alone with me in London for a bit of school shopping, spoke her mind about Pan. We had just paid our customary visit to the so-called Zoo at Harrods. The Zoo is the management's whimsical name for their pet department, and I must admit that it is almost justified. Not only do they stock macaws and dozens of bright-colored small birds that arrange themselves artistically on roosts in a big center cage, but they often have recherché animals such as mongooses or marmosets. I have known Harrods to exhibit, for sale, a pair of Himalayan honey bears. Of course, they also sell ordinary animals for unenterprising customers—hamsters, cats, and dogs—and Amanda irritated me that day by ignoring a newly arrived loris in order to crouch over a small cage that contained a basset puppy.

As we left, she sighed and said, "Oh, I wish I could have him!"

"You have Pan," I reminded her.

"Yes, but I don't like Pan," she said.

I gasped. Never had I known of a child's failing to fall in love with her own dog. However, I managed to say, "We won't do anything yet. Think it over."

Amanda did not reply. I hoped that the remark had been only an aberration brought on by seeing the basset, and next day, at home, watching Amanda running around the garden with Pan, I was sure of it. Certainly Pan was improving. She didn't hide under furniture, as she had at first, and she had become charmingly playful, though sudden noises still upset her and she trembled a good deal. Therefore, I was not prepared for what happened when I walked into Charles' study that evening, interrupting a quiet-voiced conversation between him and Amanda. Both looked tense, but it was Charles who turned to me, appealing for help.

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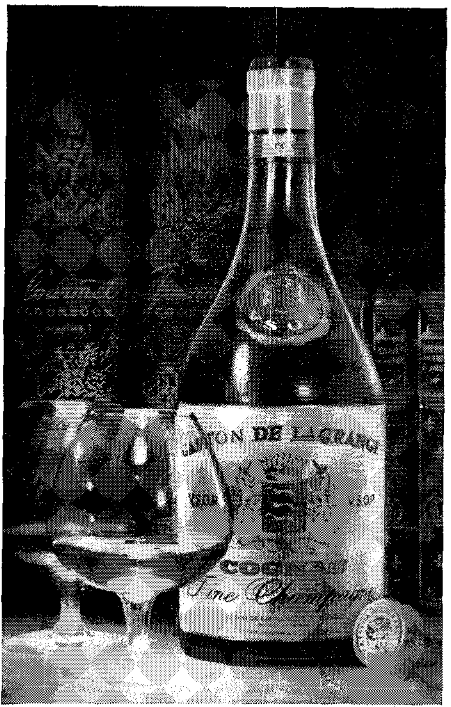

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His voice was tragic: "She doesn't like Pan."

Though the statement was not news to me, I blinked. Something else was startling. I had to take another look before I would believe it, but I had not been wrong; there were tears in my husband's eyes. Bizarre though the fact might be, there it was. Charles had fallen for a dog.

"She told me yesterday," I said.

Charles and I turned our gazes reproachfully on Amanda, who stared back in defiance. Again I said, "Let's not do anything just yet." I paused, playing for time, then said, "I suppose it's a basset you want, is it?"

Amanda nodded, and I went on. "That's convenient, really, since Mrs. Simpson could probably swap us a basset for Pan, and there'd be no argument about money back or anything. In the meantime—"

"She hadn't any basset pups when we got Pan at Christmas," said Charles. "There may be some now." He looked dull and wretched, a man nerving himself for sacrifice.

"Then, of course, we must wait," I said brightly. "We'll wait until she gets some pups, and look after Pan in the meantime. That will do, won't it, Amanda?"

"Oh, yes," said Amanda happily, and went out of the room.

Charles said, "The drawback is that bassets cost more than Pan's sort, and God knows that was plenty."

"I'm so sorry. I know you like her—" I began, but he interrupted brusquely.

"Nonsense, you know I don't care for dogs," he said. "Of course she'll have to go, since you're both so set against her."

"I? Why, I *like* Pan," I protested. Then I broke off, overwhelmed with unreality.

A WEEK later—the day I heard The Voice announce the end of the dogs on Tristan—Charles came in with Pan from a long walk in the muddy countryside. Pulling off his boots, he announced, "Well, I've been to see Mrs. Simpson. A basset litter is coming along shortly, and she says we can have one in exchange for Pan and some extra money."

He addressed his remarks chiefly to Amanda's bowed head, but she was busy wiping the dog's wet coat and feet with a towel, and did not reply. Pan made the task difficult by twisting around to lick her hands.

I said, in my turn, to the top of

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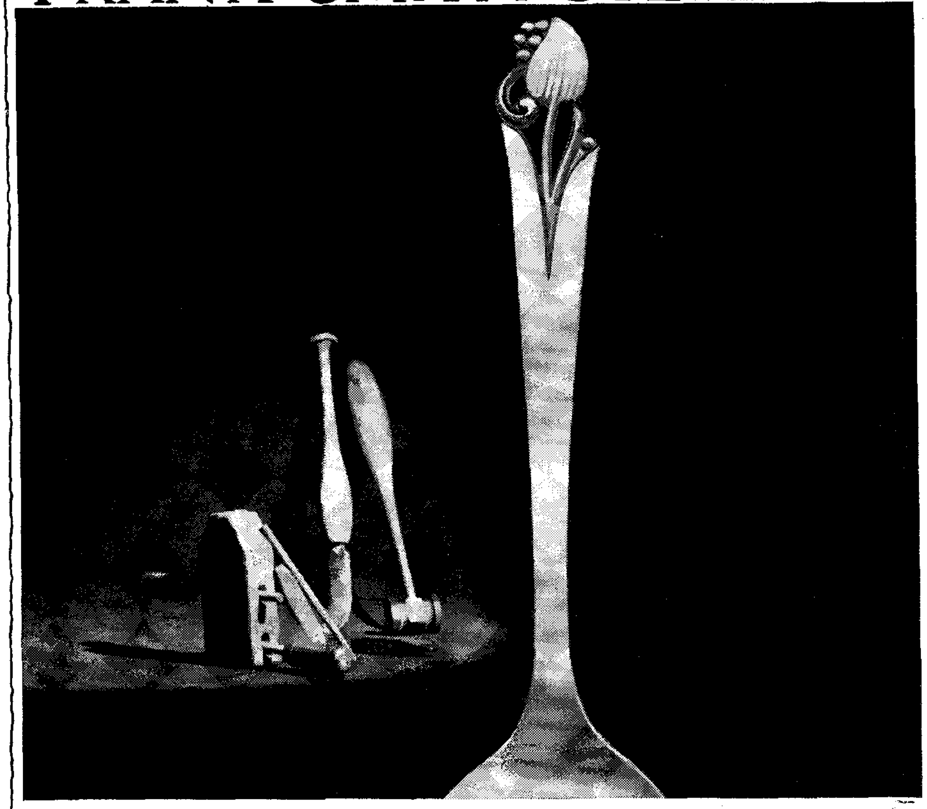

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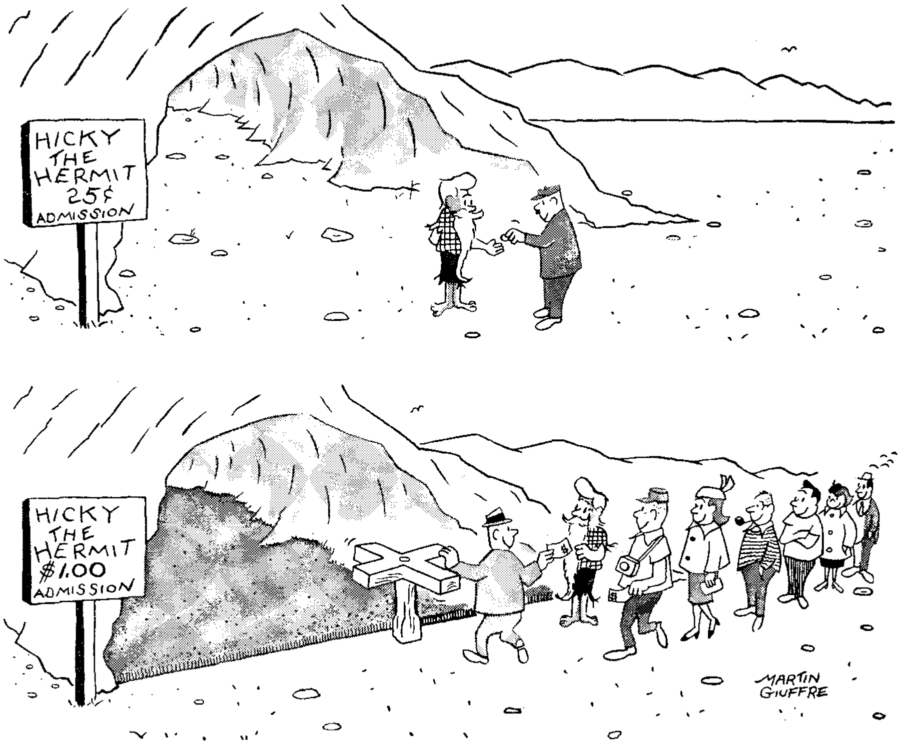
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Joe Williams
Herbie Mann
PL 2-4444

Amanda's head, "We wouldn't be able to take it away for at least six weeks after it's born, you know. That means—"

She raised a distressed face, ignoring me. "Oh, Daddy, *must* I give Pan back?" she asked.

So everything had arranged itself. We settled into our old ways. Not quite the old ways, however. Amanda went back to school, and Charles and Pan were very happy. They still are. The last thing every night, Charles walks Pan and Michael around the driveway circle, taking them in turn. The other night, he came up to our room, after I had gone to bed, in an extraordinary passion. He said that Michael had slipped from his hands before he could get the leash on the collar, and had scooted down the driveway, out of sight. It is always irritating when the dog does this, but Charles had never before taken the irritation so personally. "That damned dog does it every time!" he said. "I hate him! I've always hated him!"

I said, "Then have him put away."

He was shocked. He knew I didn't mean it, but he was shocked, though a few months before the suggestion would have seemed reasonable to him. I told myself it was just the other side of the medal. Where love is, there is hate also.

—EMILY HAHN

•

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Richard Basehart, Lois Nettleton star in "The Light That Failed," Kiplinger's love story of young artist and orphan girl.
—*TV program listing, Peoria Journal Star.*

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By and large, those Indians knew what they were doing.

•

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[*Metuchen (N.J.) Recorder*]

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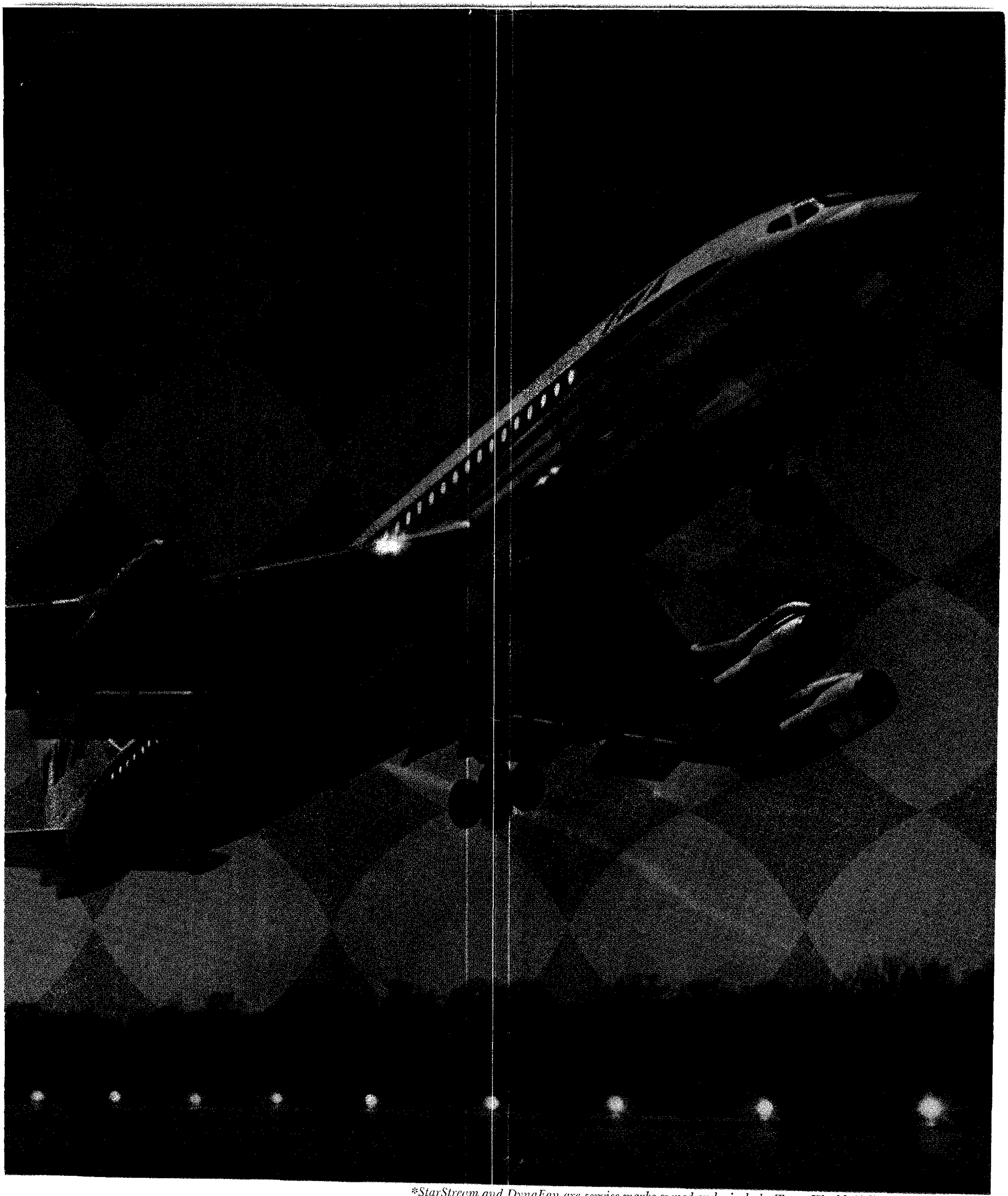

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THE RACE TRACK

The Springs Eternal

THEY were off and running at Saratoga Springs last week, and it was generally agreed among horsemen that this would be a tiptop meeting. All the barns at the main track and at nearby Oklahoma and Horse Haven were full of racers from the better stables, and attendance on opening day was higher than it was a year ago. So why not? Saratoga is the oldest of American racecourses—it will have its centennial next year—and hasn't changed much in decades. It's true that you can't ride out to the lake any more in a horse-drawn yellow rig, and there's no longer an Arrowhead Inn, and I doubt if you can find the spot where the Brook Club was, but you can drink water from the Red Spring, which trainers say is good for man or beast, and if you're up for the month you can watch the workouts every morning while you're having breakfast on the clubhouse veranda. Nearly everyone was pleased when the Greentree Stable's Catullus won the Flash Stakes, the immemorial opening-day fixture. For one thing, he was the favorite in the betting, and, for another, Greentree has won all too few races this season. Catullus won the Juvenile Stakes in the spring, and may be a nice colt, but he had to go all out to beat You Rascal You by a nose. We'll know more about him if he runs for the Saratoga Special on the thirteenth and the Hopeful on the twenty-fifth, get-away day.

PICKING up a few loose ends, I should mention that George D. Widener's Seven Thirty won the Delaware Handicap by a head from Cicada a fortnight ago. The race, which wound up the season at Delaware Park, had a gross value of $141,875 and was the richest anywhere for fillies and mares, and although Cicada didn't win it, she was the heroine of the day. It was the design of Jim Conway, who trains Primonetta and Bramalea, for Primonetta, who's as fast as can be, to set the pace as far as she could; then for Bramalea, who is better over a distance of ground, to come on at the end. Primonetta did her part, and Cicada went right with her, lengths ahead of the seven other runners, but when Primonetta tired and Cicada took command, it was Seven Thirty, who'd been moving up steadily, who caught Cicada at the turn into the stretch, and from there to the winning post there was little to choose between them. Bramalea came in third, seven lengths behind. After Cicada had been beaten by Bramalea in the Coaching Club Oaks and later finished third to North South Gal and Bramalea in the Delaware Oaks, it was thought that her long, hard campaign had done her in, but in the Delaware she had all the vigor and vim she's ever had. No doubt she'll be the favorite at the Spa this weekend for the Alabama Stakes, in which she'll meet Bramalea again.

Affectionately, as was expected, made the eight other two-year-old fillies she met in the Sorority Stakes at Monmouth Park week before last look like hacks. Far out in front throughout the six furlongs, she won by five lengths in the tidy time of 1:10. It was her eighth victory in nine starts. After the Spinaway at Saratoga on the twenty-second, it should be nine out of ten.

THE other morning, I dropped in at Roosevelt Raceway, along with a crowd of close to a thousand, made up of aficionados and the merely curious, to see the elimination trials for the Roosevelt Futurity, the result of which will be on the record before you read this. It really was a lot of fun, and reminded me of nothing so much as Goshen years ago when I'd drive down from Saratoga for the Hambletonian. Though the trials were on the training track, everything was as shipshape as for a regular meeting: the stewards and placing judges were in a temporary stand and the patrol judges were at their stations, there was a starting gate, a photo-finish camera, a timer, and an announcer, and the management put up $21,000 in purses. The only difference was that there was no betting and that you didn't need a ticket to get in. So many two-year-old pacers were eligible for this Futurity that the trials were run off in three divisions, only the first three horses in each to qualify for the race. The best performance was by Diamond Sam, who did the mile in 2:05 2/5 and beat Hondo Hanover, James B. Hanover, Max Hanover, Go Hanover, Pacific Hanover, and two others whose names escaped me. Trotting-horse nomenclature has always been a little bewildering to me.

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LETTER FROM GENEVA

JULY 28

IN spite of the prospect of new Russian nuclear tests next month, a feeling exists among the diplomats attending the conference of the seventeen-nation Committee on Disarmament, at the Palais des Nations here, that all is not yet necessarily lost. This feeling, one gathers, is based not so much on any specific progress at the negotiating table as on the fact that the test-ban talks, which have been dragging on for four years, are now in a state of ferment—that is to say, alive. Ideas are in the air, I was told by a diplomat who has attended the talks from their inception. Last summer, the negotiators were snarling or yawning, but that has changed since testing started again. The negotiators are not as worried as they were about being tricked, and, it seems to me, they are less frustrated and more treaty-minded. The sense of hope—faint and tentative, to be sure—that I found in many of the negotiators is shared even by the weary representatives of the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union—the three nuclear powers that, from July, 1958, until last March, had been seeking to arrive at an agreement that would prevent any and all of them from perfecting their expensive radioactive armaments. Since March, these governments have been deliberating as a subcommittee of the seventeen-nation group, continuing their search for a test-ban treaty, while the committee as a whole devotes its attention to full-scale disarmament. This, of course, does not make the negotiations of the three any less important. On the contrary, it is argued here that the present arrangement has the effect of emphasizing the subcommittee's work; in the context of the full committee's examination of the possibilities of disarmament—of doing away with the tools of war, of dismantling military establishments—the relatively minor goal of halting tests emerges more clearly than ever as the first step in slowing up the arms race. "Whenever I talk to people about disarmament, it's always the test-ban treaty they bring me around to," I was told by Joseph B. Godber, Great Britain's Minister of State and chief negotiator here. "It's something they can understand. It has to do with the here and now, and they want an end to this fouling of the air they breathe."

Most of the diplomats I have encountered in Geneva verge toward optimism, but none of them foresee smooth sailing for the sessions ahead. The anticipated Russian blasts are no help, of course, although the diplomats do not appear to be unduly ruffled by them. The series was too widely expected for that. "It's coming a shade earlier than I figured," one Western delegate told me, sounding slightly like a player in a ship's pool. "I had it down for September. They run off their high-yield shots in the Arctic, you see, and I thought they'd wait until the end of the short summer shipping season up there. Now I'm willing to bet they won't keep shooting past early November, when the polar night becomes complete."

Beyond the depressing prospect of the Arctic shots—or of additional American shots in the Pacific—lies the test-ban conference's oldest and most persistent difficulty: the distrust, justified or not, that follows every move made by the Soviet Union on the one side and by the United States and Great Britain on the other. This is probably most strongly exemplified by the question of whether a test-ban treaty would give an international commission of scientists the right to inspect the territory of a country in which a suspicious seismic event had been detected, and to identify the occurrence as either a clandestine test or an earthquake. On-site inspections are crucial to any treaty, Ambassador Arthur H. Dean, the chief American negotiator here, told me, for there is a difference between detection and identification. Detection is simply registering an event; identification is nailing down and analyzing exactly what happened. As for the Russian chief delegate, Deputy Foreign Minister Valerian A. Zorin, he was no less certain of his country's position when I spoke with him in the small, musty living room of his villa, cluttered with old-fashioned, comfortable furniture and dominated by a large bust of Lenin. An interpreter was with us—a bespectacled, earnest young man of perhaps thirty whose English Zorin occasionally corrected. The Deputy Foreign Minister, who vaguely resembles the late William Randolph Hearst, told me that the Soviet Union was not prepared to grant in principle the right of inspection to any international commission of scientists. However, he added, his government has no objection to the gathering of data by national detection systems. Detection devices don't need passports, he remarked. He wanted me to understand that Russian scientists, like their American colleagues, were constantly improving the sensitivity of their detection apparatus. "We detected all the underground tests made in New Mexico and Nevada," he said. "So did the French and the Swedes." I asked why his government opposed investigations by an international commission, and he said, not quite answering the question, "We are convinced that the United States is insisting on such types of control for one of two motives—either to commit espionage or to

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avoid a treaty." When I inquired whether Soviet citizens knew about the effects of fallout, he said that they did. Public opinion in his country, he assured me, was alert to the dangers of nuclear war. Even before the recent World Congress for General Disarmament and Peace in early July in Moscow, he said, meetings against tests had been held in factories and on collective farms, and conferences of "defenders of peace" had been held in every Soviet republic. I asked why the Soviet Union made no announcement of its tests to its own people, and Zorin thought for a moment. "We do not indulge in commotions," he finally said. "The United States describes its tests in order to prepare Americans for more tests. But we are different. We do not wish to make our people nervous."

NATURALLY, the feeling of hope that I have found here is expressed in guarded terms and tones. But it *is* expressed, and apparently for two reasons. One is the improvement of detection devices, which Ambassador Dean touched on in talking with me. Some people here entertain visions of a day when a purely technological keeping of the peace will be possible. The greater the reliability of detection devices in distinguishing tests from earthquakes, they reason, the more academic becomes the question of territorial inspection. They expect that, thanks in large part to the research efforts of the Department of Defense, the United States will soon modify its demands for inspection rights. The other source of hope is people, not machines. Specifically, it is the influence that is being exerted on the subcommittee by the eight non-aligned countries who are members of the seventeen-nation disarmament group—Brazil, Burma, Ethiopia, India, Mexico, Nigeria, Sweden, and the United Arab Republic. The Eight, as they are sometimes called here, have their differences, political and otherwise, but they do seem to have got together on the proposition that nuclear weapons must not be tested. The interest that the Eight have taken in the subcommittee's work means that the United States, England, and Russia, mired in their moves and countermoves since 1958, at last have a referee. The development is one for which Eastern and Western delegates are thankful. Indeed, there is an almost fable-like quality in the power of the Eight's powerlessness—in the dependence of lions on mice. "You keep sounding off on the same topic for four years, as we have,

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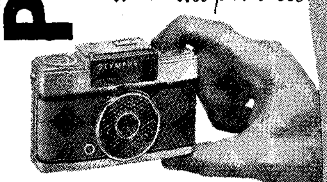

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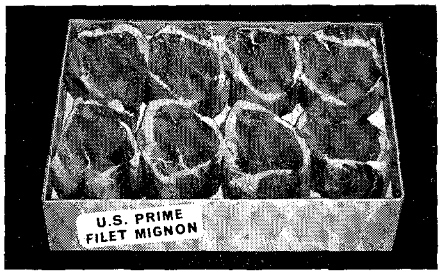

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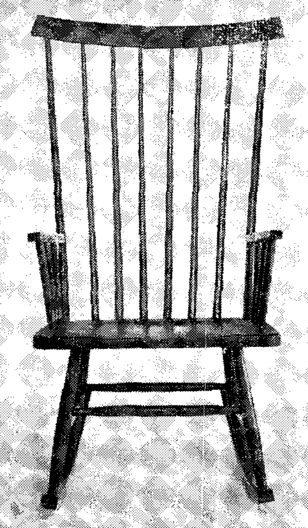

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and you need to be reminded why you're here," a junior American official told me. "That's what these non-aligned countries are doing for us. It's as though the public had its lobby looking over our shoulders. And let's not be complicated about it—it's public opinion that has kept our talks going this long. The fear of testing is the same everywhere, you know, whether it's the knowledgeable fear of a Foreign Minister or the instinctive fear of a mother with a baby carriage picketing the U.N. building." And James Barrington, the permanent secretary of Burma's Foreign Office, said to me, "It's no accident, in my opinion, that the great powers are letting us speak up. They could use all kinds of pressures on us, I suppose, but they haven't used them, for which they deserve credit. The testers are aware that they need a bridge between their positions. They know that the situation is getting out of control. Their discoveries are beginning to frighten them. Why, only recently the British Minister of State informed us that a certain cylindrical weapon five feet long and two feet in diameter could destroy a major city. We eight countries have learned, among other things, what poor business practice the arms race is. The immense investments required are out of all proportion to the efficiency that can be got out of a new weapon. Our group knows that both East and West realize this, but each isn't sure that the other does."

The influence of the Eight asserts itself in both vague and concrete ways. "They give us perspective," one delegate on the subcommittee remarked to me. "We can see more clearly now how far we've come without getting anywhere." The tension at subcommittee sessions has been somewhat lessened, because the Eight—at least so far—have had little hesitation in declaring that neither emperor is wearing clothes. Scanning the record of the proceedings, one finds that time and again they have taxed both sides with hypocrisy. They have raised uncomfortable questions,

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too—broad, simple questions that tend to get lost in the parrying and thrusting at the Palais. Why, a Western diplomat was informally asked a week or so ago, is the United States so perfectionistic about the detection of small underground explosions when their military significance cannot compare to that of the big atmospheric blasts? On another occasion, a neutral official, dining with a Soviet diplomat, took up Russia's recalcitrance on the matter of inspection. As long as Russia bars inspectors, the official pointed out, the United States and Britain will be provided with a ready pretext for conducting tests; no matter how innocent you Russians may be, he told the Soviet man, all that the two others need do is accuse you of secret tests.

At the moment, a joint memorandum got up by the Eight on April 16th seems to be the driving force behind the talks; scarcely a subcommittee session goes by without its being mentioned. The document, which is less than two pages long, describes itself as "an earnest appeal to the nuclear powers to persist in their efforts to come as soon as possible to an agreement prohibiting nuclear-weapon testing for all time." It was written not long after the Eight read a recent report summarizing the negotiating achievements of the three nuclear powers. ("The report was appalling," Barrington told me.) The Eight's memorandum suggests a course somewhere between the Western insistence on permanent, on-the-spot inspection teams and the Soviet Union's rejection of such teams. It proposes the establishment of an international commission of scientists, possibly drawn from non-aligned nations, who would have access to all data collected by independent national detection systems; if such data indicated a suspicious seismic upheaval, the commission would be "invited" to make an inspection of the disturbed area. Nobody here considers the memorandum a polished treaty, and there are those who criticize its language as loose and self-contradictory, but this does not appear to bother the non-aligned diplomats. "Of course our memorandum is vague," I was told by Sweden's chief delegate, Mrs. Gunnar Myrdal, whose husband is the author of the noted study of the American Negro. "It's deliberately so. We don't feel that we have the right to decide details for the great powers. If we let ourselves argue with them over details, we will forfeit the purpose of our memorandum, and perhaps even of our political

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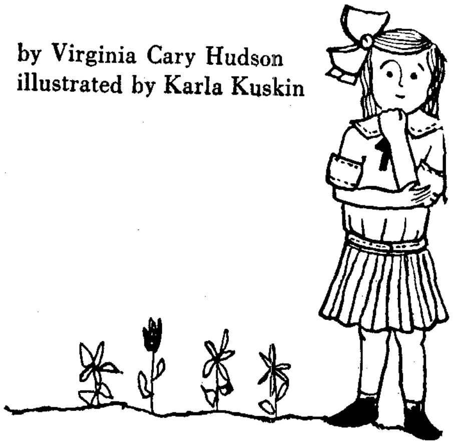

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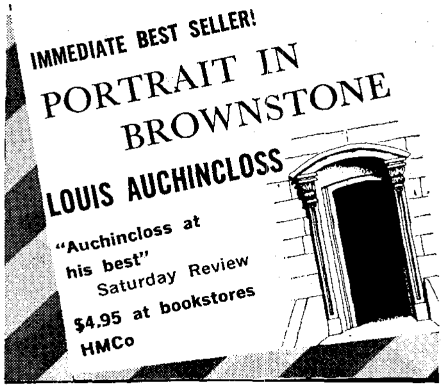

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dinner

mission, which is to help two extremes approach the center."

There is another proposal inspired by a neutral that has aroused serious discussion here. This is the idea of setting a date on which both sides, having had time for more tests, would call it quits. Despite all the interest that the idea has stirred up, the man responsible for it views it with mixed feelings, as I discovered in a talk with him. He is Dr. Luis Padilla-Nervo, the Mexican Ambassador to the United Nations and the president of the U.N.'s Disarmament Committee, a short, black-haired man in his middle years who studied law at an American university. The cutoff date he is pushing for would be sometime in 1963. "The sooner the better," he told me, nodding emphatically. "Perhaps my idea can bring an end to this disgraceful business, but it is sad, is it not, that one must offer a thought such as mine. It is a recognition of the fear and suspicion that must be satisfied, of the mirage of a lasting military advantage with which the great powers deceive themselves. So now it is the Russians who are about to test, and Kennedy is surely under pressure from his military men and scientists to do the same. 'A fifty-megaton bomb the size of a football must be found,' the military men say. And the scientists say that the tests harm us no more than our wristwatches or our chest X-rays, but do they really know what they are doing to us and to our great-great-grandchildren? I do not like the fact that the idea I have presented here in Geneva permits the spread of more such harm, no matter how limited. But it is an endless process that seems to be going on. Each side accuses the other of being the first to test, but we no longer want to know who was the first. We want to know who will be the last."

—DANIEL LANG

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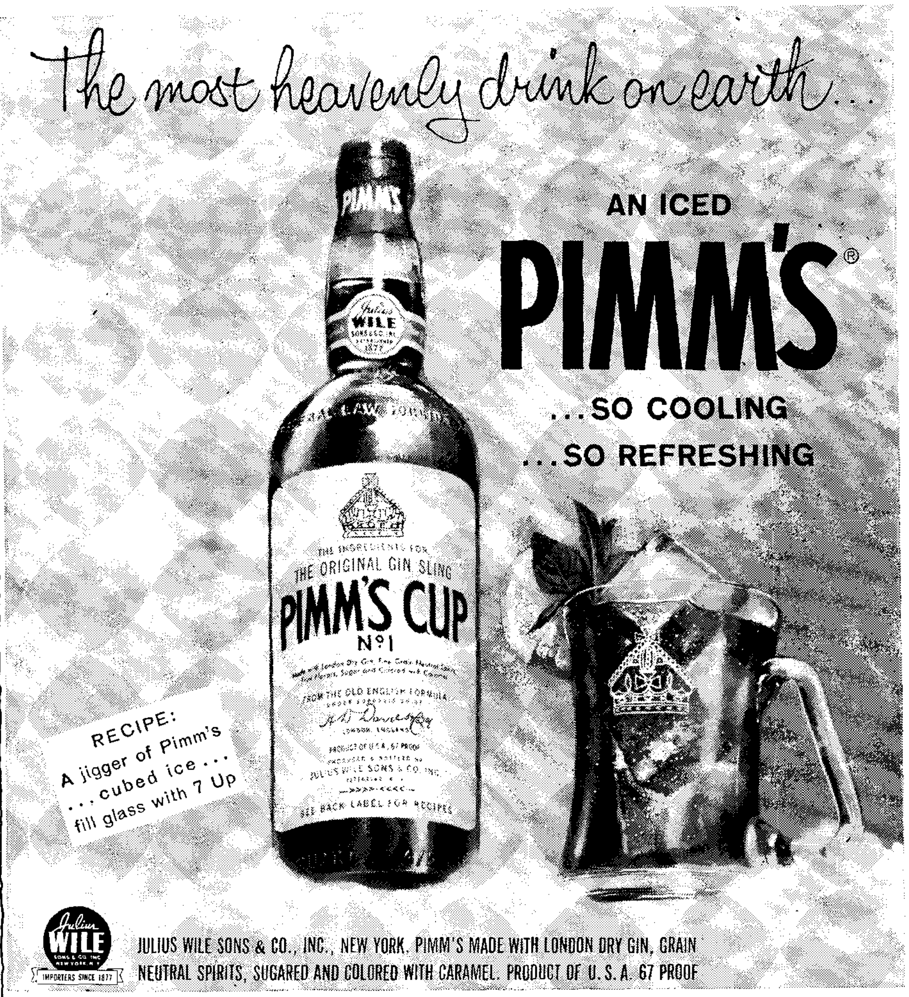
MOSES CUSSED ME

(ASSUMING THAT COMMISSIONER BARNES HAS BEEN READING LEIGH HUNT, AND WITH THE USUAL APOLOGIES TO THE ORIGINAL AUTHOR)

Moses cussed me when we met,
  Speaking from the chair he sat in;
Working press, who love to get
  Spice in your daily stint, put that in!
Say I'm venal, say I'm bad,
  Say my nearest friends distrust me,
Say I'm growing dull, but add
  Moses cussed me!

—HOWARD CUSHMAN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If you love children, your heart will go out to Tommy Littleraven, a 9-year-old American Indian boy who is attending school off the reservation for the first time. Going to school in town frightens Tommy. He is afraid that his non-Indian schoolmates are laughing at his tattered clothing, at his faulty English.

He yearns to join the school club, buy personal books, clothing, go out for a soda with the other boys. But his parents are too poor to give him pocket money. And so Tommy wanders off by himself and dreams that someday he will have the money to do what his non-Indian schoolmates do.

if you love children

Make a dream come true! You, your school or group can make this dream come true for an Indian child like Tommy. Contribute $10 a month and provide one Indian youngster with suitable clothing, personal books and a cash allowance. You will receive the photograph and story of the child you help and enjoy a warm person-to-person relationship through an exchange of letters. Please give one Indian youngster an even break — and the sense of security and confidence he needs to join the mainstream of American life.

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SOUND OF BOW BELLS, by Jerome Weidman (Random House). Sam Silver, a thirty-six-year-old magazine writer, earns over a hundred thousand dollars a year but is disturbed over the lack of integrity in his work, and also by the fact that in making his way from the lower East Side tenement where he was born to a sixty-thousand-dollar coöperative apartment uptown he has perhaps lost touch with his origins, which is to say with his true self. Mr. Weidman obviously finds it impossible to put the sympathy he feels for Sam into words. A Literary Guild selection.

GENERAL

THE MEDIEVAL WORLD: EUROPE 1100-1350, by Friedrich Heer, translated from the German by Janet Sondheimer (World). Professor Heer builds his history around the contrast between the early Middle Ages, which he calls "open" (migratory, colonizing, speculative, and tolerant), and the later Middle Ages, which he calls "closed" (parochial, dogmatic, rigid, and restrictive). He ascribes the change to such unfortunate events as the Frankish Crusaders' sack of Christian Byzantium in 1204, and to such even more unfortunate non-events as the failure of medieval society to approach a minimum of social justice. This is no steeplechase history; Professor Heer is not flogging his hobbyhorse over obstructive facts. He simply uses a thesis to describe with clarity a complicated period he knows practically everything about. Along the way, he points out medieval survivals—pluses or minuses—in modern Western culture. An invaluable book.

A NEW RUSSIA?, by Harrison E. Salisbury (Harper). Yes, says Mr. Salisbury, just back from another of his frequent tours of the Soviet Union, there does seem to be a new Russia. Or, rather, there are heartening signs of one. They can be glimpsed in the high regard that the nation's youth has (and is allowed to have) for everything Western, in an increasing tolerance of freedom of expression within the arts (together with a tolerance of once heretical works), in a less repressive (or, at any rate, less muscular) campaign against religion, and in the deepening split with China. There are, however, some sinister changes, as well. Anti-Semitism is mounting, and there is a conspicuous Neo-Stalinist movement. An interesting, instructive, and—as always from this writer—unpretentious report. But one of Mr. Salisbury's colleagues on the *Times* (John Canaday, perhaps) might tell him that America's postwar contribution to painting is not called "abstract impressionism."

PENNANT RACE, by Jim Brosnan (Harper). A properly swinging account of how the Cincinnati Reds, picked to finish sixth, came on to win the 1961 National League championship. The author, a right-handed relief pitcher, had a notable share in that astonishing victory (ten wins, sixteen saves, and an earned-run average of 3.04), but, as he made admirably clear in his earlier bullpen report, "The Long Season," he is not much interested in anybody's heroics. He prefers to gloat over the slapstick horrors of bobbled dribblers to the mound, pitches into the stands, outfielders' collisions, batters out to break the record for successive foul tips, losses to the Phillies, and ninth-inning cliff hangers: "Gabby threw three straight balls, then three straight strikes. 'I think you're getting the feel of this thing, Gab,' I told him in the shower. 'Drama. That's what we want.' " It must be said, however, that his sense of fun has its limits; he refrains from describing the 1961 World Series.

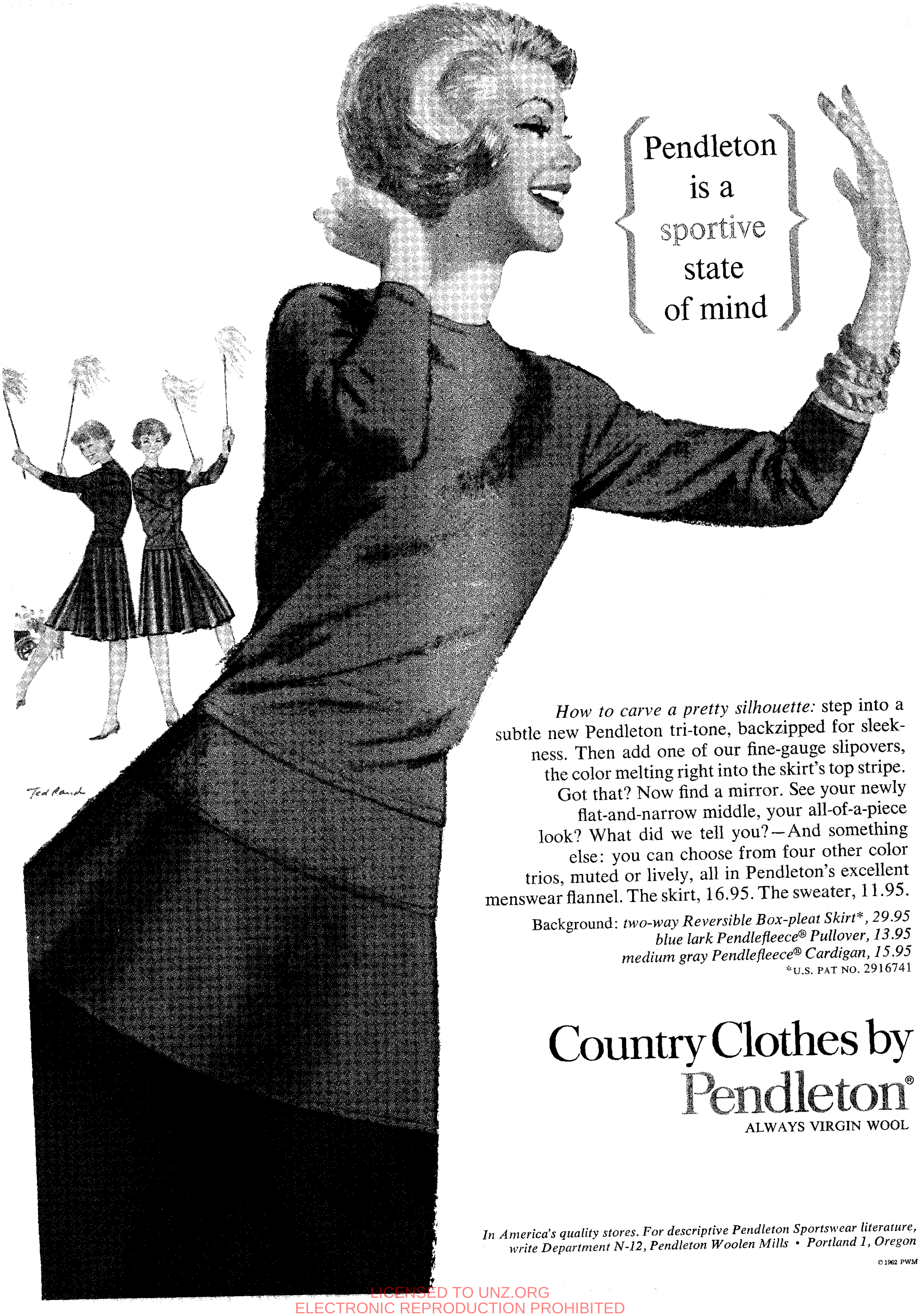
•

Q—"What color of rug would you suggest for my small living room 13 x 14′3″? The walls are to be parchment white. The sofa, gold with a small green diamond in the design. A matching chair, the same and another chair all green."—D.M.

Dear D.M.

A—Since it is a small room I would stick to the green for the rug. But get some bright red apples, a decorative orange flower jar or a parrot in there for a bright accent.—*Dorothy Draper in the Journal-American.*

Or a little green husband.



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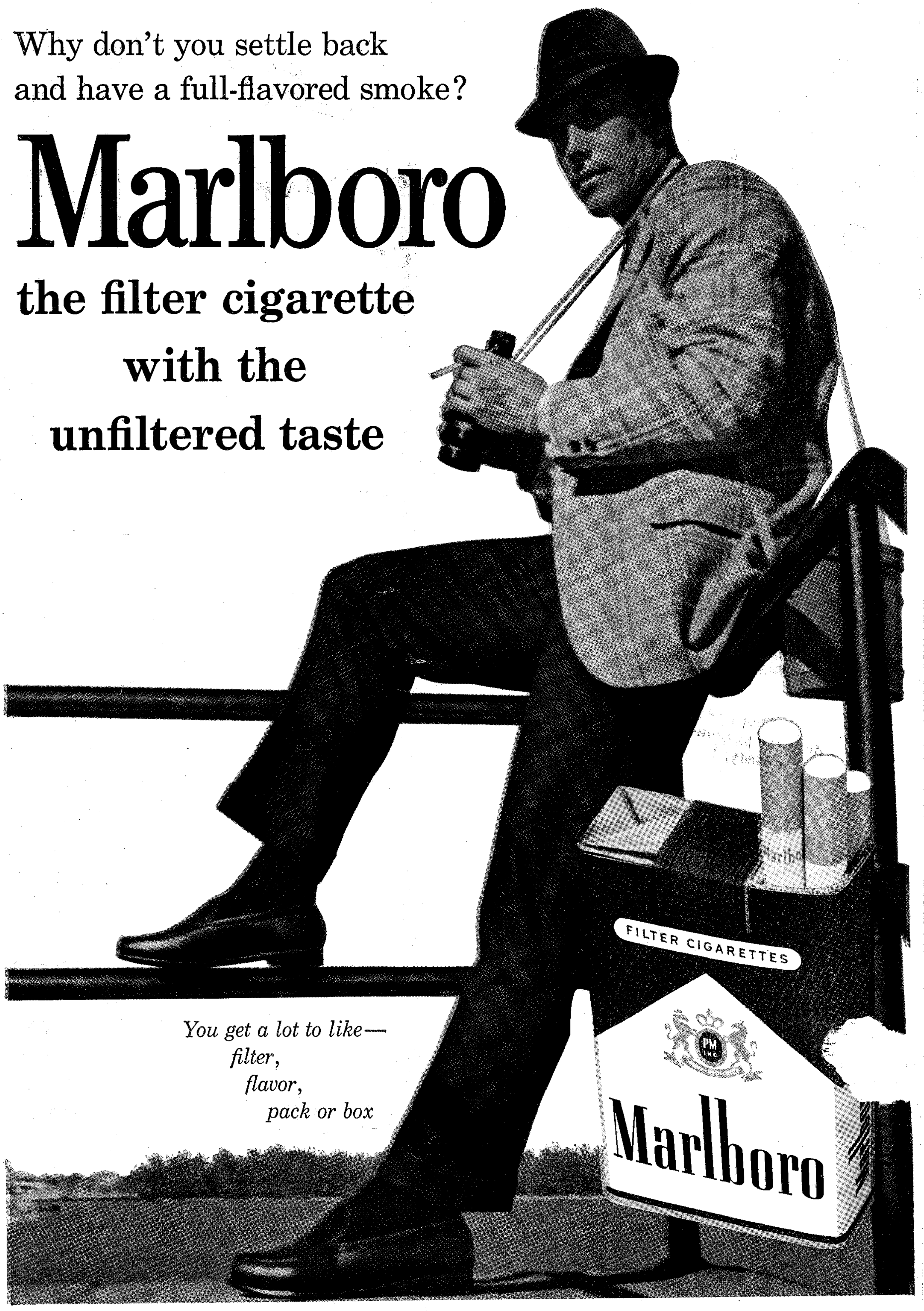

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